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JULY 1971

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Vicente Pilapil

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July 1971 Vol. 219 No. 1266 Founded 1866

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P, 26, 510

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Annual subscription (incl postage): U K. £3 90; U S.A and Canada $13 50

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CUL-H06477-89-P2657

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

VOLUME 219

CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY CENTRAL LIBRARY

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FRANCO, THE MONARCHY, AND JUAN CARLOS

by Vicente Pilapil

ON July 22, 1969, Generalissimo Francisco Franco appeared before an extraordinary session of the Cortes; the subject he discussed before that body had been announced some days in advance. He would be naming his successor. Both in and out of Spain there was a notable lack of interest in the whole affair. The government itself was anxious to underplay it, so as not to emphasise the abnormal, extra-legal nature of Franco's rule, which had neither the sanction of tradition nor popular suffrage, but which, as Franco himself had stated on many an occasion, was born out of the Movement of July 18, 1936. Another reason for the lack of emphasis placed on the historic event was the typical Franco tactic of not unduly upsetting the balance of political forces in the country. The Falangists were none too happy with the prospect of a monarchical restoration.

Paradoxically, while many had feared a possible renewal of the cataclysm of the civil war, in the event of Franco's death before a definite solution of the problem of succession had been made, now that the Caudillo had finally decided to put an end to speculation about the future after him, the whole matter smacked strongly of an anticlimax. In the preceding months the public had been given sufficient hints of the government's intentions. It was thus no surprise to anyone when the *Jefe Jel Estado* proposed to the Cortes D. Juan Carlos of Bourbon and Bourbon as his successor though, in so doing, Franco had deliberately broken with tradition in bypassing D. Juan of Bourbon and Battenberg, the one to whom King Alfonso XIII had abdicated his royal rights in the final month of his life. Franco had selected instead the grandson of the last monarch of Spain.

Even while D. Alfonso XIII was alive, the commander of the victorious rebel forces had made allusions to a 'new monarchy' to be re-established.

Franco, who had accepted the advent of the Second Republic without moral anguish ('What use was our old monarchy with its constitution and all its history when it lost the support of the nation?') and who had been willing to serve the republic (he did not join the military conspiracy against it until the first days of July, 1936), was not a fervent monarchist. But, after some years in power, he came to realise that the monarchy would be the most viable successor to his regime. So, in his lifetime, Spain was declared a kingdom without a monarch, and Franco the regent for an unnamed king. The Law of Succession, which he presented to the nation in 1947, declared Spain a kingdom and at the same time stated that: 'The office of Chief of State is held by the Caudillo of Spain and of the Crusade, the Generalissimo of the Spanish Armies, Don Francisco Franco Bahamonde.'

Franco did not wish to make his rule a parenthetical one between monarchical governments; he criticized Primo de Rivera's dictatorship for having been just that. Rather Franco intended his regime to be the fountainhead of Spain's future government. The monarchical regime, to be restored, would have to issue out of his own system. As he underlined in his speech proposing his successor, 'I believe it necessary to remind you that the kingdom that we, with the consent of the nation, have established, owes nothing to the past; it is born of that decisive action of July 18, which was a transcendental historic fact that brooks no compromises or conditions.'

In line with this interpretation, the leader of the 'crusade' had the right to be the kingmaker; Franco emphasized that the succession of D. Juan Carlos would be an 'installation' rather than a restoration. The role of the future monarchy would be to perpetuate Franco's system. On the day of his acceptance of his designation as successor to the throne, Juan Carlos knelt before the Cortes, with his hand on the Bible and Franco at his side, and swore loyalty to the Chief of State, to the fundamental laws of the land, and the principles of the National Movement.

When the Cortes voted on Franco's choice of a successor, out of 510 votes, 19 were cast in opposition. A number of these negative votes were of the monarchist representatives. Franco, whose survival in power was owed in no small measure to the division among his enemies, had been aided in times past by the fissions in the monarchical ranks.

On the periphery, there were the handful who supported the claims of D. Alfonso of Bourbon-Dampierre, whose father was none other than the second son of Alfonso XIII, the deaf-mute D. Jaime. Shortly after the renunciation of the rights of the throne which Alfonso XIII's eldest son made in 1933 before his marriage to a commoner, Jaime, prompted by considerations of his physical handicaps, made a similar renunciation of his rights and those of his descendants. Thirty years later, in 1964, he decided to rescind his renunciation; moreover, his son, D. Alfonso, claimed that his father could not have validly renounced the rights of his children to their royal inheritance. The Falange made much capital of Prince Alfonso, praising his character and the fact that he held a regular job, for he was a useful

thorn with which to prick the other monarchists. Franco himself, albeit with a wry smile on his face, had alluded to the claims of D. Alfonso to the throne.

More important were the Carlist pretenders, whose followers had made a signal contribution to the Nationalist victory. When the pretender D. Alfonso Carlos died in 1936, the direct line of the Carlist kings came to an end. This was a windfall to the main Bourbon branch, inasmuch as the Carlist mantle now devolved on Alfonso XIII's heir. But, underscoring the fact that genealogical issues were only a pretext for the ideological differences that distinguished this monarchical branch from the Alfonsine, most Carlists refused to accept D. Juan as their king and acknowledged instead François Xavier of the Bourbon-Parma line. The Carlists centred their hopes especially in his son, D. Hugo, who sought to bolster his cause first by appending Carlos to his name and then marrying Princess Irene of Holland.

Franco did not seriously consider a Carlist successor. The Carlists had never concealed their dislike of the dictator. Furthermore, the mainly regional base of Carlism and its strong ideology were not palatable to the man who has constantly emphasised the unity of Spain and who took such a casual view of Carlist doctrines that he did the ideologically implausible act of merging the Traditionalist Party with the Falange. It caused no great bewilderment when, in December, 1968, the Carlist pretenders were unceremoniously ordered out of Spain, on the grounds that they had violated the law which prohibited foreigners (the Bourbon-Parmas were French citizens) from engaging in political activity.

The man with the strongest claims to the Spanish throne was D. Juan, the self-styled Count of Barcelona. (As one monarchist wit had put it: 'We have come to a fine pass when a prince, instead of becoming a king, is styled a count.') Alfonsine monarchist generals had been instrumental in catapulting Franco to the supreme command of the rebel forces; and so had expected him to restore the monarchy at the end of the conflict. After more than three and a half years of waiting for Franco to act in this wise, D. Juan issued a declaration whereby he reminded the General that he was the legitimate heir of the Spanish monarchy, adding at the same time that he was not at the head of any conspiracy. Franco passed this reminder in silence. In 1945, when the Allied armies were putting a victorious end to the World War II holocaust, D. Juan, capitalizing on the discredit that Franco's ties with the Fascist powers were bringing on the dictator, made a more emboldened manifesto. He now called on the Caudillo to accept the failure of his totalitarian system and step aside in favour of the monarchy. Franco survived this denunciation, as he likewise did the censure of the United Nations and the severe post-war economic crisis of the country.

Franco could not have trusted D. Juan to preserve his authoritarian system. The Count of Barcelona was a liberal, who had called on the Caudillo to establish economic reforms and work for social justice. He had even dared to criticise, to Franco's face, the censorship and excessive con-

trol over trade unions imposed by the dictatorial administration, and the single-party system in Spain. D. Juan himself believed that the monarchy should prevent itself from being identified with Francoism. Happily for Franco, there was a way out of this impasse in the person of Juan Carlos, whom the Chief of State described, in his speech of nomination to the Cortes, as one who had '. . . given clear proofs of loyalty to the principles and institutions of the Regime. . . .'

Juan Carlos was the second child and first male heir born to D. Juan and Dña. María de las Mercedes of Bourbon-Sicily Orleans in Rome on January 5, 1938. The child was the great consolation D. Juan had in those years when the military leaders of Nationalist Spain refused to allow him to participate actively in the civil war. Shortly after the death of King Alfonso, D. Juan moved his family to Lausanne, where the Queen Mother lived; in 1946, there was another change of residence to Estoril. It was in those three cities that Juan Carlos spent his childhood. But for the young Prince the stay in Estoril did not last long either. The Count of Barcelona was anxious that his male heirs should not be brought up as strangers to their homeland. In his first meeting with General Franco in 1948, he succeeded in having the latter agree that the Prince and his younger brother would both be educated in Spain. (The younger brother, Alfonso, died of a gun accident in Estoril in 1956.) D. Juan Carlos began his residence in Spain at the age of ten, making, whenever possible, frequent visits to his family home in nearby Estoril.

In 1954, D. Juan and Franco met for the second time, mainly to discuss once again the matter of Juan Carlos' education. They then decided that the Prince would enter the service academies of the army, navy, and air force. In 1955 Juan Carlos began this part of his training by entering the military academy of Saragossa, where Franco had once served as first Director during the reign of Alfonso XIII. The young prince was well liked by his fellow cadets, and his instructors found him an apt, though averagely endowed, pupil. At 21, Juan Carlos had completed his training in the three military academies. He held the rank of captain in the army and air force and the equivalent grade of full lieutenant in the navy until recently when, as Prince Hereditary, he was promoted to the ranks of brigadier general and rear admiral, entitled to the honours of a captain general.

After the completion of Juan Carlos' military training, D. Juan would have preferred to have his heir receive some part of his education abroad. Franco had mentioned in 1954 that, after the military academies, he would want Juan Carlos to spend two years of graduate work at a Spanish university. For the purpose of reaching an agreement on the matter, a third meeting between the Count of Barcelona and the Chief of State was arranged. Franco got his way, after offering to give the Prince a state residence and the honours due his princely rank. D. Juan also elicited from the Caudillo a statement to the effect that the continued presence of D. Juan Carlos in Spain in no way prejudiced the claims of his father.

D. Juan's advisers had feared that the prolonged stay of Juan Carlos in

Spain would lead to his indoctrination by the Falangists. Such did not turn out to be the case. It was the members of the Opus Dei, a clerical, authoritarian, technocratic group, that had the most influence on him. His principal post-graduate tutor was the famed historian and high-ranking Opus Dei member, Father Federico Suárez Verdaguer. The Opus Dei writer and professor at the University of Madrid, Rafael Calvo Serer, also served as secretary to the Prince for a brief period. Significantly, Opus Dei ministers in Franco's cabinet were instrumental in convincing Franco to designate Juan Carlos as his successor.

Juan Carlos took graduate courses in law, political science, literature, history and economics at the University of Madrid; his record was good yet unimpressive. After two years of such studies, came the practical aspect of his training in government. He was placed, as Franco put it, 'beside me to see how government works.'

During these years, Juan Carlos lived the life of a bachelor prince; his social life was spent in parties and dances; his recreations included practising different sports, listening to jazz records, and driving fast cars. But there was soon a change in his civil status. On September 13, 1961, the sovereigns of Greece announced the betrothal of their daughter Sophie to D. Juan Carlos. It was rumoured that this was mainly the 'coup' of the ambitious and strong-willed Queen Frederika of Greece. The other insinuation that Juan Carlos' family was unprepared for the news of the engagement seemed unfounded. Queen Victoria Eugenia maintained close relations with the Greek royal famiily; and it was interesting to note that the news from the other side was announced from the former Queen's home in Lausanne.

Spanish monarchists were overjoyed by the announcement. On May 14, 1962, in a double Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic ceremony, in churches filled with red and gold carnations (Spain's national colours), before a public which included four kings, seven queens, half a dozen pretenders, and numerous princes and princesses, Juan Carlos married the 23 year old Sophie. They now have three children: Elena, seven; Cristina, five; and Felipe, two years old.

On the occasion of his forthcoming marriage, Juan Carlos was invested by Franco with the collar of the Grand Cross of Charles III, though such an honour is usually reserved for reigning sovereigns.

The family reside in the elegant Zarzuela Palace, on the outskirts of Madrid. It is symbolically located midway between the palace of El Pardo, where Franco has chosen to live, and the Palacio Real in the capital. The heir to the throne receives a generous income from the government, as he continues his training in the different branches of administration. Juan Carlos rises early, at 7.30, and spends an hour at a nearby gymnasium. The rest of the morning hours are devoted to briefing sessions with governmental experts, the afternoons in making the rounds of the various ministries and, usually, riding. Betraying the influence of his Opus Dei mentors, D. Juan Carlos spends a few days each month in inspecting factories and industrial concerns throughout the country. He continues to fulfil a largely ceremonial function, and is usually at Franco's side on state occasions.

Juan Carlos is a handsome and attractive prince, though somewhat lacking in magnetic appeal. He stands as tall as his father (6 ft. 3 in.); has the physique of an athlete, for he is an Olympic yachtsman, a second-class black belt karate practitioner, a wrestler, and an accomplished horseman. Broad-faced, with curly blond hair, he reminds one strongly of his British grandmother. He lacks the *simpatía* so characteristic of both D. Alfonso XIII and to most Spaniards this great-great grandson of Queen Victoria of England, great-great grandnephew of Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, and direct descendant of Louis XIV, is a rather dull and insipid person. Those who are more familiar with him aver that he is quite amiable, is fluent in Spanish, French, English, Italian, and Portuguese, is conversant in Greek and German, and has an unfailing memory for names. The problem of coming to grips with the true personality of the Prince is largely due to the fact that his image was deliberately left vague by the government. The success of the government's policy was such that even otherwise well-informed correspondents almost invariably committed mistakes in their despatches on the Spanish succession when it came to giving a few details on D. Juan Carlos; one even reported the Prince's date of birth incorrectly. Franco had studiously kept the Prince in a gilded and isolated cage, and the Prince had thought it the better part of wisdom not to speak his mind.

Juan Carlos has had to eschew any political and social ideas for fear of displeasing the patron who held the future of the monarchy in his hands. Perhaps what comes through to the public as the dullish personality of the Prince is nothing more than a deliberately assumed, astute measure of survival. Nonetheless, there is the other possibility that subservience may have stifled his real self.

In years past, D. Juan Carlos had time and again professed his loyalty to his father. He had declared that he would never accept the throne while his father was alive; and he must have been sincere when he intimated that nothing would have made him happier than for the Caudillo to have chosen his father as successor. It appears that D. Juan Carlos became convinced that the chances of a monarchical restoration without Franco's blessings were slim, while the possibility of the dictator's designating D. Juan as successor was nil. Torn between the desire to ensure the restoration and to remain loyal to his father, Juan Carlos was faced with a great dilemma. The moment of decision arrived when he reached the age of thirty, one of the constitutional requirements for succession according to Franco's law. Even then Juan Carlos continued to vacillate, though his advisers counselled him not to imperil the future of the monarchy by indecision. They pointed out that the Chief of State was then past seventy.

On Franco's side, a group of ministers were insistently expostulating the need to declare the successor. In the front rank of this cabal were Vice-President Luis Carrero Blanco and the *Opusdeista*, Laureano López Rodó, the regime's influential economic planner. The supporters of Juan Carlos in the cabinet were mainly motivated by the desire to avoid a harmful post-Franco struggle. The army and the moneyed interests also welcomed the prospect of a smooth transition.

D. Juan Carlos made up his mind about his role in the succession question after his thirty-first birthday. On January 7, 1969, he gave an interview in which he declared, albeit guardedly, that he would be ready to serve his country 'even when this would cost him [certain] sacrifices'. In an indirect reference to his father's claims, he added that the accession to the throne was more a question of duties than of rights. (There was a question then whether he had merely become a tool in the hands of the supporters of the regime. Hence, political observers noted with interest the independent tone of his speech accepting his designation as Prince Hereditary. On that occasion D. Juan Carlos professed his sympathy with the restive youth of today and declared that '... the cult of the past should not be a brake on the evolution of a society that is changing with dizzying rapidity. . . .') As for D. Juan, though he refused to talk to his son who called him to give news of Franco's decision and his acceptance of the crown, he avoided making stringent censures against Juan Carlos; and a reconciliation seems already to have been effected between father and son.

The Law of Succession reserves to the Chief of State the right to change his mind about his proposed successor; although Franco had declared that he saw no prospects that would bring this about, the reserve clause in the law is a useful lever in the hands of the wily Caudillo. All his life D. Juan Carlos has acted circumspectly. He is unlikely to be rash now. One thing is certain. The Spain that Prince Juan Carlos inherits will be a country in ferment, and on the success of his reign will depend the future of the monarchy and the peaceful evolution of Spain.

[V. R. Pilapil is Professor of History at California State College, Los Angeles; author of a biography, *Alfonso XIII*, published by Twayne Publishers (New York, 1969); has taught at Georgetown University, Loyola College, State University of New York at Cortland, and the University of California, Los Angeles.]

THE BASQUE TRIALS

by Philip Robinson

THE recent Basque trials at Burgos show two things very clearly. The first is that the Franco regime has to face strong regional opposition both in Vascongada, that mountainous district lying immediately below the Pyrenees, and in Cataluña, if not elsewhere in Spain; the second is that the great mass of law-abiding citizens in Castile, particularly in Madrid, will continue to support the regime, whatever its drawbacks may be, probably regarding it as a bulwark against the possibility of another civil war, as the huge demonstration in the Plaza de Oriente, Madrid, bore witness. There is little doubt that, if El Caudillo had not commuted the six death sentences of the 16 Basque prisoners to long periods of imprisonment, Spain would have reverted to the position it occupied in July 1936 when, by the assassination of Calvo Sotelo, a right-wing politician with Fascist tendencies, the country was divided into two strictly separated camps—that of the Nationalst 'rebels' under General Franco, representing the traditional forces of Spain, and on the other side that of the theoretically constitutional 'liberal' government, for the most part dominated by the 'Red' extremists.

The Basques have long been a thorn in the flesh of the centralized government in Madrid, whether since the establishment of the Franco regime 32 years ago or in the last century when they were strong supporters of the intransigent Carlist party. Even today the Carlist pretender, living in Paris, derives the limited support he has in Spain only from the Basque Catholics, whose churches are almost always crowded at mass on Sundays. It is, however, interesting to note the famous Basque novelist, Pio Baroja, who died a few years ago, was closely associated with the liberal-minded 1898 generation and held somewhat unorthodox opinions.

The three provinces of Vascongada — Vizcaya, Alava and Guipúzcoa — have for centuries considered themselves almost a separate state, with their age-old traditions, their gruff pre-Aryan language, considered by some authorities to be the oldest in Europe, and their deep love of their picturesque mountainous countryside. Complete autonomy would hardly be a practical possibility, but recognition of some of the Basques' local *fueros* (rights), which the regime has mainly ignored, would certainly contribute to pacifying some of the bitter discontent widespread in Vascongada today.

It is difficult to say how practical the Basque plans for autonomy are or whether they are simply chimerical ideas of home rule such as those of the Welsh or Scottish peoples. Actually a short-lived Basque government was set up in 1936 at the ancient town of Guernica, the place that was so cruelly punished in the Civil War by Italian and German bombers working for the Nationalist cause, but this experiment in autonomy very quickly collapsed. El Generalísimo's motto — *'España, una, grande y libre'* — 'Spain, one, great and free' — is the *leitmotif* of his regime, and regional concessions are completely overshadowed by El Caudillo's emphasis on a united centralized state as opposed to a federal Spain. It is true that the Basques,

with their dark, well-marked features and serious expressions, are physically very different from the stately Castilian or easy-going Andalucian. As one travels along the beautiful winding coast road that runs from the popular seaside resort of San Sebastian to Santander (technically in Castilian territory), passing through gloomy, mountain-girt towns, like Eibar, one is struck by the slightly sinister appearance of the inhabitants. But such physical differences in a minority do not really justify a grant of complete autonomy.

Matters reached a head in the summer of 1968 when the chief of Franco's Security Police in the district was shot at Irun by members of the Basque terrorist association, the E.T.A. — *Euzkadi Ta Askeitajuna* (Basque for 'freedom of the state'), this being the second assassination of a police officer in two months. According to E.T.A., the murdered police officer, Señor Manzanas, was believed to have employed torture in his interrogations of prisoners — a charge which was repeated by some of the 16 accused persons during the recent trials at Burgos.

The storm of protest against these unfair trials which broke out in many European countries was caused partly by the fact that the trials took place in a military, not a civil court, and that in essence they differed very little from a pre-arranged Court Martial. The accused — mainly young folk — including two priests, were given practically no adequate defence counsel and were kept in unheated cells with barred glassless windows in the depth of the bitter Castilian winter. Once again the public in Burgos, which was General Franco's headquarters during the Civil War, were as a whole strong supporters of the regime, and the atmosphere was definitely one of hostility to the 16 Basque prisoners. It was due to the intervention of the Pope that all the trials were not held 'in camera', but whether there was a jury seems doubtful. The Pope's appeal to El Caudillo to show clemency to the prisoners undoubtedly influenced the Head of the State in his final decision to commute the death sentences to long terms of imprisonment. General Franco as Head of the Spanish State is and must be a Catholic and, as such, is naturally anxious to keep on good terms with the Vatican.

To many people, however, the severe sentences of 30 years' imprisonment for each of the six accused men seems more savage than the death penalty, but on the other hand world humanitarian opinion would have been shocked if the death sentences had been carried out. It is no surprise to learn that one of the condemned men informed his mother: 'We want to die'; — a martyr's crown being preferable to an almost life-long incarceration behind bars. Of the other ten prisoners nine were given sentences totalling 351 years. One was acquitted—an unexpected act of clemency, and one which the authorities may feel was misplaced in view of the recent arrests of some 50 Basque terrorists in the Bilbao area, reputed to be storing arms and planning the abduction for ransom of an important resident. Time alone will reveal whether this new 'purge' has struck a deathblow to the Basque Freedom group.

DEATH OF THE CENSOR

by Val Gielgud

G.B.S. doubtless is turning slightly in his grave with that Mephistophelean smile on his face. Every self-styled 'progressive' and 'permissive' in the country is cheering his or her head off. Not—as might be expected — because Rhodesia is to be invaded; all immigrants decorated as First Class citizens; not even because Mr. Rippon has returned from the continent of Europe bringing no sheaves with him. But because the Lord Chamberlain has at long last been deprived of his prerogative as Censor of Plays.

It is indeed 'a famous victory' — but perhaps the time has come when it may be worth while to consider the possible, nay the probable, results. For professional *voyeurs*, for addicts of the Theatres of Cruelty, of Non-Communication, and the Absurd — to mention only the most notorious and publicity-conscious of their kind — the victory appears complete and by all means worth while. Nudes walk into Mr. Wesker's ill-fated Roundhouse, and are compelled — O shame! — to put on clothes before handing out pamphlets crying out against the theft of that singular building by the *bourgeoisie*. The Tottenham Court Road would seem to be fringed by basements in which so-called plays by writers, of whom nothing is known save their proletarian or Mersey-side backgrounds, present, under conditions singularly uncomfortable, the heart-rending stories of oppressed 'queers', of negroes suffering from persecution mania, of children perverted or deformed. In short, 'Everything goes', with the exception of that old-fashioned and out-moded word Entertainment. We still have to await the installation of a successor to the Lord Chamberlain, whose business it must be to ferret out and ban any symptom of such Entertainment wherever it may survive. But for how long?

I have had in my time quite a number of dealings with that office in St. James's Palace — not in my capacity as the then Head of B.B.C. Drama, whose output rather oddly was never subject to the Lord Chamberlain's scrutiny or veto — but as a quite unconsidered author. The first point I would like to make is that this lackey of the Palace took infinitely more trouble over the discussion of a script; infinitely more care of scripts; and displayed infinitely greater courtesy and patience than almost any theatrical *entrepreneur* of my acquaintance. It has often been made a reproach to the Lord Chamberlain and his representatives that, having frequently been members of the Brigade of Guards, they must automatically have been morons, philistines, and prudes. In my experience they were none of these things, and it seemed to me that the only lasting influence upon them of their previous career was the excellence of their manners. It remains to be seen how long it will take the 'permissive society' to grow up to the stage at which it is realised how immensely life becomes more agreeable in all its aspects when good manners are added to material prosperity.

I have seen the desks of agents and managers, the dressing-rooms of

actors, piled high with the scripts of plays unregarded, unread, and for the most part unacknowledged. The play may have been 'the thing' to Shakespeare. But even if Shakespeare was ever in fact a player, he must have been an unusual player. Besides, if only perhaps as a side-line, he wrote plays himself, and his scripts seem to have suffered the fate of most of their kind. Original copies of them are not to be found.

However, courtesy is an old-fashioned virtue, lacking cash equivalent, and it may be unreasonable to expect business-like dealings from business men. I would merely record the fact that in these fields the Lord Chamberlain and his hirelings could give the average theatrical manager points and a beating. For this, I suggest, there is more than a little to be said, when most plays are written only to be rejected; when actual production is something akin to the Golden Apples of the Hesperides.

But there is more to it than such superficialities. First of all there is the inevitable 'back-lash' from such puritans as may survive among the Establishment, and there is more than one sign that such reaction is on its way in. The Home Secretary has raised his eyebrows over certain types of cinema films. Lord Eccles has asked whether it is right or desirable that the public money dispensed by the Arts Council should support dramatic pieces, however experimental — a word as blessed as the proverbial Mesopotamia! — which are offensive to normal, decent people. I am inclined to ask if he doesn't know the answer to his question already? At the other end of the scale Hollywood has achieved one of its greatest successes of late years with a film projecting the type of odious sentimentality which all intelligent people had hoped to have been killed off years ago when the original Court Theatre, the theatre of Vedrenne and Barker, of Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett, first introduced to the West End stage a genuine Theatre of Ideas, and swept the fustian so beloved of the dynasty of actor-managers into the dustbin.

The tragedy of the 'progressives' is that they have progressed so fast that they have left their audiences out of sight behind them. Cruel absurdities, which self-consciously fail to communicate, are not adequate material for a medium which, like other media — the Cinema, Television, Radio, the Novel — stems from the basic human need to be told a story. And because the Stage is of all media the one most cabined, cribbed and confined within a mingling of its own conventions and of its special physical limitations, so it should be wary of puffing itself up, like the proverbial bull-frog, into shapes that are without meaning save to a self-chosen intellectual élite, and claiming the lofty status of an Art, with the biggest of capital A's, to which it has no right. The fact is that the writing of plays and the acting of plays are both primarily crafts: jobs for expert craftsmen. That, on occasion, such craftsmen are gifted with the genius of a Shakespeare, an Ibsen, a Strindberg, or a Sophocles, is irrelevant to the issue. Not so long ago an article appeared in a reputable London Sunday paper, in which a youthful director wrote of his ideal theatre as one in which the artists — the writer, the designer, the director, the actors — could work in perfect freedom undistracted by anything so vulgar as an audience! If the Theatre of the

Absurd can be reduced *ad absurdum*, this would seem to be its apotheosis. By all means give children toys — even a toy-theatre, one of which I once owned with my brother — that they may play their childish games. To expect adults to pay to see such frolics and take them seriously, is to ride the hobby-horse of Youth for Ever hard into the ground.

But it is not only the back-lash of diminishing audiences, of diminishing interest in the Theatre as a whole, that is to be feared. There is the back-lash of Authority to which I have briefly referred earlier in this article. Lord Eccles, Lord Goodman, and Mr. Maudling are all civilised men. But how long will it be before a public opinion, sickened by permissive sweets on every hand, becomes strong enough to demand that, there being no longer a Lord Chamberlain to keep a play off the boards, then Watch Committees and/or the Police must do the job. It was, after all, a Watch Committee, not the Lord Chamberlain, who in the early years of this century forbade Pavlova to dance in a certain great Midland city unless she wore tights. And, speaking personally, I doubt whether the aesthetic standards of ex-officers of the Guards are any lower than those of the average municipal councillor or Chief Constable. I get the impression that Mr. Tynan's disciples have forgotten the admirable proverb anent 'the devil you know. . . .'

There is a further purely practical point. 'Experimentation' is nowadays a word essentially trendy, yet experiments have covered a multitude of sins, not least in the Theatre. Even G.B.S. admitted that with the Lord Chamberlain the playwright and the manager knew where they were. Given his licence no one could say nay to any experiments they might have the hardihood to risk their money on. But when the money comes from public funds, and when the trend in the Theatre becomes intolerably offensive to Lord Eccles' 'normal decent people', then the cry will go up for Watch Committee bannings, for police-raids, and other instruments of appalling reaction. Neither writer nor manager will know where he stands, nor whether he may not be taking an unwarrantable risk. In the long run it will only be the state-subsidised theatre which can hope to survive — their licence being the continuance of their subsidy. We may thank our stars and the Welfare State for the National Theatre, even for the Royal Shakespeare with its ever-extended begging bowl. We may sneer at Shaftesbury Avenue or the Haymarket, and all that therein is — but the Theatre would be the poorer for their loss.

I hesitate to finish with a platitude, but I would suggest that there is grave need for our contemporary Theatre to put its house in order; to prevent Liberty degenerating into Licensed Pornography. And to keep its audience ever in mind.

IS THERE A NEED TO RECOGNISE THE GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC?

by D. N. Pritt

THE long delay of all the major capitalist Powers in recognising the twenty-one-year-old German Democratic Republic (which for brevity's sake I shall call the Republic) is a major hindrance to the improvement of international relations, especially in uneasy and important Western Europe. The urgent need for general recognition can be examined under three heads: first, the right of the Republic to recognition; second, its character and merits; and third, the disadvantages and dangers, not only for the Republic but for the world, of continued non-recognition. The governments primarily responsible for the delay—West Germany, the U.S.A., and Britain — must surely know that they are fighting a useless and dangerous rearguard action from which they cannot hope to 'gain' anything more than a little vexatious delay; recognition must inevitably be conceded by them in the next few years. (The only circumstances in which the Republic could fail to win recognition would be either its collapse, or the collapse of the whole Socialist world; every realist knows that there is no likelihood of the latter, and every one who has seriously examined the position of the Republic knows that it is one of the most stable countries in Europe.) The position as to recognition so far is that 28 States, containing more than half the population of the world, have given full recognition, and that a substantial number have given some lesser form of recognition—consulates, trade representatives, or representatives of Chambers of Trade; but it remains true that all the major capitalist countries, and many others, are refusing full recognition.

I come to the first of my three heads, the Republic's right in international law to full recognition. (I use the word 'right'; it is correct in substance, but not in form; a right is something which one can enforce in a court, and the rights recognised by international law are not normally so enforceable.)

Normally, in international law, all states are, as it were, on speaking terms with one another, each recognising not just the existence but the sovereign independence of the others, and dealing with them on terms of equality. But international law has of course to provide a code of conduct for existing states to follow when new states come into existence (or even when the government of a country is replaced by one of a wholly different character, as happened in 1917 in Tsarist Russia). When a new State claims to have come into existence, and asks in one way or another to be accepted as a member of the community of states, there may well be doubts, on the facts, as to whether the new state exists and is likely to continue to exist; and there may even at times be competing claimants for the right to be recognised as governing the same geographical area. What does international law provide?

It lays down a fairly clear and sensible rule, that whenever a newly-

created state (or government) is securely established as an independent state (or government), occupying and governing defined territories, it has a 'right' to be recognised by other states; and that the origins, policies and outlooks of the newcomer, and the likes and dislikes of other states for its origins, policies and outlooks, have no effect on the right to recognition.

The right is of course accompanied by a corresponding duty on existing states to accord recognition. This duty is frequently neglected, and frequently without justification. Normally, the only legitimate reason that can be given for refusing recognition is that the conditions creating the right and duty in question do not in fact exist; as I shall show later, it is not really possible for any government (even those as adroit and unscrupulous in raising baseless issues of fact as are fraudulent traders seeking to shirk their obligations) to question the facts as to the qualification of the Republic for recognition.

It is sometimes asserted that international law provides a further condition for recognition, to wit that the new state or regime is generally accepted by the mass of its citizens. If that were part of international law — which I hold that it is not — it would provide not only a possible legitimate reason for non-recognition, but a very wide field for controversy and pretexts, since the facts would be difficult to determine by any reliable test. But I must deal with the facts about the Republic, for it is often asserted that its population is hostile to it, and our Press has retailed the most fantastic stories over the years about the misery and poverty of its inhabitants, and their longing to escape to the 'free world'. Some of the stories of skilled workers being persuaded to emigrate to West Germany are partly true, but the accounts of many of them going back to the Republic in disillusionment are never reported; the rest of the stories have no basis. I shall deal with this, too, a little later, but at this stage I would give one short and convincing answer to the question whether the population in general accepts the new state, a question which could of course be argued to and fro indefinitely. On April 6, 1968, a new Constitution of the Republic was adopted in a national plébiscite, in which 11,970,889 voters, out of a total electorate of 12,208,986, took part. The draft Constitution had been discussed for months in public meetings and in the Press, and individual citizens, encouraged to send in suggestions for amendment of the draft, gave 12,454 such suggestions, which led to many changes in the final version. This new Constitution was an almost flamboyant assertion of Socialist and anti-capitalist convictions and policies. The preamble, for example, accused the Imperialist Powers and the monopoly-capitalists of West Germany of having built up that country into a base of imperialism and of the anti-Socialist struggle, and declared that the people of the Republic rested firmly on the anti-Fascist democratic and Socialist change of its social system. I in fact agree with that, but millions of people in this country do not, and one would think that quite a number of people in the Republic might well not. Thus, this plébiscite gave everyone in the Republic who was anti-Socialist or anti-Communist, or who just did not like the regime, a splendid opportunity to express his disapproval by voting No in a secret ballot; and when I heard

that a plébiscite was to be held I thought that the government of the Republic was emphatically 'trailing its coat', and that it must feel very confident of the support of the people to do so. It was in effect asking for a vote of confidence, and saying to the people: 'Now, please tell us either that this is the sort of Constitution and the sort of State that you want, or that on the other hand you prefer the old ways of capitalism and you just are against us.'

The opportunity to express disapproval in a secret ballot being thus given to the people, less than half a million of them—i.e., about 5 per cent of those actually voting and 4 per cent of those entitled to vote — took it and voted No, whilst over eleven-and-a-half million voted Yes.

So, it seems clear, the many states which still do not recognise the Republic have no legitimate reasons for their conduct. But reasons, or excuses — both some which can be publicly given and some which cannot — exist. Let me examine some of them.

One reason which may seem sensible to intelligent but not profound critics is that, if you are asked, as an individual or as a state, to enter into relations with another person or state, you ought to be at liberty to say you don't like him or it, and will not ask him in for a drink or ask it to make a treaty not to go to war against you. I need not dilate on this; as a matter of international law, it is, as I have already shown, baseless; that it would not in any case be a reasonable attitude to take to the Republic I hope to show under my second head; and that it is extremely dangerous to world peace can be seen from what I shall write under head three.

Another reason which has considerable effect is the practical one that many not very large states are told in forcible language by West Germany that, if they recognise the Republic, they will no longer be allowed to be in diplomatic relations with West Germany, with all the trade and other disadvantages which that must bring. This blackmail, as I think it may fairly be called, has been largely but not universally successful, for both the German States are at this moment in relations with the USSR and Rumania. But the threat is a formidable one, affecting many countries; and it is wholly illegitimate in international law.

Another reason or excuse is that no 'respectable' state can be asked to recognise a state which behaves as badly as the Republic is alleged to behave in relation to West Berlin. I could cover many pages in defence of its behaviour, but for reasons of space I must confine myself to saying, firstly, that the true story of West Berlin is rarely stated in the British Press, and in fact reflects a good deal of credit on the government of the Republic, and secondly that, as I have already explained, objections to the conduct or policy of a state give no ground in international law for non-recognition. (If they did, one could make out a very strong case for the non-recognition of West Germany. And if anyone cares to assert that such non-recognition would be a disaster, I entirely agree, and would invite him to consider that the reasons he has for saying that it would be disastrous not to recognise West Germany apply fully to the non-recognition of the Republic).

The last reason I have to deal with is one that is seldom mentioned publicly but is always in the background — or is it the foreground? — for many states; it is the Cold War point that recognition would benefit a state of the Socialist sector of the world, indeed, the whole sector, and that any danger or disaster is more acceptable than such a benefit.

I now come to the second head, the merits of the Republic, a matter which certainly affects a good many minds. Whilst international law stands as I have stated it, one has to recognise that it is constantly developing and may slowly change, sometimes almost into the opposite of itself, and that ever since the birth of the Socialist world over half a century ago many more or less reactionary states have offended gravely and persistently against the theoretically well-established and unchallenged precepts of international law by withholding recognition. It thus becomes not just interesting and pleasant for me, but really necessary, to explain the merits of the Republic for the benefit of those who — some sincerely and some in search of excuses for their own conduct — insist that recognition must be refused or delayed on the ground that the Republic, to put it briefly, would not be a good neighbour (although she will still be there if they do not recognise her!). So, I will examine her character, both nationally and internationally; the latter is more important for our purposes, but the two are closely linked.

These merits, like those of the U.S.S.R. in the early years of its life, have been ignored or misrepresented in the Press for many years, but the tune has changed in the last few years to a partial and grudging recognition of the merits.

What is this Republic of 17,000,000 people? One could write of it at almost any length, but I must confine myself to the most directly relevant matters. From many points of view, the merit of stability is most important; a stable state is like a solvent and sober neighbour! It is not likely either to erupt and cause trouble to its neighbours in an already unstable world, or by its weakness to tempt predatory neighbours to attack. To-day, the Republic, having largely overcome the great economic disadvantages of having had to start life twenty-one years ago, not just in a destroyed country but in an artificially divided quarter of a destroyed country, with no iron or hard coal to speak of, is to-day one of the most stable and prosperous states in Europe; it is the fifth largest industrial state in Europe outside the U.S.S.R., with a large import and export trade and an important merchant fleet. It has already a high standard of living, probably the highest in the Socialist world (which consists almost entirely of countries which were previously very poor); and it has the most successful agriculture in that world. And it is growing more prosperous every year; in town and country, life is pretty easy and secure.

Its next merit, most important from the point of view of 'good neighbourliness' in the international field, is that it is not aggressive; it has no demands to make on other states, except that it wants them to recognise it! In its many arguments with West Germany, it certainly stands up for its own rights and interests with reasonable vigour and firmness (described of course in our Press as harsh and unbending). But no one can deny that

it has broken with the Nazi past of old Germany, has accepted all the principles laid down at Potsdam (which had been shamelessly broken both by West Germany and by the 'Allied Powers') that it makes no claim to recover any of the territories which were taken from Germany after the Second World War, nor indeed any claim on any state except recognition and peaceful and friendly relations. In short, it is a state which all should welcome into the community of nations, and one can accept as wholly sincere and correct its assertion that no war can any longer start on or from its territories.

That brings me to the third head, the dangers and disadvantages of non-recognition. These affect primarily the non-recognised state and many of its citizens, to some extent the states and peoples who want to trade with the country or to travel to it, and lastly — and most importantly — the matter of peace, of peaceful relations between states everywhere and especially between those who are actually neighbours.

Let me take this last point first, because of its importance. It is sadly indisputable that substantially the whole of Europe West of the Soviet Union lives in a state of tension, with the result — as just one result — that its total military expenditure has reached appalling heights, dangerous alike to peace and to the living standards of its inhabitants, carrying with it such horrors as the installation by West Germany of nuclear minefields along its Eastern frontiers. This position has enabled the government of West Germany to proclaim over many years its 'right' to represent all Germany in international relations, and its open demand for the restoration — impossible except by war — of all the territories taken from Germany at the end of the Second World War. This includes its demand to take over the whole of the Republic, thus aiming to change the international law position of any move to take over the Republic from that of open aggressive war to that of an internal quarrel in which the United Nations could not interfere! The attitude of West Germany (the full significance of which was explained in my book *Unrepentant Aggressors*, published in 1968) has been improved a little by the establishment some two years ago of the coalition government headed by Mr. Willi Brandt, of which one can hope — a little hesitantly in the light of its small and insecure parliamentary majority and the great economic strength of its opponents — for some change for the better, in spite of its uncompromising resistance to any idea of recognising the Republic; but the danger is only slightly less than it was.

Another specific instance of the tension created by the refusal of recognition, and removable by recognition, is that negotiations for a general European treaty of friendship and non-aggression are obviously impossible so long as the Republic remains unrecognised, and correspondingly feasible once it is recognised. And another is that the Republic can hardly hope to enter the United Nations until it is recognised; both its presence there and that of West Germany—which refrains from even applying for membership for fear that the Republic would be admitted at the same time — would plainly be of the greatest help, both to the cause of peace and to the United Nations Organisation itself. The associated problems of membership of the

Republic in U.N.E.S.C.O. and in the World Health Organisation (which latter has alas! just been postponed for a year) are almost equally important.

I come now to the disadvantages and dangers of non-recognition from the point of view of the Republic and its citizens. One can see without difficulty the hindrances to normal international life, to trade, and to freedom of movement and other amenities of modern life, both for the Republic itself, its official representatives, and for its individual citizens. These are all unmerited, inconvenient, and devoid of any advantage to the world, and should cease.

I would like to quote in this connection part of a resolution adopted by a meeting of the Permanent International Committee for the Recognition of the Republic, founded in Helsinki in 1969, which:

> 'in the interest of prosperous co-existence of the European peoples . . . urged the European public, parliaments, governments, political parties, and social organisations to advocate the establishment of diplomatic relations with the German Democratic Republic.'

The resolution added that

> 'the authority of this state has increased to such an extent all over the world . . . that to-day no state can afford to ignore its existence without being prejudicial to (1) its own interests and (2) the bringing about of genuine European security based on the recognition of existing borders in Europen and on co-existence between states.'

Finally I should add that the argument is sometimes advanced that the recognition of the Republic would render more difficult the reunification, for which people still hope, of the two German States. I think that the answer to any objection based on this argument is that reunification in the foreseeable future is in any case impossible, except by war, which no one wants, save a few powerful men in West Germany.

[D. N. Pritt, Q.C., the author of *Employers, Workers and Trade Unions* (1970) and *The Apparatus of the Law* (1971) the first two of four books to be published under the general title *Law, Class and Society*, was Socialist member of Parliament for North Hammersmith, 1935-50. He is former Chairman of the Howard League of Penal Reform and of the Bentham Committee for Poor Litigants.]

PENAL REFORM: HOW TO REDUCE THE PRISON POPULATION

by Alec Samuels

FORTY THOUSAND languish in our prisons. The prisons cost £50m. a year of public money. By 1975 the figure may be 50,000, with a corresponding increase in cost. This incalculable waste of human and economic resources must be contained and reduced. We must find viable alternatives to prison. So long as we have to deal with vicious criminal enemies of society, i.e. for ever, we shall need prisons. But the tragedy of the present situation is that so many people are in prison unnecessarily, such as the comparatively harmless awaiting trial and the social inadequate who could and should have been dealt with in a different way. Even where prison is inescapable, because of the need to protect society, or of the need for society to mark its denunciation of a grave crime, or of the need to deter the offender and any other potential offender, there should be more emphasis upon the rehabilitative aspect of prison. The offender goes to prison as a punishment, not for a punishment. The loss of liberty involved in the incarceration is the punishment. A life of indolent luxury is not advocated, but a worthwhile, if tough, life should be the aim wherever possible, i.e. in most cases.

Every year about 40,000 accused persons are remanded in custody awaiting trial, of whom about 2,000 are eventually acquitted and about 20,000 convicted but not given a custodial sentence. Several hundred persons wait over three months in custody before acquittal at trial. In 1969, 105 persons who were subsequently acquitted or discharged were held in custody for 11 weeks or more on remand or awaiting trial. Many persons tried summarily before magistrates are remanded in custody. This is a disturbing situation. Remand in custody is a serious matter, because it involves social dislocation for the accused, the solicitor has difficulty in interviewing the accused and tracing witnesses, and very considerable reception problems are posed for the prison service. As much as ten per cent of the prison population at any given time may represent prisoners awaiting trial. Very few persons jump bail, i.e. do not appear at the trial, or commit further offences whilst on bail. The following changes would improve the situation:

The principles upon which bail may properly be refused, i.e. accused unlikely to attend the trial, likely to commit a further offence or to interfere with witnesses, need to be clarified, statutorily enacted, made more widely known and more uniformly applied. We need a standardised system, e.g. a universal questionnaire, for ascertaining basic information, especially information relating to community ties, such as home, family and job, because experience shows that the more the court knows of the accused's background the more likely the court will grant bail and the more settled the accused in the community the less likely that he will abuse bail. A bail officer could carry out this task. Magistrates should always indicate the principle upon which they refuse bail and their reasons for doing so, as

the Criminal Justice Act 1967 requires, so as to facilitate appeal. Legal representation should be made much more readily available for bail applications, because when there is legal representation the court is usually supplied with more information and the prospects of obtaining bail are better. In any event in every case the accused should be expressly and orally invited to apply for bail and in the event of a failure to apply the court should rigorously inquire into the matter. Where an accused, who has been refused bail by Magistrate A, appears before Magistrate B, Magistrate B should be willing to review a renewed application for bail on its merits. The police should not be permitted to make so much difficulty over the acceptability of sureties offered by the accused. The present procedure of application or appeal to the judge in chambers in London is not very satisfactory because of ignorance of the right to apply, lack of legal representation, lack of confidence, delay and expense which may amount to £50. In every case the accused refused bail should be informed of his right to apply and legal aid should be granted for that purpose. In order to avoid going to London it should be possible to apply to the local circuit judge. In order to avoid contamination it is essential that more remand centres away from the local prisons be built.

The fine, if paid, is in many ways the most successful of all criminal sanctions, because it does not involve the social dislocation of prison and costs the state nothing. In a materialistic society the economic sanction is probably an effective deterrent for many offenders. But if the fine remains unpaid and the defaulter ends up in prison the exercise has manifestly failed. Enforcement must be made more effective and inducements provided. Attachment of earnings sounds a good idea, and is provided for in the Criminal Justice Act 1967, but lacks real effectiveness because the order is not stamped on tax and social security and employment documents. The Payne Committee in 1969 and the Wootton Committee in 1970 both recommended the establishment of an enforcement office which would concern itself solely with the enforcement of financial orders and could give budgetary advice and help where appropriate. Retired police officers might be particularly effective in this sort of work. Then experimental devices could be tried, e.g. (i) the suspended fine, not payable if the offender keeps out of trouble for x months, (ii) the discount fine for prompt payment, and (iii) the save-as-you-pay instalment fine, a fine payable over a period, part being invested at interest and returned to the offender if he keeps out of trouble for x months. Finally, the maximum fine which may generally be imposed by a magistrate should be raised from £400 to at least £1,000 so that there is no choice of a man being sent to prison when the magistrates would prefer to fine him if their fining powers were adequate.

The suspended sentence has shown itself to be an important and valuable part of the armoury of the sentencer. But the statutory provisions are complicated and inflexible, and the courts have not been markedly successful in identifying the offender likely to respond to the deterrent. An uncomplicated and flexible statutory code is needed, and the courts must develop a more sensitive ability to discern the suitable offender.

The mandatory sentence is wrong in principle and should be abolished. It reflects a regrettable lack of confidence in the courts and conflicts with the need to treat each offender on an individualised basis; it induces the court to 'bend' the law to avoid it, e.g. by imposing two sentences of 12 months concurrent (discretionary suspension) instead of two sentences of 6 months consecutive (mandatory suspension). The suspended sentence should always be discretionary. The proposal by Lord Parker that the powers of the magistrates to imprison should be raised from the normal six months maximum to a normal twelve months maximum would not only reduce the incidence of committal for sentence to quarter sessions, with attendant delay and remand in custody, but would also enable the magistrates to escape the fetters of the present virtually mandatory suspended six months sentence.

Suspension cannot be imposed on a prison sentence exceeding two years and the operational period cannot run for more than three years. Although an offence carrying more than two years' imprisonment would normally be too serious for suspension, and although normally a meaningful prognosis cannot be made for more than three years ahead, nevertheless these limits are too rigid and should be abolished. A domestic assault may carry more than two years but be appropriate for suspension; an extended sentence has been changed to probation; and the middle class embezzler may merit a substantial sentence yet be appropriate for suspension because his reputation and employment are irretrievably lost.

Although the court ought to impose probation where it is indicated, and to impose a fine where it is indicated, the principle that all the non-custodial sentences should be rejected before prison, immediate or suspended, is probably too rigid. Paradoxically the suspended sentence, imposed for a more serious offence, may be a lighter sentence than probation, if successfully completed. The court should be directed to consider all the possible alternatives available to it, bearing in mind that non-custodial sentences ought normally to be considered and rejected before an immediate prison sentence is imposed.

With activation apparently running at 25-30 per cent it is obvious that the courts are in many cases failing to identify the offender suitable for the suspended sentence. The appropriate foundation for the sentence appears to be a serious offence, the absence of a compelling need for custody, and a likelihood of a response to a warning or deterrent, e.g. the shoplifter, the serious motoring offender and the minor public order and morality offender. The person wrongly given a suspended sentence eventually ends up in prison with a longer term, i.e. two consecutive sentences, and this increases the burden on the prisons. There is some evidence that the courts, believing that the sentence will not have to be served, casually impose a longer suspended sentence than would have been the case with an immediate sentence, and this has an inflationary effect if activation does take place.

If a court threatens a prison sentence if a further offence is committed, and a further offence is committed, then manifestly activation must be a strong likelihood, otherwise the court may be seen to be indecisive and

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ineffective. But the present requirement for activation is too strong, 'unless the court is of opinion that it would be unjust to do so in view of all the circumstances which have arisen since the suspended sentence was passed, including the facts of the subsequent offence, and where it is of that opinion the court shall state its reasons'. A less directory approach might be appropriate, indicating that the less serious and/or the more difficult in character the further offence the less strong the case for activation. Furthermore, the activating court ought not to have to consider first the further offence and the proper sentence for that and then, and then only, the original offence and the proper sentence for that. The activating court should be required to take an overall view of the whole new situation and impose an appropriate overall sentence accordingly.

The Wootton sub-committee of the Advisory Council on the Penal System was asked to propose non-custodial and semi-custodial alternatives to prison and did so in 1970 in a most constructive report. In order that the offender might come to realise the hardships suffered by others and in order that the community might benefit from his expiation the principal proposal of the committee was the community service order. The offender would be directed by a probation officer to some form of work organised by a charitable, voluntary or public body, such as work in hospitals, cleaning canals, helping old people, building adventure playgrounds and so on. Naturally the offender would have to be carefully selected for such work and to be genuinely co-operative otherwise more harm than good might result. There should be power for the judge to defer sentence for six months, e.g. to enable the offender to express genuine contrition and restore the stolen property and the probation service to produce a social inquiry report. The power of disqualification from driving should be available not only for the motoring offender but for the criminal who drives to the burglary or the robbery. Weekend disqualification should be possible, so that a man may be deprived of leisure motoring but not lose his livelihood as a lorry driver, though the Government has rejected this proposal because of the difficulty of enforcement. There should be senior attendance centres for the aggressive motoring offender. Property found in the possession of an offender, even if his own, should be forfeit. The sexual offender should be disqualified from certain employment, e.g. school teaching. The Government has rejected this proposal for the not very convincing reason that it would be costly to implement and might detract from the duty of an employer to obtain and check references before taking on an employee in a position of trust. The committee advocated weekend or intermittent imprisonment, but the Government has deferred this proposal because of the shortage of prison places, the difficulty of finding staff at weekends and the possible danger that weekend imprisonment might be used as an alternative to probation and fine whereas in fact the Wootton brief was to find alternatives to the short continuous prison sentence. Finally, probation should be rendered even more attractive to the court, as an alternative to prison, by combining it with a fine or a suspended sentence in an appropriate case.

Apart from the hard core of professional and often dangerous prisoners, category A and category B, many if not most offenders are pathetic socially and personally inadequate men who represent no security problem, category C, and are usually to be found in local or open prisons. What is needed for these men is alternative institutions to prison. Some are alcoholics who need 'drying-out' centres. Some are drug addicts who need treatment centres. Some are mentally ill and need hospital treatment. Some are unskilled and work shy and need disciplined conditions of work. Facilities for all these categories of men could readily be provided in appropriate non-prison institutions given public money and an enlightened penal policy, bearing in mind the considerable expense of a traditional prison place which may be quite unconstructive and inappropriate. Grendon Underwood, the first purpose-built prison hospital has proved remarkably successful, though it has tended to take promising and co-operative cases. At present the judge often has to commit an offender to prison because no willing doctor and available hospital place can be found. While recognising that the doctor and hospital find the difficult and disruptive and unco-operative patient unwelcome, nonetheless it is submitted that the medical profession and the hospital service should see it as a public responsibility and should be statutorily required to take the mentally ill offender, albeit in proper purpose-built security hospitals. Coldingley Prison in Surrey has shown how successful a purpose-built work or factory prison can be. It should be possible to build a viable factory with living accommodation attached for suitable offenders who do not present security problems.

Some offenders are apparently incorrigible, e.g. the persistent petty recidivist. Instead of repeatedly and uselessly sending him to prison we may have simply to accept him as a nuisance in society and put up with him at liberty. He mostly steals a few bottles of milk which, nuisance though it is, we can tolerate in an affluent society. Better to lose a few bottles of milk than incarcerate a useless man virtually for perpetuity at public expense.

Crime is very largely a male monopoly. But there are several hundred women in prison, mostly prostitutes, alcoholics, and embezzlers, with a few guilty of violence to children. It should be possible to deal with these women by probation or alternative institutions. Holloway prison is in process of being rebuilt in the form of a vast prison hospital at a cost of £6m. To some extent this is a progressive step, but this substantial sum of money could probably have been more usefully spent in providing mother and baby homes and in the national health service, especially the psychiatric facilities.

Rehabilitation depends upon opportunity, and here the skill, aptitude and attitude of the prison service is vital. Much more needs to be done to improve pay, training, promotion and conditions of work so as to attract graduates and others of ability and dedication and to heighten the morale of the staff. Less emphasis should be placed on the turnkey and more on the therapeutic role. The offender should be able to earn more than the customary one-third remission, and if he commits a disciplinary offence and loses some remission he should be able by excellent conduct to regain it. The sudden transition from custody to liberty is often a profound trauma,

especially for the long sentence offender and this process needs to be softened or bridged. Out-work and hostel schemes have been most promising. Under the out-work scheme for the last part of his sentence the offender goes outside the prison to work during the day and returns in the evening. Under the hostel scheme the offender lives in a hostel situated within the prison walls but having access to the streets so that he may go out to work. Unfortunately the hostel scheme was largely disbanded for security reasons following the Mountbatten Report in 1966. With careful planning it should be possible to reconcile an effective hostel scheme with security. Another more ambitious scheme is to place the offender in a hostel or lodgings right outside the prison so that under careful supervision he may live and work under conditions of controlled freedom so as gradually to accustom him to freedom, independence, self discipline and responsibility.

The parole system appears to be working satisfactorily, due largely to the fine work of Lord Hunt and his colleagues on the Parole Board. Murderers, lifers, and even a train robber have been released without incident. But a number of matters call for improvement. The eligibility of the medium and comparatively short term prisoner has created a lot of administrative work for local review committees (L.R.C.), the Parole Board and the Home Office, only to lead to release a few months or even a few weeks earlier than under normal remission release. Effort should be concentrated more upon the longer term prisoners. One solution would be to give the L.R.C. the power on its own decision to grant parole for a period not exceeding (say) 6 or 12 months to the short and medium term prisoners in property offences so as to relieve the Parole Board of the comparatively minor cases. Another solution would be to give automatic parole or power to the L.R.C. to release on parole in the case of prisoners who have successfully served not less than (say) 12 months in an open prison. Paradoxically at present the prisoner in an open prison has no greater chance of parole than the prisoner in the closed prison, whereas the open prisoner ought to have a much better chance because he has been selected by experienced people in the prison service as a good risk and he has proved that he can be trusted to act with a measure of responsibility. There should be some full-time members on the Parole Board, serving perhaps for a three to five year term, so as to develop special expertise and promote continuity and consistency.

Every form of treatment in the community will depend for its success upon the probation service. And society has dismally failed the probation service. Professional men and women, often with considerable training skill and experience, are accorded limited status and respect and rewarded with limited promotion prospects and scandalously low pay having regard to their responsibilities, pay which is not even comparable with that of comparable social workers such as children's officers employed by local authorities. The cost to the taxpayer of treatment in prison is infinitely greater than treatment in the community. If the present officers are to be retained and if the service is to be expanded in this decade a dramatic increase in

pay is essential, whatever the comparative pay of teachers, lavatory attendants and car workers.

There is no single, simple solution to these problems or if there is no one has yet had the perception to discover it. For many an offender it seems that a criminal stage is an inevitable stage in development towards maturity, just like adolescence, just as inevitable and troublesome. The penal system, however applied, seems to make little if any impact upon him. When the appropriate time comes he just gives up crime. Usually this is associated with marriage. If we could guide the criminal fraternity into stable marriage we should solve many of our penal problems. The morality of society is entrusted to the womenfolk. Magistrate: 'Why don't you find a girl like yourself and give up crime and settle down?' Young old lag: 'Cor, guvnor, where do you think I can find a bird with twenty-seven previous convictions for violence?!'

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The August issue of the *Contemporary Review* will include:

The Welfare State in Europe and the United Kingdom by Shirley Williams, M.P.

Labour and the Monarchy by Thomas Hale.

The Palestine Refugees by Gerald Blake.

Reflections about a State Theatre by David Cregan.

THESE STRANGE DREAMS

by Trevor Allen

ONE thing that puzzles me about dreams is why, when one is in normal health, they should usually be so grotesque and nightmarish yet so serene when one is not. The happiest dreams of my life I experienced when lying in a Balkan dugout in the line with the alternating chills and fevers of malaria. It was during the flushes of fever that the dreams came.

I was gazing through the dugout door, no longer at a trench cut in the ravineside but at a sunny English garden. At the gate stood a radiantly lovely girl, smiling happily with kindness and love for me. She opened the gate, came slowly up the path singing lightly. I was enchanted by her beauty and the knowledge that she was coming specially to see me . . . Then the dream was broken by the silhouette of a working party, shovels on shoulder, passing along the ravine in the dusk; girl and garden had vanished, leaving me with a feeling of loss.

In another malarial dream I came to a house and climbed an outer stairway to an upper room. Inside, exquisitely dressed men and women were talking quietly together in groups. There was a hush over them as if they were held in trance, a serenity not of this world, and I thought at once: these are people I have longed to meet all my life, they are so beautiful, why have I never found them before?

I stood watching them, transfixed, divinely happy. Their talk was no more than a gentle murmur, as of bees in lime blossom on a drowsy June afternoon. I made no attempt to join them; my happiness was in seeing them, being there, finding them at last.

It occurred to me afterwards that in my bout of fever I was half over the other side but drawn back. If an after-life is like that it is heaven indeed.

People who have been delirious say that they have had similarly ineffable dreams. They have been on sunny shores by tropically blue seas in an earthly yet unearthly paradise, thrilled with the joy and beauty around them; and the dream has recurred for days, weeks. Were they, too, half over yet fated to return? Was the dream an intimation of heavens to come?

I have always had happy dreams under dental gas. I do not remember what they were about, but come-to blissfully smiling like a ventriloquist's dummy, even chuckling with inner joy. The dentist has asked: 'What on earth are you grinning about? Anyone would think I'd been telling you a funny story.'

Towards the end of his life when he was nearing eighty H. G. Wells had a recurrent dream which he called 'compensatory'. He was out for a walk from his Regent's Park home and would come to a turning he had, most oddly, overlooked before. Instantly he was walking more briskly, with lighter step, up hill and down, through happy scenes he had never hoped to see again.

For the first time in his life he knew what it felt like to possess a com-

pletely healthy, balanced body. He could leap gulfs, scale precipices, shin up trees unerringly, indefatigably, as a matter of course. He, too — as I in my dugout dream — met in his dream-world happy, welcoming, delightful people whom he never hoped to meet. No one was dead there, no one did he hate. He called it his Happy Turning.

Was this, so near the end of his earthly span, a preview of his compensatory heaven for a life marked by much intellectual and emotional conflict and anything but robust health?

George Gissing, whose life had also been one of hard conflict, had a remarkable dream when, in his later years, he visited Old Calabria, thereby fulfilling a long-deferred craving to explore Greco-Roman Italy. Down with fever at Cotrone, he saw visions of Roman legionaries, scenes of ancient life: 'thronged streets, processions triumphal or religious, halls of feasting, fields of battle.' What most impressed him, he wrote in *By the Ionian Sea*, was 'the marvellously bright yet delicate colouring of everything I saw. I can give no idea in words of the pure radiance which shone from every object, which illuminated every scene.' He actually saw Hannibal's soldiers slaughter the Italian mercenaries on the shore by Croton before embarking for Carthage. The visions were so vivid as to be more like an occult visitation, in a land charged with history.

The experience must have been recompense to one who had lived much of his life writing desperately for bread in squalid London bystreets, his daily grind beset by two discordant marriages, his scholarly mind filled with the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome. His last unfinished novel, *Veranilda*, an evocation of sixth century Roman life, was, in a way, a fulfilment of that dream, an approach to *his* 'compensatory' heaven; for later, in his deathbed delirium at St. Jean de Luz, he was again seeing Romans and babbling Latin.

There is nothing compensatory in the tormenting, terrifying dreams that come to one in normal health. In one that has recurred from time to time I am lying in a small underground chamber like a tomb, watching a slit of daylight. Gradually the slit narrows, I feel am going to suffocate, and as it closes I wake up in a panic.

In another recurrent one I am a news reporter again on a big 'story' but, no matter how I try, I cannot write it, the words won't come; I cannot find a telephone, or find one at last but cannot get through to my paper, the thing is dead. Minutes, hours are slipping away, I'm missing editions, losing my job, desperately anxious. I awake in a state of utter depression. It is the frustration dream most of us experience in some form.

A wildly fantastic dream which I noted down on waking concerned an editor friend who was going to the Tyrol with his wife for a holiday and to whom I had recommended places to see. In the dream he was at the controls of an electric train in a tunnel but couldn't start. Another train was approaching on an adjoining track, and as my leg was sticking out of the coach I said: 'Aren't you too close to it? It will run over my foot.'

Someone then pressed a light switch in the car and my friend drove off up an incline so fast that I begged: 'Don't go so fast or you won't be able

to stop at the top.' But he pulled up at a station and we walked out into the Tyrolean countryside. I then made some silly remark (I don't remember about what) which made him furious, so I walked on in front. Ahead of us rose a maze of industrial buildings with skeleton girders against the sky, and I thought: Now he'll be even more furious with me, after what I told him about the beauties of the Tyrol. And he was — gesticulating angrily towards me, evidently raging about me to his wife. I was most unhappy, for we had never quarrelled before, and now I felt I had lost his friendship for ever. At that point I awoke — and the friendship has continued to this day in complete harmony.

In another dream recorded on waking I was with Winston Churchill (after his death). 'I have to address the Y.M.C.A. off Tottenham Court Road at seven-thirty but I shall be late,' he said. 'You go along there and talk to them till I arrive.' It was then 7.10.

I set off, turning over in my mind what I would say to them to fill the gap. But soon I realised that I had gone out of my way and was lost in a maze of streets. I broke out in a sweat when my watch showed 7.55, and kept asking the way. Eventually I did reach the Tottenham Court Road area, only to find it completely flat and devastated. In a panic, I asked some workmen standing by where the Y.M.C.A. was. They pointed to the ruined waste where it had been. I awoke with the hopeless feeling that I had failed Winston Churchill, not kept my promise.

In yet another recorded dream I was in New York — which I've never visited — but a quiet, peaceful New York unlike the city of towering sky-scrapers and surging traffic I had always imagined. I was in the care of some stranger who was putting me up in his apartment, and embarrassed because I was wearing a shabby old jacket of long ago and had no money, not even my wallet in which I always carried two or three traveller's cheques for emergencies. We called at a kind of souvenir shop, but I could buy nothing, which rather annoyed my escort.

Then he took me to his apartment and introduced me to another man, saying: 'He's sharing the room with you.' This second man was evil-looking, and I felt sure he would murder me in the night. My only hope was to get into touch with a love of long ago — she figured as Faith in my book *We Loved in Bohemia* — who now lived in New York and had written me at intervals of recent years. But I could not remember her address or the name of the music-tuition college where she worked, and was left with a terrifying fear of impending doom, still with me when I awoke.

The strange part of the dream was the placid nature of the New York around me, more like a quiet rural town. I had had previous dreams of being in New York, and always it was this kind of tranquil, leisurely, uncrowded background, never one of claustrophobic noise and flurry.

Now why, I ask, should I be visited by these fantastic, farcical dreams when I am in normal health, yet be blest with such enchanting dreams when I am lying ill or under an anaesthetic? Nothing in Freud or Jung has helped me to solve the riddle. Perhaps the clue is in the faintly smiling serenity on the faces of those who have passed peacefully into the Last Dream of All?

TURKEY: THE NEW GOVERNMENT AND BASIC NEEDS

by Yurdakul Fincancioglu

WITH the 'coup by memorandum' of the Turkish high command on March 12, 1971, Turkey once more became one of the main news items. In their memorandum to President Sunay, the Chief of General Staff and Army, Navy and Air Force Commanders requested 'the establishment of a new, strong and respectable government', claiming that the present government was not capable of ending the anarchy and solving the problems which faced the country. Generals also claimed that as a result of the recent anarchy, lower rank army officers were becoming impatient. The Chief of General Staff and the top commanders warned the President that if their demands were not met immediately they would take over the government.

The demands of the generals could be summed up in two main points: First of all they wanted the country to be saved from the alleged anarchy, particularly caused by the student activities, and internal peace to be re-established. Their second demand was the realisation of the reforms set forth in the Constitution.

The effects of the 'coup by memorandum' were felt immediately. Prime Minister Demirel, who is still the leader of the majority party in the Parliament, resigned. President Sunay received the leaders of the main political parties and representatives of non-party groups in the Parliament to discuss the memorandum. Then he nominated as Prime Minister an experienced politician, Professor Nihat Erim, who is highly respected, particularly by those believing in the virtue of the intellectuals' dominance over the country's fate.

In order to be able to form a non-party government, Erim resigned from his party, the major opposition party, and made contacts with all the other party leaders. Erim repeatedly stated that his government was to be a reformist government and was to include experts as well as politicians. He selected his Ministers among deputies of the Justice Party which had been in power until March 12; from the Republican People's Party, which was the main opposition party and from the National Reliance Party. In addition, he invited some experts in different fields to join his government and thus the 'reformist government', a mixture of politicians and experts, was formed. Erim received a vote of confidence immediately.

This change has met the generals' first request. 'The weak and incapable government' has resigned and a reformist government been formed. The question now is whether the new government will be able to do what the previous government did not or could not do.

First of all, the political tendencies of the new ministers might not allow them to carry out the reforms or, more precisely, the essential progressive changes that are needed in the country. The politicians in the government, with a few exceptions, are not considered even 'second class' personalities

in their parties and have no influence on public opinion. Their political opinions vary considerably from extreme right to moderate left. None of the politicians in the government is genuinely in favour of a radical change of circumstances.

The same is true for the experts in the government. They also show a wide range of political tendencies. Some of them are even against taxing private enterprise while others are known as 'leftists', but might equally be described as 'social democrats' and none of them is known as a supporter of a socialist movement.

Consequently, it will be very difficult for the members of the government to agree on any major and basic issues.

Another problem is that the Parliament still exists and all bills must be passed by it. The Parliament is composed in such a way that it would inevitably oppose any reformist bills, even those least harmful to the bourgeoisie, proposed by the so-called reformist government. At first glance, only two of the nine political parties in the Parliament, the Labour Party and the Republican People's Party, seem to be at all progressive. The former has practically no influence in the Parliament because it has only three seats out of more than six hundred. The Republican People's Party, on the other hand, has in fact nothing to do with being progressive other than using it as a mask to obtain the support of reformist circles. All the other parties support the status quo as set forth by their programmes and as a result of the political and social tendencies of their members. Therefore, even if the new government drew up any reformist bills, there would be many amendments demanded before being passed by the Parliament. The pressure from the Armed Forces may lead to approval of some reforms but it is an illusion to expect the new government to present any really progressive bills.

The most active person in the forming up of the government is a retired colonel, Sadi Kocas, who is now a deputy of the Republican People's Party. Kocas played an important rôle in the *coup d'état* of May 27, 1960. It is also becoming clear that he had a major part in the March 12 memorandum and in the events which led up to it. According to newspaper *Devrim*[1] Kocas had discussed the type of government Turkey needed with the Army, Navy and Air Force Commanders and with the Secretary General and had submitted a memorandum of eleven pages to the commanders. In fact, his articles, published in two of the leading daily newspapers prior to the March 12 memorandum, throw light on his involvement in these events.

In one of the articles[2] Kocas, the new Deputy Prime Minister in charge of political affairs, repeats the opinions he had given in his memorandum to the commanders. In this article he claims that the Demirel Government has led the country into a dilemma and continues as follows:

'The most important measure that should be taken immediately is to hand the administration to a reliable and honest cadre. This measure is so essential and so effective that, until other measures of secondary importance are taken, it would stop all crisis and particularly the anarchy in the country.

'Most of the numerous problems of Turkey are in fact artificially created. And others which are not artificial can easily be solved.

'The fate of Turkey depends on having an honest and serious cadre which will have the confidence of the whole nation.'

In another article[3] Kocas suggests a solution to the problems:

'What we need now is an honest and patriotic cadre which would not try to cheat people for the sake of its own benefits. Turkey today is not the Turkey of fifty years ago. She now has her own experts and professionals in every field. It is more likely that only a few months after such a cadre comes into power the whole nation will see that we are on the right road and in four or five years the whole world will realise that the most important problems of Turkey have been solved or are being solved. Finally, in ten or fifteen years Turkey will become the land of prosperity and internal peace.

'Yes, we need only an honest, serious and patriotic cadre.

'But under the present conditions such a cadre cannot come into power through elections.'

As can be seen from these extracts, according to the new powerful man of Turkey, retired colonel Kocas, Turkey has a sufficient number of experts in every field. The problem is to bring these experts together and to form an 'honest, serious and patriotic' government. Although Kocas does not expect any miracles from such a cadre, to expect a solution to today's problems from honesty and patriotism alone is itself a miracle.

Kocas believes that a 'serious, honest and patriotic' government cannot come into power through elections. So, it should be imposed on people by influential and powerful circles.

In fact, this is the traditional intellectual approach to problems in Turkey, and it has led the country nowhere. From the very beginning Turkey has been governed by groups of military and civilian intellectuals. There are only two exceptions to this: the Menderes and Demirel Governments. The former weakened and shattered the influence of the military-civilian intellectuals in administration, and this was the main reason for its short survival. The fate of Demirel's government was more or less the same.

Military and civilian intellectuals have always seen the problems from a wrong angle. The 'coup by memorandum' on March 12 once again demonstrates that this mistaken point of view still prevails. In the last decades of the Ottoman Empire, some intellectuals proposed and strongly supported efforts to become westernised. However, since the principle of being westernised was incorrectly understood, efforts have not yielded the expected results, except a few superficial changes. For example, the western style of dancing has been introduced as proof of the country being westernised.

With the exception of a few marxist intellectuals who have recently had the opportunity of putting forward their views, there has been no real attempt to uncover the problems of the basic, structural institutions. All these problems have been explained by a lack of 'honest, serious and patriotic' statesmen in power. In fact, all the problems faced by Turkey lie in the basic economic structure of the country.

Surprisingly, some of the intellectuals who believe that they are marxists support having an 'imposed' government. They also believe in the virtue of a military-civilian cadre.

In fact, Turkey's problems arise from lack of ability to use her large productive resources of manpower and raw material effectively. Although Turkey has enjoyed civilisation for many centuries, material production has not developed sufficiently.

Some figures may perhaps clarify our point of view: 1970 figures show that nearly four-fifths (79.4 per cent) of the gross national product were used for total consumption. Total gross investment constituted only 24 per cent of the G.N.P. When changes in stock are not accounted for, the current account deficit is about 2 per cent.[4] The annual rate of growth of gross national product, in other words the rate of economic development, was planned to be 7 per cent. However, the 1970 rate will not exceed 5 per cent.[5] The population growth rate in Turkey is about 2.6 per cent which reduces the annual rate of economic growth to 2.4 per cent which is extremely low for a country whose main objective should be industrialisation if she wishes to survive among the industrialised giants.

Moreover, a large proportion of the total investment is not allocated to the establishment of heavy industry. Although Turkey is very late in economic developments, investments are allocated to the production of some consumption goods which do not contribute to industrialisation. These false investments make Turkey continuously dependent on foreign sources for equipment and for some raw materials.

The basic problem in Turkey is not only unfair distribution of the fruits of production, but also inability to establish heavy and machine industry on which to base her economic strength.

The new government seems about to repeat a serious error which has been made several times in the past. In an interview with the B.B.C. correspondent, Victor Price, the Deputy Prime Minister in charge of Economic Affairs, Attila Karaosmanoglu, said that the government will set up a mixed economy in which state control will be minimised. This is the mistake to which we have referred. The military and civilian intellectuals in Turkey do not seem to realise the need for a marxist approach to planning in an underdeveloped country. Nor do they appear to be aware of the fact that a planned economy cannot be achieved without the necessary preparatory spade-work. Planned economy is a result of social conditions and not merely a bright invention of intellectuals: in other words, planning is a product of the objective economic relationships which are dominant at a certain stage of social development. To be even more precise, it springs from the public ownership of the means of production.[6]

Planning can only be achieved by a socialist movement. Experience in many countries has shown that it cannot exist in a mixed economic system. As long as private enterprise continues it is not possible to have a real centrally planned economy which would cover the whole country and all economic activities. Moreover, the social class which will implement and carry out the plan is also of vital importance. 'Honest and patriotic' states-

men alone are not able to do this. The success of the plan relies heavily on social power and this power can only be that of the working class.[7]

The rapid development and absolute dominance of the public sector and the support and democratic control by the working class are thus seen to be prerequisites for the achievement of a planned economy. The instrument for the support and democratic control by the working class is a progressive party. Without recognising the absolute necessity of such a party, and without having the support of the working class, nothing can be achieved. Since this necessity is not understood in Turkey, the solution to the present problems has always been sought in the existence of 'honest and patriotic' cadres. In fact, in the absence of a party which is the real representative of the working people, there is no assurance that even the most honest, patriotic statesmen would not deviate from the declared objective.

In the 1940's Turkey put on a dress which did not fit her! This was the multi-party political system. The classical multi-party parliamentary regime which was developed in the western capitalist countries has been imported just like any ordinary merchandise with the hope of establishing a democratic regime. Turkey has forced herself to use this western product for 25 years without success. The main reason for failure was that the basic historical conditions for this regime did not exist. The only political regime which would be in accordance with the political and social conditions in Turkey is democratic control through a progressive party, but unfortunately the need for such a system has not been realised by the military and civilian intellectuals.

In these circumstances there is no reason to believe that the new government will be different from all the others, already burdened as it is by the recent earthquake disasters. Nationalisation of a few resources like borax minerals does not imply that a government is progressive, unless such actions are components of radical changes in the political and economic structure of the country. In a very short time it will once more become clear that 'honest and patriotic' cadres alone cannot achieve anything, unless they recognise the need for basic structural changes.

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[1] *Devrim*, No. 75, March 30, 1971.
[2] *Milliyet*, January 30, 1971.
[3] *Cumhuriyet*, January 22, 1971.
[4] O.E.C.D. Economic Survey, Turkey, December 1970, page 40.
[5] O.E.C.D. Economic Survey, Turkey, December 1970, page 6.
[6] G. Sorokin, *Planning in the U.S.S.R.*, 1967, page 5.
[7] G. Sorokin, *Planning in the U.S.S.R.*, 1967, page 6.

[Yurdakul Fincancioglu, born in Turkey, has worked as a journalist since 1953. He was parliamentary correspondent for two leading newspapers, *Cumhuriyet* and *Hurriyet*, and Editor of the main opposition paper, *Ulus*.]

POLLUTION: SITUATIONS AND REMEDIES

by Eric Deeson

'WHERE there's money, there's muck.' The ancient Yorkshire cynicism has been more and more frequently inverted in recent years as concern over the possibilities of permanent damage to the environment increases. Since around 1962, when Rachel Carson's shattering *Silent Spring* appeared, such concern has been growing in every developed country. With the whole world's population able to sit comfortably on the Isle of Wight like a monstrous pop festival, it is often difficult to believe that this huge planet can seriously be damaged by what we do. Yet so many effects are cumulative and so many practically irreversible, that President Nixon's description of the 'spaceship Earth' is a far more useful concept.

There have been many recent incidents to make the dangers come alive. The catastrophic London smog of 1952 will be mentioned again later, for it was crucial in the development of air pollution legislation in this country. Much more recently a spate of occurrences followed the *Torrey Canyon* disaster of 1967. 1969's troubles with phosphorus effluent from a new British plant in Newfoundland now seems to be resolved, but the incident about the same time when fifty million Rhine fish were killed by a farm insecticide, and in April, 1969, when the Manchester Ship Canal 'caught fire' cannot be reviewed without alarm. They could recur.

Currently the plague of 'Crown of Thorns' starfish in the Pacific is constantly being discussed, though it is worth noting that the animal's population explosion was first described several years ago. As yet the cause of this particular ecological catastrophe has not been traced, but it is quite possible that it is the result of some change in the ocean's chemistry due to effluent discharge. Perhaps for the same reason there has been an enormous price rise in Russian caviare. Sturgeon catches have diminished in recent years because of pollution in the Caspian.

Gordon Rattray Taylor's recently published *Doomsday Book* has sparked off even more interest in the whole matter of the environment and its conservation. This latest broadside has been widely criticised by the 'Establishment' as being exaggerated and bound to cause unnecessary alarm—yet it should be read. And so now the question of pollution is constantly raised in the press; almost every issue of journals like *New Scientist* includes a couple of reports of new developments in the field—detection, prevention or cure.

Is all this fuss justified? Will city-dwellers really need gas-masks in ten years' time? Is it too late to save ourselves, anyway? It is not possible to answer any of these questions with certainty—except the first, and to that the reply is a firm 'yes'. Without doubt action is required now. And almost certainly the action should be world-wide.

The field of pollution is conveniently and usefully divided into the con-

siderations of noise and of the impurification of air and of water. Only these last two will be considered here, but this does not mean that noise problems are in the long run any less critical. As far as air and water pollution are concerned, however, there has been great activity—verbal at least—in 1970: introduction of a number of new journals and periodicals, proposals for anti-pollution institutions and political parties, and even reaction from the existing ones.

Certainly, Labour lost the election, but they are likely to have swung a few scientist floaters their way with the publication, in the spring of 1970, of quite a detailed list of proposals for future legislation. Among the fifty points set down for discussion were calls for stricter control over spillages and more effective authorities to deal with the pollution of British air and water.

The Labour Government's White Paper of May, 1970, on *The Protection of the Environment* was admittedly largely a progress report, intended to highlight activity in the whole environmental field. It discusses this under the heads of pollution of the air, of the land, of fresh water, and of the sea and beaches, and that by noise and by radioactivity. In addition a sensitive consideration of the international scene pledged the Government to help developing countries to avoid some of our more catastrophic errors. Other pledges in the paper included the promise drastically to increase fines for pollution (in Sheffield not so long ago a firm was fined £1 for emitting thick smoke for thirty minutes). Again, a clean rivers programme was promised, as was legislation to control the emission of dust from industrial furnaces.

Not just words in this case, for the Wilson Government also acted in two effective ways. A Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution was formed, first meeting in February, 1970. Its terms of reference are rather abstract, perhaps wisely, and include 'to advise on matters . . . concerning the pollution of the environment, on . . . research in this field, and on the future possibilities of danger to the environment'. Pollution itself was not defined, however. A feature of this particular commission, chaired by the able Sir Eric Ashby, is that it is a standing one, aimed at being a permanent help — and prod — to the Government. A permanent sub-committee to the Cabinet was also established for the same ends.

The other action to be applauded was the appointment of Dr. Martin Holdgate as head of a unit to cover all the national pollution research effort. Holdgate wears a pollution halo for having discovered DDT in the Antarctic penguins, a result with far-reaching implications. Already there is (surprisingly?) a huge volume of research in this country into the environment. The publication in mid-September of the latest annual report of the National Environmental Research Council shows what an empire Holdgate may in fact have. Here are discussed very detailed programmes of investigation into the short and long term environmental effects of pollutants. Money may be hard to come by, but the spirit is certainly willing.

Prior to the election the Conservatives had said little that was constructive on the whole subject and, when their victory was confirmed, many people expressed grave fears that the new Government would recant on

much of this. However, it is becoming apparent that such worries were unfounded. Although the position of Holdgate's scientific unit had been in limbo for months, the signs appeared that the Tories would retain it as the potent instrument of pollution policy that was intended, and they seem generally to be broadly in agreement over the need for action, as is confirmed by Mr. Peter Walker, Secretary for the Environment, in a recent statement.

So much for recent activities. It is time now for a belated look at the whole of British legislation in the field. After all, many are proud of it, at least in comparison with that of other countries. Not a few European rivers are sickening sewers, while many inland lakes and seas are quite dead. The continents's off-shore waters are frequently grossly polluted with partially treated or even raw domestic and industrial wastes, as well as with the more publicised oil spillages.

Admittedly it is little more than a century since water pollution started to cause concern in Britain—and then it was mainly for aesthetic reasons. Some Thames water companies had started to filter the supply by the time Victoria arrived to use it and serious legislation was established in 1848 and 1875 (Public Health Acts) and in 1876 (River Pollution Prevention Act). This last statute is notable in its allowing industrial wastes to be discharged into town sewers, so that it is the reason why, generally speaking, the councils have the job of treating industrial effluent. Standards for the testing of water (then by the 'Disposal Commission') began to be applied in 1898.

Most significant of all the legislation are the two Rivers (Prevention of Pollution) Acts, dated 1951 and 1961. The two major clauses are concerned with what may be called direct and indirect pollution of waterways. It is a punishable offence 'to cause or knowingly to permit to enter a stream any poisonous, noxious or polluting matter'. Likewise it is an offence 'to impede the flow of water . . . to lead to a substantial aggravation of pollution of water by other causes'. (The word 'stream' is a useful umbrella, covering just about every kind of natural or artificial surface water.)

The major disadvantage of the present arrangement is the multiplicity of responsible bodies. The water boards provide the domestic and industrial requirements. The councils construct the sewerage to remove it again. The local authorities (frequently now in consort) are supposed to run the necessary sewage works to treat it. And there are the river authorities with a sort of overall responsibility for the 'streams' in their areas — caring for it when none of the other bodies do and keeping a general eye on supply, amenity and flood control. Is this British system of checks and balances the best solution of the problem? Statistics are extremely difficult to evaluate in this field so that estimates of gross pollution range from about ten per cent to almost two thirds of the national stream length. Certain it is that this is too much. Yet it has frequently been claimed that British rivers are among the cleanest in the world. Last year a report showed that only a quarter of large French cities have any form of sewage treatment, and it is likely at least that British sewage is better treated than that of any other nation.

Yet surely there is no justification for complacency while some authorities are still able to evade their statutory obligation to provide adequate sewage facilities? Are there still no votes in sewage? Water demand is expected to double, well before the end of the century, and it is high time that Midland river waters (for instance) were more effectively used. In Britain, records of serious protests about air pollution go back to the thirteenth century, when coal burning was banned in London. Research into its effects was undertaken first in 1661 and various restrictive regulations appeared in the following century.

The famous 'Alkali Act' of 1906 (or, to be more formal, the Alkali and Works Regulation Act) was an extremely progressive piece of legislation for its time. It has served pretty well for half a century, but is now becoming somewhat 'Auntyish', at least in the views of some. The main provision in it is for the formation of the Alkali Inspectorate (surely a gift to television series writers), which as a body is perhaps unrivalled in the power of its impact, simultaneously with reasonable acceptance by industry. By dint of gentle persuasion in the local area, rather than by heavy-handed national action, the inspectorate has had a tremendous effect on British air.

At any rate, it was that famous London smog in 1952, believed to have caused around 4,000 excess deaths, that has produced really worthwhile national legislation. Of course there had been big smogs earlier in the centunty, but the effect on health was rarely even guessed at. (That provides an interesting parallel with the London cholera outbreaks of a century before—few people heeded Dr. John Snow's claims that they were connected with water pollution.)

However, the Clean Air Act of 1956 came about, rightly being described as a 'landmark in the history of world anti-pollution legislation', especially since it was strengthened by the 1968 provision for increased council powers.

The '56 Act deals with the installation of dust extraction equipment and the listing of permissible fuels. It particularly provides for the creation of urban 'smokeless zones'. Well over three-quarters of the capital is now fully smokeless and there has been no real fog, let along smog, for years. Over half of the rest of the country is now covered by smoke control orders and Britain can be really proud of the resulting improvements. There are problems in the implementation of these orders of course—notably as regards money and the supply of suitable fuels. It must be hoped that Anthony Crosland's picture of the latter difficulties as a 'hiccup' in the overall success story is not too optimistic.

The chief remaining loophole is the lack of legislation on petrol engine exhausts, neither party having paid much attention to growing feeling in this direction. Legislation in the United States has been in operation for several years now and it is likely to be tightened still further. The whole question is rather technical, but it is certain that car engine exhaust gases are harmful and action should be demanded on this front.

The United States is critically different from this country 'pollution-wise' in a number of ways—principally with its newer industry, its larger size and its larger population of cars. Although Europe has conventional pollu-

tion problems to a greater extent than America has, the latter is meeting new ones first, and is in the unpleasant position of walking in the lead across a minefield. In the last year or two the U.S.A. Government has become extremely alarmed about the deterioration of the environment. Action has been swift. Particularly interesting is the *First Annual Report of the President's Council on Environmental Quality*—300 pages longer than the British White Paper with which it is naturally compared. The report says that American air and waters are deteriorating alarmingly (while ours are actually slowly improving), and that two-thirds of the population are without adequate sewage treatment facilities (half have none at all). Representative of the detail of this document is that it even notes the dangers of the new traces of beryllium in the atmosphere—from rocket fuels.

Probably the most significant U.S.A. legislation of recent months has been the Environmental Quality Act which provides that *every* federal department must provide an evaluation of the environmental effects of major decisions. It is the task of the new Council on Environmental Quality to consider all these appraisals and to be prepared to recommend to the President that he rejects unacceptable proposals. The scheme has been tipped for introduction into this country in the new parliamentary session.

Very likely there are still few votes in environment, despite the enormous publicity the matter has received lately. All the same, as Prince Philip stated at the inauguration of the 1970 European Conservation Year, this is one area where action, not words, is *imperative*. Perhaps more thought provoking still are the quiet ideas of Prince Albert of Belgium—that the only solution will involve the curbing of growth rates. Voluntary restriction of human greed is not a pleasant prospect, or a likely one, but Prince Albert's ideas have been echoed a number of times. By U Thant, for instance, whose call for a world-wide environmental watch-body may be the only feasible answer.

[Mr. Eric Deeson was head of the science department on *HMS Worcester* for five years. He is now at Newman College of Education, Birmingham, and undertaking research into the problems of the pollution of the environment.]

CRISIS IN PAKISTAN
A DIAGNOSIS AND PROGNOSIS: STALIN'S WORDS RECALLED

by K. P. S. Menon

LATTERLY, our minds have been full of the dire events in East Bengal, the breakaway wing of Pakistan, renamed 'Bangla Desh'. During this period there often came to my mind the observations which Stalin made to me at my interview with him on February 17, 1953. These observations were the more impressive, because, unlike Khrushchev, Stalin was a man of few words.

I have had dozens of interviews with Khrushchev, but only one with Stalin, just a fortnight before he died. The difference between them was that Khrushchev was a talker; Stalin, a listener. Though primarily a listener, Stalin would unconsciously let off a remark which went to the heart of a problem.

Stalin, unlike Khrushchev, had the gift of silence. If he did not wish to speak about a particular subject, nothing would induce him to do so. Our talk covered a variety of subjects, including Pakistan.

Pakistan had just decided to enter one of Foster Dulles's pet politico-military Pacts, with which he hoped to thwart 'the global menace' of Communism, viz., M.E.D.O. (Middle East Defence Organisation), subsequently called the Baghdad Pact and, after the Revolution in Baghdad and Baghdad walked out of it, C.E.N.T.O. I told Stalin how, to begin with, India and Pakistan had a similar outlook on international affairs and how Pakistan was now being inveigled into the cold war. Stalin kept quiet. He saw the world in terms of black and white, Communist and non-Communist; and perhaps he did not see much point in making a distinction between States tarred, in his eyes, with the same brush; nor did he seem fully to appreciate India's policy of non-alignment. It was after Stalin died that the Soviet Government began lending its powerful support to it—and to India.

Stalin, however, did make a couple of observations about Pakistan. These seemed trite at that time, but, in the light of recent developments, they show that he had an instinctive gift for diagnosing a political problem and indicating its prognosis.

'How primitive it is,' exclaimed Stalin, 'to found a state on the basis of religion!' The factors which severally or collectively go to the making of a modern state are: a common frontier, a common language, a common culture and common traditions. None of these factors exists in the case of West Pakistan and East Pakistan. The only bond was religion, and that has proved a broken reed.

Stalin asked me whether there was any hope of India and Pakistan ever coming together again. He suggested that perhaps some kind of federation would be the solution. I said that that might be possible ultimately, but that the bitterness created by the British policy of divide and rule had gone too deep for any such idea to be entertained at present. Now, that

bitterness towards India has been overtaken, though not submerged, by the bitterness and hatred between the two wings of Pakistan. It is unlikely that, after the protracted ill-treatment which the Bengalees have endured and the current grisly massacres and other atrocities perpetrated by the Pakistanis, the people of Bangla Desh will ever reconcile themselves again to Pakistani rule. Reduced in size and population, stripped of its richer half, and deprived of any excuse for claiming parity with India, Pakistan may itself begin to feel that its prosperity and even safety lie in a federation.

In India, too, there have been portents, though far less serious. The change of the name Madras to Tamil Nadu, and of Bombay to Maharashtra, is not a mere change in name. Though our electorate rose gloriously over regionalism during the recent parliamentary elections, it cannot be said that it has ceased to be a factor to reckon with. A few days ago, Sri M. Karunanidhi, the Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu, has again had to warn the Centre that, if it tries to foist Hindi on the South by hook or crook, it will be like twisting the sleeping tiger's tail.

For India as well as for Pakistan, a large federation may be an antidote to any thought of separatism. A federation, or confederation of truly autonomous units, covering the entire sub-continent, stretching from the Himalayas and Hindukush to the Indian Ocean, embracing perhaps even Ceylon and Afghanistan, with none dominating it and all animated by the one desire to build a better life for the teeming millions of this sub-continent, may be the ideal solution.

When Jawaharlal Nehru was sounded by Mr. C. L. Sulzberger in 1952 regarding the possibility of an Indo-Pakistan federation, he said: 'Twenty years ago I would have said that certainly we should have some kind of confederation, not federation—independent states with common defence and economic policies. The difficulty now is: if we talk about it, this upsets our neighbours (Pakistan), because we are so much bigger. Nevertheless, of course, this remains the logical future path—confederation with each member-nation maintaining its independence intact.'

Nearly two decades have passed since Jawaharlal Nehru made this observation. During this period Pakistan has, one hopes, become wiser and sadder. So has India. So has Ceylon, which, at the time of writing, is facing a rebellion fomented by foreign powers. Clearly, there is a need for all the states within the Indian periphery to stand together for defence and for economic development.

For the time being, a Federation or even Confederation can be no more than a distant goal, but it is a goal worth keeping in view and quietly working for in consultation with men and nations of good will. Above all, it requires, to use Mahatma Gandhi's magnificent phrase, 'a change of heart' on the part of all the peoples within, or on the fringe of, the great sub-continent of India.

[Mr. K. P. S. Menon served as India's first Foreign Secretary for five years, prior to his appointment as Ambassador for India to the U.S.S.R. where he remained until his retirement in 1961.]

COMMONWEALTH CO-OPERATION

by B. Narpati

AN advantage of Commonwealth membership is the continuous consultation which takes place between governments. Existing co-operation between Commonwealth countries is spread over 280 such organisations. In the political field, the Commonwealth Secretariat has also assisted various processes of Commonwealth co-operation.

Economic co-operation within the Commonwealth has its roots in the links between Britain and her former colonies. The complementary patterns of production, investment and trade that grew up under this relationship have changed. These countries developed and diversified their economies and established links with non-Commonwealth countries.

These new bilateral and multilateral links as well as international payments arrangements (in most cases in sterling as their common reserve currency), and the pattern of trade which was largely influenced by Commonwealth preferences, has further expanded. Annual meetings of Commonwealth Finance Ministers and senior officials ensure continuing consultation on major economic issues. Regular meetings of Commonwealth delegations to the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development and the Committee on Preferences are organised by the Commonwealth Secretariat. These are in fact among the few forums in which high and low-income countries meet together for informal and confidential talks. These meetings help to bring about compromise agreements on sensitive questions.

The Commonwealth Sugar Agreement between the U.K. Government and the representatives of Commonwealth Sugar Producers, which was signed in December 1951, is an example of the special trading relationship. In 1966, the agreement was extended up to the end of 1974. It was decided in November 1968 to amend the agreement so as to make it of indefinite duration with provision for triennial review. The first such review was held early in 1971. Changes in the agreement, unless mutually agreed between the parties, will require three calendar years' notice given during a year of triennial review. This provision covers all the agreements' provisions except those relating to the negotiating price quotas of the less developed exporting territories. These later will require six years' notice. The agreement is of great importance to a number of Commonwealth countries which depend heavily on sugar for income, employment and foreign exchange.

There are no similar arrangements for other primary commodities, although Commonwealth countries include some of the largest producers of these items. For this reason, Commonwealth countries have actively supported internal agreements for commodities and arrangements for price stabilisation.

Existing financial and trade links within the Commonwealth are of an order to warrant special attention. In 1969, intra-Commonwealth exports totalled approximately £4,700 million sterling—more than one quarter of

the total exports of the Commonwealth countries. The import figure, in the same year, was slightly less than a quarter of the total imports.

There are several joint government and private sector associations interested in economic development. These have established valuable links through their efforts to stimulate trade and disseminate information.

Commonwealth co-operation for development has given rise to many international schemes which now also receive support from non-Commonwealth countries. In 1964, Commonwealth Heads of Government expressed the view that there should be a special Commonwealth initiative in the field of aid, not only to assist in the economic development of member countries, but to strengthen the links between them.

The Commonwealth Programme for Technical Co-operation was established following a meeting of senior economic experts in Nairobi. During the two years of its existence the Programme has concentrated on meeting the planning, rather than the operational, needs of the governments in such fields as sectoral analysis, the preparation of projects, plan execution statistics, finance and public administration (particularly development administration) and co-operation in joint development programmes. The development of the tourist industry has also been included in the programme.

The machinery for the programme is co-ordinated through the Commonwealth Secretariat with a Headquarters Group of experts. In September 1970, it was agreed to recommend to governments that a Commonwealth Fund for Technical Co-operation should be established to supplement existing schemes for technical assistance and to finance the activities of the Commonwealth Programme for Technical Co-operation. Third party financing has been arranged for Ceylon, Cyprus, Fiji, Botswana, Nigeria and India.

Some of the resources available for assistance to development could be devoted to expanding the export earnings of developing Commonwealth countries. A group of experts from developed and developing countries have carried out a detailed study of methods for expanding exports by using modern merchandise and promotional marketing research techniques. This report is now before governments for their approval and implementation.

There are strong economic links between Commonwealth countries, but it is not an economic bloc. Members see value in the widest global relationships. The Commonwealth Secretariat maintains close links with international organisations, particularly those working in the economic field. There is also the need to avoid duplication of the work of these organisations. The Secretariat has established working relationships with the U.N. Development Programme, the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, the G.A.T.T., the Colombo Plan Bureau, the Development Assistance Committee of the O.E.C.D., the F.A.O., the African Development Bank, the Economic Commission for Africa, the E.C.A.F.E., and the I.A.T.A. Commonwealth Secretariat observers have been present at their meetings.

The first U.N. Conference on Trade and Development asked to participate

at the 1967 meeting of Commonwealth tourist experts in Malta. The Secretariat and the U.N. Conference on Trade and Development collaborated in the preparation of studies to provide factual material and statistical information on the flow of trade within the Commonwealth for the second meeting of U.N.C.T.A.D. in January 1968.

A study has also been carried out by the Secretariat, assisted by Commonwealth governments, on the feasibility of introducing 'creative' air fares to help develop tourism in Commonwealth countries. This was recommended by the 1967 meeting of tourist experts in Malta. Significant benefits have already accrued to several developing countries through a British initiative in lowering fares to certain parts of Commonwealth Africa and Asia. The Secretariat also prepares an annual report on the organisation of the tourist industry in Commonwealth countries.

Commonwealth co-operation in education has been mainly bilateral in character. At the university level, co-operation is maintained through such bodies as the Association of Commonwealth Universities. The Commonwealth Scholarship and Fellowship Plan has been in operation for ten years and 18 Commonwealth countries now award scholarships under it. Nearly 5,000 scholars from all countries of the Commonwealth have now received awards. The Plan is essentially a post-graduate scheme. These figures represent only a small part of the total number of sponsored and private Commonwealth students studying in other Commonwealth countries. Their number in the years 1968-1969 was well over 70,000.

The Secretariat has also been studying the problems of youth in developing countries. For the less developed of the Commonwealth countries, educational co-operation will continue to be largely related to aid programmes. Grants are made from the Secretariat's Education Clearing House Fund to enable specialists in various educational fields to extend their professional knowledge through short visits to other Commonwealth countries.

There is a growing interest in the results of educational research, especially where they are based on experience in developing countries. There are also many organisations and voluntary bodies whose objectives are to foster Commonwealth co-operation in education. These bodies cover all levels of education.

Intra-Commonwealth co-operation in telecommunications is promoted through the Commonwealth Telecommunications Organisation. This organisation succeeded, in 1969, the Commonwealth Telecommunications Board which was established in 1949. There is also a considerable measure of co-operation in the Civil Aviation field. This includes technical assistance in various forms, such as the training of personnel and the provision of equipment free of charge. Surveys of airports and feasibility studies of proposed new airports are conducted and technical advice given both by correspondence and by experts sent on loan.

The U.K. Air Registration Board has established offices in certain Commonwealth countries, at their request, to assist in maintaining adequate standards of safety and airworthiness. There is also a long history of close co-operation between Commonwealth airlines.

The Commonwealth Air Transport Council, of which all governments are members, was set up to provide a forum for the examination of air transport problems of common interest.

The Commonwealth Foundation was set up in March 1966 by Commonwealth Prime Ministers as an autonomous body to administer a fund for increasing interchange between Commonwealth organisations in professional fields throughout the Commonwealth. At present, 26 Commonwealth governments are subscribing members of the Foundation.

Longstanding contacts, which have arisen because of the similar concepts of legal education and legal practice in all Commonwealth countries, have made co-operation in this field particularly valuable. In January 1971, the Fourth Commonwealth and Empire Law Conference was held in Delhi. The British Institute of International and Comparative Law has operated, since 1962, a Commonwealth Legal Advisory Service.

The proposals of Mr. Donald Kerr for Commonwealth Co-operation in the information field were accepted in principle at the recent Heads of Government Meeting in Singapore. Mr. Kerr was appointed to the Secretariat on secondment from the British Government to study and report on the implications of a Commonwealth Information Programme. Economic co-operation has been steadily increasing, despite some political disagreement between countries.

The main agencies operating in the field of scientific research are:—

The Commonwealth Agricultural Bureau. The Bureau ensures that the results of research in agricultural sciences are made available to research workers all over the world. It subsidises and publishes *Weed Abstracts*, the journal of the Weed Research Organisation, and subsidises *Agricultural Abstracts*.

The Commonwealth Scientific Committee and related Specialist Committees. It was established after a meeting in 1946 of the British Scientific Official Conference. The Secretary of the Commonwealth Scientific Committee is Scientific Adviser to the Commonwealth Secretary-General. Membership includes 22 Commonwealth governments. The Commonwealth Scientific Committee provides, on request, information and advice to the scientific agencies in developing countries on planning and guiding research and development programmes. It aids authorities in donor Commonwealth countries on the scientific assistance required by younger member countries. Specialist committees operating under the aegis of the Commonwealth Scientific Committee include the Commonwealth Committee on Mineral Resources and Geology, the Commonwealth Committee on Mineral Processing, and the Permanent Committee of the Commonwealth Collections of Micro-organisms.

[Mr. Narpati is a financial journalist, a regular contributor to important newspapers in London and New York.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

The Passions of the Mind. Irving Stone. Cassell. £2.60; *A Guest of Honour*. Nadine Gordimer. Jonathan Cape. £2.50; *The Young Masters*. Alan Scholefield. Heinemann. £2.10; *Rosshalde*. Hermann Hesse. Jonathan Cape. £1.75; *Love Child*. Maureen Duffy. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £1.50; *A Georgian Love Story*. Ernest Raymond. Cassell. £2.10; *Punctuations*. Trevor Bowen. Constable. £1.75; *Spoonsilver*. Jane Gillespie. Peter Davies. £1.60. *Books Do Furnish a Room*. Anthony Powell. Heinemann. £1.75.

A formidable array of talent is apparent in the early summer fiction publications. Topping the list with a superlative example of inspired industry is *The Passions of the Mind* by Irving Stone (Cassell £2.60). Irving Stone has already written eight long 'biographical' novels, including *Lust for Life*, a study of Vincent van Gogh. His latest choice of subject, Sigmund Freud, the founder of modern psychiatry, must surely be the most exacting he has undertaken? 'Immortality', Freud once said, 'means being loved by many anonymous people'. *The Passions of the Mind* is a magnificent memorial to Freud's achievement. Apart from being an excellent narrative in its own right the book affords an illuminating blue-print of the means by which psychotherapy was belatedly accepted during the 'twenties and 'thirties in the London teaching hospitals. No doubt, by that time the principles of Adlerian psychology were interwoven with the pure strands of Austrian Freudianism, thus rendering it the more acceptable. One marvels that the young Sigmund Freud, obscure of origin and apparently conventional in his initial approach to medicine, ever came to attach his teachings to a suggestion made by a senior colleague, that many physical ailments had their origins 'in the bed'. The desirability of Freud's indiscriminate use of hypnosis in his early treatments may be questioned. Yet within this dubious means of releasing the patients' sub-conscious lay the formulas which were to revolutionise the public attitude towards sexual aberrations and crime. Non-fictional physicians and scientists, such as Krafft-Ebing and Anna Freud, flit through the pages. Many actual case-histories from hospital records are described in detail and provide a tragic confirmation of medical ineptitude prior to Freud's discoveries. The 808-page novel ends with the flight from Vienna of the Freud family and their retinue at the onset of Jewish persecution in 1938. A valuable Bibliography and reference list of psychiatrical terms is included.

After so much emphasis in recent years on the popularity of the *novella* it is interesting to find yet another major novel running to more than five hundred closely packed pages. There is much satisfaction for the reader in the elbow-room Nadine Gordimer has allowed herself in *A Guest of Honour* (Jonathan Cape £2.50). Here again is a story woven so closely into reality that it touches on the documentary. South-African born Nadine Gordimer has been acclaimed as one of the most accomplished short story writers of the decade. Now, in her most important work, she has utilised all her earlier skills to present an intensely topical theme—the emergence to independence of an African state. The central character, John Bray, has served in this region as District Commissioner and was summarily recalled by the British government

for displaying excessive sympathy towards black nationalists, long before they had served the necessary apprenticeship. Bray returns to the territory at the request of the new rulers to take part in the somewhat tawdry and ill-organised Independence celebrations. Presently, he is invited by the powerful new Prime Minister, Mweta, his former protégé, to accept an official position as educational surveyor of his former province. The results of his acceptance are inevitable and foreseeable. Clear-cut judgment is no longer possible in the changed conditions. The struggle for ascendancy within the power-groups demands something more from the onlooker than passive or intellectual detachment. The crisis of the novel is contained within the altered disposition of Mweta and his treatment of an exiled former colleague and ally, Shinza. It is also the epitome of truth in all situations of shifting overlord-ship. Bray makes his choice and chooses wrongly, with disastrous effects on his own career. That the findings of the research made by him into the educational requirements of the province should finally be accepted as an official guide for the new state is ironic. Less satisfying is Bray's love affair, which seems irrelevant to the wider issues involved. It is a tribute to the masterly handling of the African problem that this should be so.

Another writer of South African origins, Alan Scholefield, gives a picture of the country of his birth in *The Young Masters* (Heinemann £2.10) not in panoramic form but through the telescope of a child's mind. A ten-year-old orphan boy, Paul, has set out on a seemingly unending trek of eight hundred miles in search of his only living relative, an elderly aunt. He is accompanied by a faithful Zulu, Luther, who from time to time mislays his youthful charge. The boy is then annexed by various nefarious characters who seek to exploit and dominate him. Sometimes he sinks into a traumatic condition, due to the intense heat and lack of food; at others he is observing acutely much that escapes the adults. Later, after the ordeal of the journey, he is sent away to boarding school — a harsh punitive institution which further taxes his sensibilities. The novel has been likened to a Rudyard Kipling school-saga: yet it remains far removed from the curious blend of mysticism and brutality which stamped Kipling's stories of boyhood. Despite the vivid invocation of heat and emotional stresses in *The Young Masters*, one has the feeling of having read it all before—not once, but many times.

Yet, despite the disadvantages of handling a too-familiar theme, writers continue to portray the agonies and bewilderment of childhood as though confident of finding something fresh to say. In many instances their optimism is justified. In *Rosshalde*, translated by Ralph Manheim, (Cape £1.75), Hermann Hesse unfolds his dramatic story of adult disillusionment largely through the consciousness of a young boy. The reactions of this physically frail but mentally astute child are in every sense freshly observed. The celebrated German-born novelist published *Rosshalde* as his fifth novel at the age of thirty-seven in 1914, although it has not previously appeared in this country. Though shorter and simpler than the later masterpieces, *Rosshalde* has not equalled *Der Steppenwolf* or *Das Glasperlenspiel* in international acclaim: yet to many readers it may seem preferable to those two formidable works as an example of Hesse's declared objective — the bridging of the gulf between philosophic thought and worldly experience. Rosshalde is an estate of exceptional beauty, complete with lake, parkland and an imposing mansion, inhabited by the painter, Vergruth, his estranged wife and elusive small son, Pierre, who somehow contrives to hold the household together with the strands of his own fantasy-life. The parents rarely address each other directly and

the painter passes most of his time at a studio cottage in the grounds. An older son understandably lives away from home, so explosive is his adoration of his mother and hatred of his father. Into this tense situation comes Otto Burkhardt, an old friend of student days on leave from Malaya. Shocked at the misery endured by the Vergruths in their marital wilderness he begs the once carefree companion of his youth to accompany him to Malaya, at any rate for a short time, in an attempt to recover tranquillity. Alas, the worm of tragedy has burrowed too deeply. The delightful Pierre contracts an incurable disease and dies in agony, leaving the bereaved father free to accompany Burkhardt to the East in search of some kind of spiritual Mecca—or limbo. There is an Ibsen-like quality about the inhibited family relationships, the formal conversations and the re-discovered friendship between the two men as together they examine old treasures and photographs. The translation is sympathetic and only occasionally disappoints.

If the perceptive child as a central ingredient in fiction continues to inspire writers of any generation, the young person in question need not necessarily present a pleasant image! Maureen Duffy has chosen for the narrator in her new novel, *Love Child* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson £1.50) a strange hybrid 'uni-sex'/ adolescent ambiguously named 'Kit'. Whether Kit is intended to be male or female matters very little. He/she/it worships a beautiful mother with an Oedipus like intensity. The mother is out of this world—a fabulous beauty of exceptional brain power. If she has not already been unfaithful to her formidable economist husband one feels that it is only a matter of time until she succumbs to a rival attraction. The theme of the novel is Kit's antagonism to any such intruder: which in the event is the father's newly engaged secretary. The precocious child decides to call the secretary 'Ajax', for which mythological association is not clear. Ajax, the son of Oileus, perished on a rock in mid-ocean while his name-sake, the son of Telamon, took his own life in a fit of madness. The Ajax of the novel dies, believing that Kit's mother is indifferent to all protestations of devotion.

It goes without saying that Kit contrives the secretary's death by diabolical intent, aided by forgery, photo-copying and the planting of a bogus letter. Ingenious detection work has enabled the sadistic child to spy on the mother and the secretary during their afternoon siestas *à deux*. But the unfolding of this almost unique confrontation is only a part of the novel's excellence. Maureen Duffy, rivalled perhaps only by Edna O'Brien, excels in the evocation of arid summer scenes. The small Italian resort in which most of the action takes place wilts and shimmers. Incisive dialogue and characterisation combine to make this a novel to be read with special care—and to be re-read.

Two further groups of young people could scarcely be more different either from the unhappy Kit or from each other. In *A Georgian Love Story* (Cassell £2.10) Ernest Raymond has retreated to the period of his first inspiration—the years immediately before the First World War. This is the simple tale of a simple love affair between a budding journalist, Stewart, who somewhat unaccountably becomes a highly paid freelance, and 'Ireen', the daughter of a tobacconist. An interesting situation of class-conflict and adjustment emerges, too frequently blurred by lovers' quarrels and the description of pleasant, though uneventful, outings. Stewart educates his beloved by quoting Omar Khayyam or taking her to the music-halls. Inevitably, the young couple tire of their long betrothal and anticipate marriage in an autumn beech-wood. They revile themselves for having betrayed their parents' trust and vow never to repeat the offence. Yet virtue

goes unrewarded. The more intimate relationship affords them little of closer mutual understanding. Ultimate happiness is denied them, for 'Ireen' dies of an unsuspected heart disease. It is the end of an epoch and Stewart is left to struggle on alone. The value and interest of this novel lies mainly in its loving documentation of a forgotten yet not so distant period.

Different indeed is Trevor Bowen's approach to a similar situation of young love. In *Punctuations* (Constable £1.75), his first novel, he reveals himself as being very positively orientated towards the present time. The scene is Cambridge, where the deeply proud and sensitive Morgan is obsessed by his passion for an art-student, Ruth. He has little to offer materially, yet he seeks a 'relationship' and probably regards it as being permanent. Ruth is cool in her assessment of his proposal. In some ways she resembles Sue Bridehead, the 'new woman' of Thomas Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*. She dreams of a life which is 'free of doubt and conducted without fear'. She sees a future in which she belongs only to herself; yet is unwilling to forgo the stability of participation in a full emotional exchange. One wonders to what extent she will preserve her personal integrity after a decade of one kind of personal involvement or another? But the future is not revealed. Only immediate problems are of concern and these are described with photographic clarity. Students such as Ruth and Morgan, their love affairs, coffee sessions and lodgings have all been written about before; yet the freshness of observations and dialogue make *Punctuations* different. Above all, the young people are convincing in their blundering attempts to evade all the more restrictive responsibilities of adult life.

The same cannot be said for the adolescents in *Spoonsilver* (Peter Davies £1.60). Jane Gillespie's fifteen earlier novels have been justly praised, yet disappointingly the promise of this unusual story of Julia, Lady Culcroft, and her affection for Felix, the son of her ex-husband, remains unfulfilled. Possibly this is due to an attempt to portray Julia's entire life, from her school-days onwards, in a short book; with the result that the force of the high-speed narrative swamps characters and situations alike. Birth, death, divorce, tragedy and comedy swing by in a breathless succession. Snatches of conversation, sometimes naive, about matters not important to the development of the plot, use up valuable space which might profitably have been devoted to a closer analysis of the relationship between Julia and Felix. There is a background of music and big business and everyone, except Felix, has plenty of money in this almost *too* contemporary tale of modern times.

It is a relief to turn to the leisurely and scholarly *Books Do Furnish a Room* (Heinemann £1.75) which unusual title is actually the nick-name of one of the chief characters. This is the tenth novel in Anthony Powell's important series, *The Music of Time*. The action is set in the immediate post-1939-45 war period among academic and literary people who are trying to find their feet in an atmosphere of the aftermath of doodle-bugs and rationing: successfully recaptured and always finely and objectively drawn.

Also received

Selected Short Stories by Glyn Jones (Dent £1.50). Fifteen excellent stories by a Welsh writer who combines poetry with fiction. A friend of Dylan Thomas and Gwyn Thomas, he covers similar ground with admirable effect.

The Game of Troy by Jon Manchip White (Chatto and Windus £1.50). Over-externalised story by a usually very compulsive writer about lovers trapped in an underground maze by a jealous and sadistic husband. We know they will escape as the novel is narrated by one of the guilty pair!

My Turn Now by Janet Green (Triton £1.50). Excellent novel by an actress and dramatist about a successful young psycho-analyst whose personal problem is loneliness. Mystic undertones and some ingredients of the supernatural are blended with realism.

MODERN AMERICAN FICTION

City of Words, American Fiction 1950-1970. Tony Tanner. Jonathan Cape. £4.95.

It is twelve years since Dr. Tanner (now Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and an experienced visiting professor) first set foot upon American soil. He arrived at Berkeley on a Harkness Fellowship in, as he is the first to admit, a state of some ignorance concerning American writing, a deficiency which has been spectacularly remedied, as is evinced by the most cursory glance at this alarmingly comprehensive guide book, modestly titled *City of Words*, but which, having regard to its grand sweep of the American fictive field, 1950-1970, might well be designated *continent* of words. An ambitious journey, concluded with minimum of fuss, yet obviously not achieved without a daunting amount of peripatetic industry.

Nominally, he essays detailed consideration of the texts of twenty-five individual writers, but in fact the scope of the work is considerably greater, for, using these touchstones, he embarks upon a number of far-reaching generalisations, embracing not only literary, but also sociological, political, philosophical and psychological factors, implicit and explicit, in the experimental techniques and final productions of the novelists of the last two decades.

Since the settling of the seismographs after the eruptions of those twin volcanoes, Hemingway and Faulkner, the needle has never really returned to its former tranquility. It has been kept quivering by the reverberations of a series of shock waves: the 'lexical playfields' have been in a continuing state of churning tremor. And Dr. Tanner traces these latterday upheavals to the shifting strata of Nabokov and Borges.

As Dr. Tanner ploughed resolutely on through the reticulum of solitary streets, as it were, name-plated Bellow, Purdy, Burroughs, Pynchon, Barth, Updike, Malamud, Mailer and so on, observing meticulously the architectural components and street-furniture of each, he gradually became aware of certain recurrent patterns — 'preoccupations, concerns, even obsessions' — which stimulated in him an awareness of an over-all homogeneity. The streets became a cohesive entity, coalesced to form a city—a city of words, a city of ideas, a city of exiles—inhabited by people who had something in common. And that something was that they were all exiles in their own country, each, in the tongue of his talent, protesting his situation, and all, in a sense, anti-fairy tale tellers of modernity—for the 'reality' of their concern is as objectively unreal as the worlds of Grimm and Andersen. It is the under-the-bell-jar reality that is a personal construct behind the consciously raised palisades of a personal 'paranoia'—as Dr. Tanner terms it. Each writer remains, above all else, an individual. The similarities, like those between the taxonomically disparate slow worm and the true ophidian, the whale and the fish, are elicited by the pressures of the enveloping medium. In the case of the American writers of the last twenty years, those consistently pervasive pressures which have exerted this analogous psychological structuring have been the socio-economic forces which threaten identity and seek to impose acceptance

of an alien power system, an external conceptual reality which is, to them, moral and artistic anathema. It is not just a question of Vietnam, Mammon mania, or Jewish, Negro or Communist phobia, not so much a coincident mass awakening from the American Dream, as a stolid refusal to be put to sleep in the first place. The message of contemporary American fiction is that Rip Van Winkle has truly quit the Catskills—and slumbers nowhere in all fifty States. MOLLY TIBBS

HAROLD: THE FOURTH VOLUME

Riding the Storm 1956-1959. Harold Macmillan. Macmillan £4.20

I ended my review of Vol. III *Tides of Fortune*, November 1969, with these words: 'It is far too early to assess Macmillan's or Eden's place in history. Other stories have yet to be told, notably that of Rab Butler. Now for the final volume.' But, alas, we have only reached Vol. IV and 1959. One is forced to ask the question why Mr. Macmillan has given us this long detailed, anecdotal and often prosy account of three years, instead of a shorter sweep of significant events from Suez to the end of his period as Prime Minister. Was it because his Diary was too full? Was he incapable of selecting the relevant passages? Whatever the reason, the result has not enhanced the status of Mr. Macmillan himself nor done justice to his important contribution to recent history. It will be left to some future historian, with all the facts at his command, including Lord Butler's Memoirs, to chart the political map of post-war Britain.

Of course such an historian will find plenty of source material in these 750 pages, not much about Suez, something about Cyprus, Anglo-American relations, Anglo-Soviet difficulties, the fading Commonwealth and closer ties with Europe. It is too easy with hindsight to criticise any Prime Minister of any period. Some future Robert Blake may well say that Macmillan saved the Conservative Party after Suez, restored the relationship with America, settled the Cyprus problem by brilliant diplomacy, preserved the New Commonwealth, produced a good balance of payments and won a third election for his party, by sound stewardship or as Lord Butler might say by 'The art of the possible'.

We are in for a spate of political Memoirs — Brown is out and Wilson imminent. The Thirty Year's rule on Cabinet relations is ceasing to be important. A new sort of Diary is replacing official reticence. Some memoirs are ephemeral; many lopsided; most of them personal and inevitably egotistical.

Harold Macmillan, and some other politicians from all parties, have not only rendered great service to what I still believe is a noble profession, but are capable of saving 'political science' from its present low ebb. I dare to hope that in his final volume, Mr. Macmillan will find time and space to recollect in tranquility some of the visions that he learned as Member of Stockton and the North-East Coast, as well as at Strasbourg and in the wider world, for the glory of statesmanship and the relief of man's estate. KENNETH LINDSAY

ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN

The Great Seamen of Elizabeth I. Bryan Bevan. Robert Hale. £3.

The age of Elizabeth I was one of exploration and discovery, not of colonisation; the British Empire did not begin to emerge till the seventeenth century. Nevertheless Mr. Bevan believes that the great seamen of that period possessed a vision of empire, particularly Humphrey Gilbert, Walter Raleigh, Francis Drake, and Henry Hudson, and these men helped to give people 'the first glimpses of the imperial path they were to follow'. The failure

of the Elizabethan efforts to plant colonies was in great part due to the wrong sort of people being sent out, what Francis Bacon called 'the scumme of people'. In his opinion the best types of colonists were gardeners, ploughmen, labourers, carpenters, apothecaries and such like, an opinion later voiced by Captain John Smith when successfully settling Virginia in 1607.

Much of the book is devoted to the voyages of the better known Elizabethan seamen but the author says something about the lesser known, especially the privateers such as William Parker, Christopher Newport, and Sir James Lancaster. He emphasises that men like Raleigh, Drake, Cumberland, Gilbert, and Hawkins had very different characters but one thing they had in common was their restlessness, and it was this 'great unrest' that led them to embark on hazardous exploits to discover new lands, not merely for excitement but for the glory of England and the extension of the Protestant Church.

Nor is the lot of the ordinary mariner neglected. His sufferings were manifold; dirty living conditions, bad food, and sour beer led to disease. Quite apart from the normal dangers of the sea, mariners who were captured by the enemy were frequently tortured. Then there was the dread Inquisition about which the author has much to say. There is a useful section on the duties of the various officers on the ship and the annual pay each received. The pay of an ordinary seaman in the Queen's service was around 10 shillings per month so there is small wonder that many sailors preferred to serve in a privateer where their share in a successful venture might amount to £4 or £5 with the added attraction of pillage.

Mr. Bevan has the unfortunate habit of making a liberal use of such expressions as 'it is interesting to note', 'it must not be forgotten that', 'it must be remembered that', etc. Is it not more appropriate to let the reader decide whether a topic is interesting or worthy to remember? Such phrases impede the even flow of the text and are comparable to stammers in speech. The phrase, 'as already mentioned' is used at least twelve times, and twice on one page. In a book of this length certain topics are bound to be repeated possibly in a different context, but is it necessary on each occasion to draw the reader's attention to it? Such a literary practice is likely to offend the sensitive reader. All this, however, is a matter of style and does not detract from the merit of the book which is outstanding for its character studies of the Elizabethan seamen. It cannot fail both to instruct and to entertain.

S. F. WOOLLEY

OPERATIC INTRODUCTION

Italian Opera. Stelios Galatopoulos. Dent. £2.00.

Books on opera tend to be either immensely detailed and scholarly, if small in scope, or else a collection of miscellaneous details of casts, performances and backstage scandals. Stelios Galatopoulos, however, has set out to produce a rather different work, and his idea is a good one. Initially he has taken only Italian Opera—perhaps he will produce a companion piece on the German repertory—and writes for the enthusiastic but under-informed opera goer who wishes to discover more about the art, its history and development through the composers.

Yet the author knows that for all the beauties of opera itself, it is the singer who captivates the audience's affection and enables the work to come alive. Thus he has interposed two chapters on early and later opera singers. These are absorbing and lively, if somewhat sweeping in their judgments—particularly, and inevitably, the more recent ones. It seems astonishing, for

instance, that no reference should be made to the young coloured American sopranos and mezzos: one might feel that Leontyne Price, and, above all, Shirley Verrett, are very much more in the Maria Callas tradition than Elena Suliotis, who merits a paragraph, and whose only real similarity to Callas lies in her Greek birth. Furthermore the placing of these two chapters breaks the flow of the narrative of Italian operatic development, particularly the later one, which though it covers singers from Pasta to Kostas Paskalis, lies uneasily between the history of Rossini, and Donizetti and the *bel canto* school.

The first half of the book traces absorbingly the development of Italian opera from pre-Monteverdi to just post-Puccini, though the author makes it clear that his sympathies really stop short at the end of the second act of *Turandot*. The theme is lucidly and entertainingly handled and in ninety pages admirably depicts the emergence of the form. Then in the second half Mr. Galatopoulos takes twelve famous operas—from Rossini's *Barber of Seville* to Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*—and analyses their scores and plots with commendable clarity. There are also useful musical examples of the best known highlights in each work. One cannot quarrel with the choice of the dozen, and I applaud the decision to include Verdi's *Otello*, but at the same time I find it astonishing that Mozart's Italian works are omitted. Surely fourteen operas to include *Don Giovanni* and *Nozze di Figaro* or *Così Fan Tutte* would have achieved better balance and more nearly reflected contemporary taste.

This helpful book ends with a concise discography and Decca are issuing a special record of excerpts from the twelve operas the author has analysed. This is available on SPA 105, and should usefully complement the text.

DAVID FINGLETON

MORE OF DYLAN THOMAS

Dylan Thomas: The Poems. Edited and Introduced by Daniel Jones. Dent. £2.50.

The World of Dylan Thomas. Clark Emery. Dent. £3.

The voice of the raven is heard no more over Llareggub Hill. Raucous discord is dying away in the acquiescent silence. A silence so soft that you can hear the feathers drop from the white dove's wing—or it is the white giant's thigh? Raise loud your voices all ye singing Welsh hills . . . St. Dylan is *almost* canonised. Pope Connolly, who glimpsed the horizon of his beatitudes several decades ago, has raised reverential eyes altarwise. Forlorn in the owl-light, *Advocatus Diaboli*, David Holbrook, blinks unrepentant non-conformity, and cries in the wilderness, *Non expidere*.

Now two more volumes are added to the *Summa quasi-Theologica* of the new St. Thomas elect.

The first, evidential to the Cause, is *Dylan Thomas: The Poems*, an indispensable work, enshrining in addition to all the poems included in *Collected Poems 1934-1952*, more than a hundred other poems which were previously either difficult, or virtually impossible of access. Even more important, Dr. Daniel Jones, the editor, has been to great pains to arrange the poems in chronological order of composition, so that it becomes a simple matter to follow the poet's stylistic development and, by relating the events of the poet's life to the period of a given poem's composition, to find meaningful clues to innovations in technique and imagery. Dr. Jones' introduction and perceptive notes on the verse patterns of his friend are of the greatest value.

The second volume, *The World of Dylan Thomas,* written by an American professor of English, Clark Emery, suffers from the disadvantage that the author has had to restrict his commentary to those poems which were available before the publication of Dr. Jones' augmented collection. I would hesitate to describe this contribution to the canon as indispensable, but the poem-by-poem analysis is interesting and provides the Thomas exegetist with a series of conceptual calibrations against which he can, at least amusingly, measure his own interpretations. For the uncommitted enthusiast, it will find a snug place making a warring presence between Elder Olson and William York Tindall on his bookshelves.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

CONRAD IN THE CONGO

Conrad's Western World. Norman Sherry. Cambridge University Press. £4.60.

In 1966 Dr. Norman Sherry demonstrated his remarkable powers of literary detection in 'Conrad's Eastern World', in which he investigated the sources of the early fiction set in the South China Sea. Now he continues the enlightening research into the master's mind and its source-material in *Conrad's Western World,* dealing with three of his finest works, 'Heart of Darkness', 'Nostromo' and 'The Secret Agent', the settings of the novels being respectively the Belgian colonial exploitation of the Congo, a South American republic in a tale of political intrigue and revolutionary activities, and the anarchist underside of London life in Soho.

Nowhere in all Joseph Conrad's splendid output were his powers of observation and his literary experience better employed than in 'Heart of Darkness', probably the finest short novel in the English language. It draws from Conrad's captaincy of a river steamer on the Congo in 1890-91. When writing his tale within a tale ten years later he opened with his narrator Marlow's evocation of pre-Roman Britain while waiting at night on the deck of a cruiser yawl on the Thames Estuary for the turn of the tide. Dr. Sherry shows how this device came about when he quotes the report which appeared in *The Times,* October 4, 1892, of the speech made by the explorer H. M. Stanley when receiving the freedom of the city of Swansea. In it he quoted a speech by William Pitt a century earlier (April 1792) against the slave-traders' argument that Providence had doomed Africa to be only a nursery for slaves. Pitt continued:

> Allow of this principle as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have been applied to ancient and uncivilised Britain. Why might not some Roman senator have predicted with equal boldness: 'There is a people destined never to be free, a people depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species, and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world'? Sir, we were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as debased in our morals, as savage in our manners, as degraded in our understandings as these unhappy Africans are at present.

It is clear from the research material gathered by Dr. Sherry that Conrad, while eager to undertake his river-steamer command, was shocked by what he found in his journey up river to the Stanley Falls (the 'Heart of Darkness'). Pitt's speech, quoted by Stanley, supplied his imagination with the illustration of the invading Roman legionary surveying the desolate expanses of the Thames Estuary, and this he stored in his creative mind until the time came for writing the novel; and the implicit moral viewpoint expressed in it is in line with the statement in one of his 'Last Essays', that the Congo affair was

'a prosaic newspaper "stunt"' and 'the vilest scramble for loot that ever disfigured the history of human conscience and geographical exploration'.

Admirers of Conrad will find immensely interesting Dr. Sherry's documented analysis of fact and hearsay in the narrator Marlow's sombre story. The fateful character Kurtz, on whom so much of the dramatic development depends, yields a prime example of Conrad's creative imagination. In the manuscript of the novel he used the name of an actual agent operating at the time, Klein, and then crossed it out and substituted Kurtz. Klein was probably sick with dysentery when he met Conrad at Stanley Falls, and he died on the steamer's down-river journey, but there is no suggestion of his being sinister or notable in any way. A senior agent, Hodister, a great collector of ivory, a strict disciplinarian and something of a scientist, may unconsciously have 'sat' for the character, but nothing else matches Conrad's portrait of Kurtz. After being fêted in Belgium Hodister returned to the Congo in 1892 to open new trading stations. He and his party met with an Arab revolt and were tortured and killed, their heads being stuck on posts and their bodies eaten by cannibals. *The Times,* reporting the massacre, said: 'It is the processes adopted in collecting the ivory which have driven these people to revolt'. The mass of evidence collected by Dr. Sherry's researches, both on 'Heart of Darkness' and in his examination of 'Nostromo' and 'The Secret Agent', is surely an unequalled feat in the tracing of a modern novelist's source-material and powers of composition. In the case of 'Nostromo', for example, Conrad confessed to Cunninghame Graham regarding South America that 'I just had a glimpse 25 years ago', and Dr. Sherry testifies that he himself read about 200 books on the area in search of Conrad's sources and concluded 'that a handful of books only were of importance to the novel in the sense that one can trace them as definite sources'.

The promptings of genius are at all times difficult to trace and define; but by his combination of patient and probing research and psychological insight Professor Sherry admits us to the secrets of Conrad's imagination.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SOME ARTHURIAN STUDIES

Arthurian Romance. Edited by D. D. R. Owen. Scottish Academic Press. Chatto and Windus. £1.25.

This collection of essays does not aim to offer a rounded, general picture of Arthurian studies; the editor states in his foreword: 'the authors of the essays were given no brief'. Its contents range from searching studies of individual texts and passages from texts to lucid treatments of wide topics and theories.

Mr. Hunt, in 'The Rhetorical Background to the Arthurian Prologue', uses technical vocabulary in the opening pages, which will not be readily understood by those who have little grounding in Classical rhetoric. Nevertheless, once these preliminaries are completed, the application to Chrétien's *Yvain* is convincing and satisfying. Chrétien de Troyes, undoubtedly the most influential Arthurian author of the Middle Ages, commands pride of place in these essays for his own particular qualities as a writer. Professor Diverres' essay on the 'sens' (that is the intention and meaning) of *Le chevalier de la charrette* is compelling in its profound reappraisal of this work. At first sight this is Chrétien's most courtly romance, combining Arthurian themes around the character of Lancelot with the fashion of the day, courtly love. Yet according to previous critics it is also structurally the weakest. Professor Diverres and, to some extent, Mr. Owen in the following essay show that Chrétien's

characters are more complex, humanly more interesting than perhaps has been realised, and that Chrétien, far from being restricted in his work by his patroness and her court, produced with expertise and subtlety romances which called into question the artifice of courtly doctrine.

The immense subject of irony is laudably treated by Professor Green in the fourth paper of the collection, adopting German romantic theory as a starting-point. Taking four basic types: verbal irony, narrator's irony, dramatic irony and the irony of values, he very adequately illustrates with reference to English, French and German works. The second type is of interest again for Dr. Jackson's treatment of two German romances, Hartmann's *Erec* and *Iwein*. Here the study of narrator techniques could well invite comparison with other romances in these essays. The volume ends with two essays on English Arthurian works, the first on Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* by Mr. Brewer, in which he compares Professor Vinaver's theory on the work with contributions of other contemporary scholars, and the second a short, closely textual comparative study of *The Turk and Gawain* and *Thomas of Erceldoune*.

The wide scope of the different authors' material and purpose gives a somewhat disparate effect to the collection, and it is a pity that where there is overlapping of subject-matter in the various essays the editor has not attempted some coordination. No translations are given of the texts quoted, so that only readers comfortable in Latin, Middle English, Old French, Modern and Middle High German will be able to proceed without hesitation and perhaps reference to other books—a severe drawback in otherwise consistently appealing writing. Even for the general reader, however, this book will serve its editor's purpose in showing that medieval Arthurian romance is quite as stimulating and vital as any modern literary genres.

ALEXANDER F. KERR

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Fifteen Men on a Powder Keg (Methuen, £3.25). This is an admirable volume by Andrew Boyd on the history of the U.N. Security Council during the first twenty-five years of its life. Mr. Boyd has watched the progress of the U.N. since its birth and has had many opportunities of going behind the scenes and seeing how the Council really operates. In the result, we are shown the Council at work on many of the great crises which have come before it, as well as the routine work of a body in continuous session. He discusses the qualities and contributions of leading representatives on the Council and how far they have influenced debates and issues beyond the bare instructions of their governments. One of the striking features, of course, has been the growing influence, and even independent action, of the Secretary-General, beyond the intentions of the founders of the organisation. Although the permanent members have played the dominant role, Mr. Boyd pays tribute to the active and often independent work of the non-permanent members. He is optimistic of the future. The Council provides as good a setting for high level exchanges 'as there is likely to be in our time'. Also 'it does present the very great advantage that nobody expects much from it'. Mr. Boyd concludes that 'it will continue to disappoint the hopeful; but from time to time it will also have a healthily discouraging impact on various people who need discouraging'. No one, including Mr. Boyd, would describe his treatment of the great issues before the Council as definitive;

but equally the book provides a valuable historical survey of the development of the Council, in a most readable form, with illustrations.

The Observer Atlas of World Affairs (Philip, £2.50). This admirable guide to 'major tensions and conflicts' is edited by Andrew Wilson, Defence Correspondent of the London *Observer*. Its function 'is to bring together in a readily appreciable form the chief factors affecting world crisis areas, and to provide a concise background reference book to current events'. It is a combination of maps, diagrams and text, concerned with political, military, social, racial and economic questions relative to the particular area dealt with. The Editor's object is concise objective factual analysis to enable the non-expert to be better informed in appreciating the significance of news. The scope, however, is so global that within about 100 large pages the information is bound to be very limited in relation to particular issues; and source references are restricted. However, it should prove very useful as an impartial reference book.

Penguin English Poets (Penguin Books). In this paperback series edited by Christopher Ricks, recent additions include 'the complete poems and translations' of **Christopher Marlowe** (65p) edited by Stephen Orgel. Chapman's continuation of 'Hero and Leander', 'The Nymph's Reply' and 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love' are included. Modernisation of spelling 'has been undertaken in a conservative spirit'. Where 'a change would affect the rhythm of a line, the original has been kept.' Like other volumes in this series the text is annotated. 'The complete English poems' of **John Donne** (70p) have been edited by A. J. Smith whose purpose is to 'make an old and difficult author as intelligible as is now possible to readers of today'. He also aims 'to provide a text which is closely faithful to the early versions without being archaic'. J. D. Fleeman's edition of **Samuel Johnson** (65p) contains all the English poems and a selection of his Latin poems. The text is not modernised; it is 'a truly critical text' in which the characteristics of Johnson's own practices in spelling, punctuation and capitalisation are preserved, whilst at the same time his final authoritative revisions . . . have been admitted'. The annotation uses Johnson's own *Dictionary of the English Language* in explaining fully the meaning of the text.

A Day in the Life of God (Citadel Press, £1.75). In 1967, at the age of 33, Michael de-la-Noy, journalist, was appointed assistant information officer at the Anglican Church Information Office, and more particularly press officer to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In July 1970 he was dismissed following a dialogue sermon and two freelance articles which caused great offence to the church establishment by reason of references and views expressed on sexuality and the permissive society. Now in this short volume, he defends his behaviour and discusses the whole outlook of the Church in the context of its institutions and leading personalities towards modern society. His book is sincere, outspoken, biased and controversial, but based upon an enormous amount of knowledge and experience of the inner and rather mysterious workings of the Church. He was clearly antipathetic to much of the system and many of the leading churchmen and officials with whom he worked. On the other hand, he should have realised that he could not hope to go his own way and survive in the appointment which had such close personal contacts with the Archbishop. It is clear that he gained much affection and admiration for Dr. Ramsey, particularly in his moral leadership and intellectual powers.

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Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London NW10 0DD

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Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 37 Union Street, London, S.E.1 Tel 01-407 0497 All business matters should be addressed to the publishers.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

106th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

AUGUST 1971

THE WELFARE STATE IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED KINGDOM
Shirley Williams, M.P.

HOLYWELL CEMETERY: VICTORIAN OXFORD
A. L. Rowse

REFLECTIONS ABOUT A STATE THEATRE
David Cregan

THE PALESTINE REFUGEES
Gerald Blake

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Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

August 1971 Vol. 219 No. 1267 Founded 1866

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Annual subscription (incl postage). U.K £3 90, U.S.A. and Canada $13.50.

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

August 1971 Vol. 219 No. 1267

THE WELFARE STATE IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED KINGDOM

by Shirley Williams, M.P.

ONE of the myths that have a disturbing tendency to colour political discussion in Britain (and there are many of them) is the myth that we have the most advanced welfare state in the world, with the possible exception of the Scandinavian countries. It is as if we believed that the world froze over in 1950. Lost in admiration of Beveridge's Report, and the enshrinement of many of its conclusions in the legislation passed by the Attlee Government in 1945 to 1951, we have not noticed other countries passing us by. Yet now, by the standards of most Western European countries, we possess a primitive system of social insurance. We spend less of our national income on social services than most of them do, while complaining bitterly about the burden of public expenditure. Above all in the field of pensions we have fallen well behind the standards of provision widely available on the Continent.

There are, of course, still some social services in which Britain excels. No other country outside the Soviet bloc has yet embarked upon any medical service as ambitious as the National Health Service. That stands as a monument to the extraordinary vision of Nye Bevan, a high-water mark of what social democracy can achieve. In the field of education, English primary schools are much admired for their creativity and their relaxed methods; indeed the revolution of the past decade in the primary schools is beginning to be emulated in other countries. Much as we deplore, rightly, the low proportion of boys and girls from the homes of manual workers entering higher education, a proportion that has changed very little over 20 years, it remains true that our student body more closely reflects national income and occupation patterns than does that of any other country in Western Europe. In the treatment of the mentally ill in hospital, again Britain has done important and pioneering work. But all this does not add up to a claim to leadership in social policy.

The reasons for Britain's relative failure in improving the standards of social benefits for the elderly and for large families are complex. They appear to lie partly in a stubborn reluctance to reform the structure of our social security system, and partly in our older Puritan tradition which believes in a bare sufficiency, and no more, for those in need—what no doubt the present Government would describe as standing on one's own feet, and I could describe as standing on someone else's.

The British social security system is circumscribed by two self-imposed limitations. One is the flat rate principle, which is only minimally breached by the graduated pension scheme stuck on top of the old system. As long as the bulk of contributions and benefits are flat rate, there is a major difficulty about raising both to the level at which benefits are adequate, and that is the impact of sharply increased contributions on the low paid worker. An earnings-related scheme, as the last Labour Government realised, with or without a redistributive element, overcomes this problem. The further limitation in the present British insurance scheme is the apparently sacred principle that employers and employees must make equal contributions. Hence the scheme cannot move faster than the capacity of the poorest contributors within it to pay. Yet there is no valid reason at all for clinging to this principle. The responsibility for paying for a man's retirement, or sickness, or unemployment can as logically be regarded as one of the costs industry has to meet as, say, depreciation on machinery or buildings. Disproportionate contributions by employers have been the key to several European pensions schemes. Thus in Belgium the employer's contribution is twice the size of the employee's, and in France practically the whole contribution is borne by employers. In Germany, however, contributions are the same on both sides of industry.

Contributions, from whatever source they come, are much higher in these countries than in Britain. The total cost of financing non-wage benefits, such as insurance, health, holidays etc. amounts to between 40 per cent and 90 per cent of hourly wage rates in E.E.C. countries, compared to 22 per cent in Britain. Yet the effect on industrial costs does not seem to have been as disastrous as might be supposed. In spite of recent improvements, such as longer holidays, raised benefits, etc. costs per manhour do not appear to be rising more quickly in Europe than here.

The coverage of most European social security systems is far from universal, and in this respect our scheme is certainly better. European insurance schemes normally cover all employed persons, there is usually a separate scheme for self-employed people and for public servants, and in some countries for such special groups as miners. Eligibility conditions may also be difficult to satisfy. In Belgium, a man has to work for his entire life—45 years—to be entitled to draw full retirement benefit. Other countries' rules are not quite as tough as this, but few are as easy to satisfy as those of Britain and the Scandinavian countries. On the other hand, most E.E.C. countries pay old age pensioners as of right, applying neither a retirement condition nor an earnings limit like the £7.50 a week we have here.

The age at which a pension is payable varies widely from country to country. In Belgium it is 65 for men, 60 for women, as here. But more European countries have faced up to the illogicality of a later age of retirement for men (who die earlier) than for women. Indeed, once equal pay is effectively working, the argument for different ages of retirement becomes indefensible. Thus in France, the age at which persons are paid is 60 for both sexes, and in Italy, rather surprisingly, 60 for men and 55 for women. Significantly, the country whose welfare state is the most highly praised, Sweden, has one of the latest retirement ages in Europe, 67 for both sexes. (Compare Uraguay, where, worn out by the sun and the Tupamaros, you can actually get a pension at 50!) The generous level of Swedish pensions is not unrelated to this late retirement age.

It isn't at all easy to make direct comparisons of pensions and benefits. The figures can always be disputed on the grounds that official exchange rates are artificial, or that purchasing power differs between one country and another, or that the pension does not represent all the kinds of help available to old people. However, some necessarily rather crude comparisons have been made, by the O.E.C.D., the Brookings Institute and other bodies. Perhaps the crudest basis of comparison is one of straight figures. Thus, in reply to a recent Parliamentary Question, Sir Keith Joseph said that a man who had earned the average industrial wage in his own country and had paid insurance contributions for 45 years, would draw £19 a week in Italy, £11 in Portugal and £9 in Holland. If one takes flat rate schemes, where the comparison is not complicated by the effect of earnings related benefit, then in 1967 the flat rate single pension in Holland was $67 a month, in Sweden, $81 a month, in U.K. $43.20 a month.

A more sophisticated approach is to consider the proportion of national income spent on pensions for the old, and what relation the pension bears to the average income per head of the country's population. Unfortunately the most complete survey is an old one, dating back to 1960, undertaken by the Brookings Institute on the basis of United Nations Statistical Office and I.L.O. figures. There is no reason however to think the relative positions in Europe have changed much. In 1960, Britain spent 4.4 per cent of her national income on pensions for the old, compared to France's 5.8 per cent, Italy's 6.6 per cent, West Germany's 11.8 per cent. No E.E.C. country fell below 5 per cent. Looking at average *per capita* incomes of retired people in comparison with average *per capita* incomes of the population as a whole, the same picture emerges. In Britain, the figure is 29 per cent; that is to say the old had an average income more than two-thirds below that of the population as a whole. In France, the proportion was 34 per cent, in Belgium and Italy over 40 per cent, in Holland 60 per cent and in Germany, amazingly, over 100 per cent. Since 1960, the French system has been reviewed, and the retiring industrial worker now gets about two-thirds of his average earnings as pension if he retires at 65, and well over 90 per cent if he retires at 70.

Two depressing facts emerge from these international studies. One is that Britain will go on lagging behind Europe in providing for the old so long

as she has a Government stubbornly opposed to a full earnings-related system. It doesn't matter so much whether there are several schemes or only one, or whether the schemes are administered by a central Government, special approved insurance associations (as in Italy) or by trades unions and employers (as in Israel). What does matter is that coverage should be wide, compulsory, and adequate. Fragmentation of the insured population into private occupational pension schemes will leave us behind the Continent for another generation. The Conservative Government are highly selective Europeans, picking out the ideologically acceptable plums like the abandonment of agricultural subsidies, and leaving social harmonisation strictly alone.

The other depressing fact emerging from these studies is that the pension, as a proportion of average *per capita* income, tends to decline as the share of the old in the population increases. This is not surprising, but it is discouraging for pensioners in a country like Britain where the proportion of over 65s in the population is rising three times faster than the population as a whole. One reason, inevitably, is that far more people now retire as soon as they can—70 per cent of men retired at 65 in 1968, compared to only 54 per cent four years earlier.

Comparisons between other social services can be dealt with relatively quickly. In the health field, all E.E.C. countries have widely extended compulsory medical insurance systems, under which either the insurance fund pays hospital and medical expenses direct (as in Germany, Holland or Italy) or else reimburses the patient (as in France, Belgium and Luxemburg). The insurance fund meets between 75 per cent and 80 per cent of the costs, sometimes more if the patient has a small income. In most E.E.C. countries, pensioners receive medical treatment free. There are certain limits on the medical and hospital expenses the insurance funds will reimburse, but they are very much more generous than, say, Blue Cross in the U.S.A. Nobody else has a true National Health Service. Whether because of this or not, most E.E.C. countries spend a greater proportion of national income on health than Britain does.

I will say nothing about industrial injury, sickness and unemployment benefits, except to indicate that, as in Britain, sickness and unemployment benefits in E.E.C. countries are wage-related and fairly high, and industrial injury benefits are based, as here, on assessments of loss of capacity as well as on previous earnings. These later benefits (which usually also cover benefit for permanent invalids) are, like pensions, linked to either the cost of living index or to the wages index. In all E.E.C. countries, uprating is automatic in this sense. In Holland, there is an elaborate mechanism whereby any increase in the cost of living of more than a certain percentage involves an immediate uprating of social security benefits.

Finally, family allowances, the controversial centrepiece of many Continental social security schemes. It is important to understand why family allowances are so much larger on the Continent, and why they arouse so little controversy; after all, in Britain, family allowances are, alongside supplementary benefit for people of working age, the favourite scapegoats

of the critics of welfare. I believe there are two factors which explain these widely different reactions, and that they are related to very diverse traditions. The first is the Catholic ideal of the large family, which is held to benefit the whole community and is thus deserving of support. Of course at times this approach becomes quite deliberately linked to national purposes, as when France brought in very big family allowances in an attempt to reverse the falling birth rate before the war. Second, there is the idea that wages should be related to the number of dependents a man has —the 'just wage', as Catholic theologians call it, is in some sense a family wage. Since obviously great problems arise in paying men different amounts for doing the same job, the family allowance becomes the means of discriminating between them according to their responsibilities. For this to be effective, family allowances must represent a substantial part of a man's income; and so they do. In Belgium, a man with three children will draw £26.46 a month; in France, £19.17; in Italy, £11.44. Only Germany is down at English levels with £8.58 a month for a three child family, and nothing for the first child. Incidentally, it is an odd reflection on the age of achieving independence that family allowance is payable in Holland for children in full-time education *up to the age of 27.*

It is familiar ground to mention that statutory and negotiated holidays in E.E.C. countries are much longer than in Britain. In France, for instance, a month is now standard for all industrial workers and, on a certain day at the end of July, French families stream like lemmings down the *Routes Nationales* to the sea. What is less well known is that Holland has a statutory minimum wage of £18.10 a week for both men and women.

So far, the E.E.C. has not had any great impact on national social security systems, though there is a commitment by all the E.E.C. countries to 'harmonise upwards'. That apart, countries are free to pursue their own national systems. For instance, if Britain entered, there would be no threat to the National Health Service. But where the E.E.C. probably has had an impact is in pushing such fringe benefits as holidays and working conditions up towards the levels achieved by the most advanced members. Trade unions pressing for better holidays elsewhere in the Community have taken the French standard as the one they were trying to achieve.

The E.E.C. has also established that all Community nationals working in a Community country other than their own, are entitled to that country's level of benefits for themselves and their dependents. Thus an Italian working in Germany would be entitled to German social benefits. But the same most emphatically does not apply to non-Community nationals, like the hundreds of thousands of Turks, Greeks, Spaniards, Portugese, Algerians and Moroccans, simply because most of them cannot satisfy residence requirements for family allowances, pensions etc. Indeed, hundreds of thousands of migrant workers arrive illegally, have no papers, and are consequently at the mercy of whoever employs them. In France, over three quarters of the North African migrant workers are believed to have entered illegally. They live in bidonvilles, shacks of tin and tarpaper, or share crowded slum rooms in the industrial cities. In Germany, employers

are supposed to provide accommodation, but again there are the thousands of illegal migrants for whom no conditions can be laid down. The *Gästarbeiter* are essential in Europe's high employment economies, and now that Italy no longer provides a massive reserve of unemployed, more and more come from outside the Community. But they are unpopular, unassimilated, sadly neglected (though West Germany deserves some marks for trying, and so does Holland); they are known as 'the new underclass' or 'the new poor'. There are more migrant workers in France and Germany than there are Commonwealth immigrants in England, and they present at least equivalent problems of language barriers, cultural alienation and variations in custom. As immigrants achieve residence and then citizenship, their right to move elsewhere in the Community becomes the same as that of any other Community national. The integration of immigrants of different origins, nationalities and races will therefore become, gradually, a challenge to the whole of Western Europe and not just to Britain, France or Germany.

To sum up, the Community countries have better though less extensive social insurance systems than we do, and much less ambitious health schemes. The financial structure in most cases is one that shifts the main burden onto industry, and onto the employers' side of industry. The benefits are better proofed against inflation than ours, because they are linked to the cost of living index or, in some cases, to the wages index. Nor does there seem to be the kind of controversy about family allowances, etc. that exists in Britain. The greater financial dependence of Continental schemes on contributions rather than on taxation may have something to do with this, though in several E.E.C. countries family allowances are in fact financed from taxes.

What is indeed the case is that in every E.E.C. country, without exception, more is spent on the social services as a proportion of gross national product than in Britain; and with the single exception of Italy, more is spent per head as well as will be seen from the following table of expenditure on the social services by each country (1967 figures):

	% of G.N.P.	*Amount spent per head*
Belgium	15	130
France	16.1	157
Germany	17.2	145
Italy	15.8	87
Luxemburg	19.0	155
Netherlands	18.5	128
U.K.	14.8	89

It is ironic that since 1967, Britain's increase in public expenditure on the social services has slowed down, and is now likely to slow down further, while in the E.E.C. countries, the rate of increase is probably accelerating. Certainly since 1967 both France and Italy have undertaken major reforms of their social services, and these are not, of course, reflected in the figures given above.

The Labour Movement will no doubt continue to argue about the effect on prices, employment, wages and investment of joining the E.E.C. What is abundantly clear in the social services is that the E.E.C. principle of 'harmonisation upwards' can only benefit Britain because she has slipped so far down the list in social service provision. There could hardly be stronger proof of Anthony Crosland's thesis that it is exceedingly difficult to get real improvements in social services without real improvements in economic growth. And growth in the Community countries, as we know, has been twice as fast as in the United Kingdom.

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The September number of the *Contemporary Review* will include Chinese Diplomacy and the United Nations by Robert Boardman, Youth's Second Chance by James Avery Joyce, The Medieval Play Revival by E. Martin Browne, The Berlin Wall by Denis Chaplin and New Poems by A. L. Rowse, James Turner, David Grubb, David Vessey.

MEDICAL SERVICES IN THE U.S.A.

by Gordon V. Axon

A LIST of medical services in the United States would be most impressive since it would have to include those provided by the three levels of government, Federal, State and local; voluntary hospitals; private hospitals; private health and insurance plans; and many forms of charitable activities.

Yet this vast variety does not preclude the general national feeling that much is wrong with the nation's medical services and that basic changes are necessary and inevitable.

The Federal department mainly involved is that of Health, Education and Welfare, a gigantic organisation the activities of which have a profound if often unseen impact on the lives of Americans. Its name, of course, has changed over the decades as the work expanded, but the first activities began in the eighteenth century with the provision of hospital care for merchant seamen.

Now, of course, the department is involved in an apparently endless effort to help improve medical care and health in the United States. The department is itself directly responsible for some hospitals and institutions, as well as for the merchant seamen, but nearly 90 per cent of all funds goes to the individual States in the form of grants-in-aid to match or supplement State and local outlays for health, education and welfare; and to colleges, universities, hospitals and scientific institutions as grants for research and training programmes.

The special groups for which the department has some direct responsibility include the merchant marine, American Indians, Alaska Natives, and narcotic addicts, plus a hospital for the mentally ill and a leprosarium. The department, of course, interests itself in anything affecting the health of Americans, including air pollution; research; the supply of hospitals, nurses, and hospitals; communicable diseases; the young and the aged; handicapped persons; and food, drugs and cosmetics. Occupational diseases such as silicosis; crippled children; alcoholics; radiological cancer hazards; venereal disease control; cardiac pacemakers; and the two killers—cancer and heart diseases—round out a very impressive list of activities of the department usually known from its initials as H.E.W.

Another programme is provided by the Small Business Administration which will give financial assistance to privately owned hospitals, convalescent homes, nursing homes, and medical and dental laboratories for expansion, improvement, and general operation.

On the State level, each of the fifty separate States has its own programme for dealing with State-wide health matters. In many cases, these programmes are assisted financially by the Federal government since many States are much poorer than others and, in any event, some encouragement is needed to get States to provide medical services for the poor, while, in other cases, the Federal government has a very definite stake in

controlling venereal and other diseases that spread rapidly across the land.

Abortion facilities, and birth control and family planning information, vary enormously State to State. Recently, New York State revised its century-old abortion law to become one of the most progressive States in the Union, but attempts to water down the provisions are already under way in New York and elsewhere, and have already met with some success.

The cities themselves derive their authority from the State and rely for their finances on local taxes and aid from the State and Federal governments. The quality of city medical services varies enormously from city to city, and State to State. As a rule, the cities provide a basic essential but minimum service, with much being done by private hospitals, voluntary organisations, and charitable groups.

This brief description suggests that Americans are well provided with medical services and care, and this is probably true of those Americans with plenty of money, but for many Americans there are few medical services, and millions more are worried lest an illness, especially an incapacitating one, should completely destroy an otherwise successful career and life.

A case in point is the plight of the migrant farm workers, such as potato harvesters, who follow the crops as they ripen. Health service clinics of the U.S. Public Health Services are available to these migrant workers, but actually their living conditions are accurately regarded as squalid.

Another aspect is the cost of medical training. Although health student loans are available, the expense and trouble of becoming a doctor or a dentist usually limits students to those from well-to-do families. At the root of medical troubles in the United States is the insistence of the medical profession that it be allowed to make a good living out of the illnesses of humanity. Doctors are just about the best paid professional men in the U.S. In New York City, for instance, a consultation can cost a minimum of $10 to $15. An emergency visit to a dentist, as for a cap replacement, may cost $15.

As a rule, however, the average American family in reasonably good health, and fully employed in the average job, can just about manage to pay the usual medical expenses, given some hospital insurance coverage. But a family with a run of bad luck, or poor families, or a person or family with a chronic illness, soon discovers that medical help, especially private hospital treatment, is unbelievably expensive.

This is partly due to the cost of advanced techniques and quality of care. City and voluntary hospitals also exist; some of them run in conjunction with universities that use the hospital for training purposes. These hospitals, as a rule, charge much less than those private hospitals that are run for a profit, often enough by a group of doctors.

Naturally, the cost and quality of medical care in the United States, as well as its provision for the poor and elderly, have been the subject of profound and often emotional debate. A particular source of distress is the way an illness can ruin the lives of retired couples who otherwise would have been financially sound. This particular problem is now being

tackled and seems likely to be solved, at least in some measure, by a national scheme designed to share the burden of medical expenses above a certain annual limit.

Yet much remains to be done. What is needed, of course, is a comprehensive national health programme, and certainly one will have to be developed despite opposition from organised medicine that insists on referring to National Health schemes as 'Socialised Medicine', no doubt with the aim of frightening the American public.

Today, far too many young families have their ups and downs, living as they do away from the old family structure and being simply unable to provide for expensive medical care in times of emergency. City services, such as smallpox vaccination, rabies shots, and minimum services for the destitute are not enough.

An affluent nation such as the United States can well afford decent health care for all, but reactionary medical groups have managed time after time to block impending legislation and hopes for national coverage. Yet some progress has already been made in providing for the elderly and for the very poor on all levels of government—Federal, State and local. Specialised groups, for instance the comparatively few lepers, and those employed in dangerous occupations such as mining, have special attention. Indeed, many of these specialised groups have medical care that is superior to the average.

Americans are becoming increasingly orientated towards the establishment of a National Health programme. True, recent schemes to help the poor and elderly with a type of specialised health programme have run into some 'doctor opposition' and 'doctor cheating', yet no doubts exist that even a nation devoted to the rights of free enterprise can run successfully a comprehensive national health insurance programme.

The United States is certainly heading in that direction. It is not likely to come this year or next, but a beginning has been made, via the special and dependent groups. Time will surely bring a fairer system that will help all Americans.

REFLECTIONS ABOUT A STATE THEATRE

by David Cregan

THERE is a quality of stage performance which, when it happens, almost makes me shout out with delight. In part it is suddenly sensing a correct and exact rhythm which the director has given to the piece, and in part it is watching the physical throwing off of the words of the play by the speakers and the receiving of those words by the other characters. Several directors have said that the words of a play are the end of an action rather than the beginning. Once the truth of this is grasped, dramatic language is seen to be a more vital thing than a vehicle for personal philosophy, wit or self analysis. Its effect is rather like lighting a child's sparkler and watching the surprised faces it reveals.

Realising this quality on the stage is frequently held to be the gift of the continental theatre system, with its great *ensemble* companies, rather than our own. Certainly, when it comes to the classics the English lose themselves in well-meaning but literary interpretations, or embarrass themselves with inventive or 'relevant' productions which more or less obscure the original vision completely. If you compare our own very clever and lifeless *Government Inspector* with the joyously funny and accurate production by Prague's Cinoherni Klub; if you consider the two productions of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in the sixties, all funny clothes and big bangs; if you recall the deadening boom of the recent Royal Shakespeare *Troilus and Cressida*; and if you count up all the Brummy Gobbos, haw-hawing Falstaffs, and nudging and winking Mrs. Malaprops that so often make one wince an evening away, then it is easy to see why companies like the Berliner Ensemble have become such idols. The actors there play the fact, what is in the play, and that after all takes a tremendous amount of talent.

In the early sixties it did seem as if our own two *ensembles* had exactly that talent of being able to illuminate the written word with their bodies. We might not be able to make the superb grotesques of the Moscow Arts' *Dead Souls*, but we could escape the dullness associated with the Haymarket Theatre's Matinée Classics. Therefore the recent re-appearance of the rhubarb crowd and the braying leader of the people, his feet apart like a principal boy in panto, together with the renewed fashion for Tudorbethan courtiers, now laughing falsetto, now placing grave hands on each others' arms; all this came as a frightful shock. 'Acting' suddenly seemed endemic to the English and one said, rather puritanically: 'If only we took the ensemble idea seriously'.

A recent visit to Hungary with the dramatist and novelist John Bowen called this rather glib comment in question. Hungary is in many ways an ideal country in which to consider the theatre. The Hungarians are exuberant, which makes for strong, physical performances; they have a history of national suffering and struggle which gives them certain insights into human affairs which we do not have; there is the pressure for self-expression which all dependent nations feel; there is a highly subsidised theatre, extremely

well attended; there is a profession organised into 25 *ensemble* companies, some of whom have one major theatre, one chamber theatre and one studio theatre; there is highly restricted entry to the profession, that is, 24 people a year through the country's one drama school, so that actors are not only creamed off but also extremely secure; and certainly there are productions of an international standard. Nevertheless, nearly everyone connected with the theatre in Budapest, from the Department of Theatre at the Ministry of Education, through various editorial offices, down to the actors, directors and playwrights themselves, will all tell you that the theatre in Hungary is stale, dying, effete and so on.

These are not uncommon comments among theatrical people anywhere in the world, but one cannot be in Hungary for long without sensing a distinct atmosphere among theatricals reminiscent of a boarding school. People spoke of Brooke's *King Lear* or Jane Howell's *Narrow Road* as if they were visions come to them from a fairy-land of grown-ups. Grotowski and the Cinoherni Klub seemed to exist somewhere outside as unattainable ideals of excellence, as did certain theatres in Moscow. There was envy of the number of playwrights in England and America, and envy, too, of our advanced technical equipment. Yet, if full houses constitute a living theatre, this theatre was alive and holding its own against television, roughly reckoned to be found in one household in four or five. In one provincial town, during a magnificent performance of Sandor Brody's *The Schoolmistress*, I sat in a plush, modern auditorium alongside peasants in headscarves.

Resulting from the clearly perceptible sense of isolation are two distinct phenomena. First, everyone in the theatre knows everyone else, and knows them as part of an élite, literary community. This makes for strong partisan argument at a very intense level. Karoly Kasimir, a rather amateurish *metteur en scène* who has established himself as a talking point because he directs epics like *Paradise Lost* and *Das Kapital* instead of plays, is defended or dismissed with the fervour we reserve for prime ministers or footballers. This is made more intense because he represents a particular theatre company. Second, most people in the Budapest theatre want something new to happen but very few are willing to consider what it might be. I asked a student in the highly competent university drama club if he would like to write plays. He said he would. Then why didn't he? He shook his head and looked blank. The Ministry of Education explicitly said that they would like to see many more Hungarian plays, for after all people in Hungary were free to write as they pleased. No-one, of course, was expected to write against the State, and as a matter of fact no-one ever had done, but, the Ministry said sadly, for all this freedom there were very few new Hungarian plays. There was a young satirist called Karoly Szakony who had recently produced a play called *Breakdown* about a telly-watching family whose son brings home a young man called Jesus Christ. The Ministry of Education was very proud of this play, and of the fact that it was a distinct satire. However, the author later told us that it had taken several months of complicated negotiation to convince the Ministry that his

play was not anti-State. Eventually the Minister himself had to make a final pronouncement.

The dead weight of bureaucracy is nothing new, of course, but the blankness of mind in the face of the need for change seemed more deeply ingrained than this. For example, Szakony had had a scholarship to work in the theatre, rather as the Royal Court employs a resident dramatist, simply to learn his trade. The Director of the National Theatre said the scheme had been abolished because too many young authors had used it as an excuse to chase actresses and had not turned in the required script at the end of the scholarship period. The morality that dictates such a remark makes two deadly assumptions: first that plays can be written like answers to exams, and second that they have nothing to do with life as represented by the chasing of actresses. The Director of the National Theatre is a charming man and presides over a large, broadly representative committee of dramaturgs and others in a beautiful new theatre. It is not his job to inspire but to organise, and to guard the reputation of his theatre as the first among equals. Those who preside over institutions cannot pay people in them to chase actresses without seeming to give their blessing to that activity as an acceptable national expense. In large institutions there is enough wastage already and any deviation from obvious hard work makes administrators uneasy. However, the artistic process involves a great deal of wastage, at least on the part of the primary producer, so the National Theatre's point of view can hardly nurture new ideas, no matter how much it professes a desire for them. It happens that the National Theatre has two wonderfully gifted directors and at least one astounding actress, but all have proved thorns in the administrative flesh, and the actress never went to the drama school.

This puritanical attitude to work is fairly widespread, but the strongest influence against new ideas is the attitude of the theatre in the capital to the work of the theatre in the provinces. The only provincial production we saw was Laszlo Jurka's *The Schoolmistress*, which I have already mentioned. This production completely measured up to the standard I gave at the beginning but because it was a provincial production it was not considered worthy of the capital. No provincial production ever could be; partly, it was waspishly suggested, because Budapest actors and Budapest directors, many of whom have been in the same companies for upwards of ten years, might find their security threatened by new blood. It was also believed that the Budapest public would not go to see provincial companies, partly for snobbish reasons and partly because what new and surprising writing there is often appears in the work of these companies. The Budapest public likes only what it knows just as much as any public in the west, and there are few reputable critics to give them any guidance about new developments. A virtually independent theatre monthly does now exist, and the editors see their work as cauterising both the profession and the public. It is possible, therefore, that the brilliant work of Jurka will arrive in Budapest before too long, and the promising work I have only glimpsed of Gabor Zambecki will be properly recognised.

This stagnant condition seems to result from the state *ensemble* system. The entrenched position of actors and directors in the capital (often physically overstretched by having to do films and television, sometimes after their evening performances), together with the need to convince governing committees, ministerial committees, and in the end perhaps larger institutions still, produces an apathy which only the liveliest minds can overcome. As things are, the standard new work in Budapest is one of four things: a translation from the West, an adaptation of a Hungarian novel, a new approach to a piece of Chekhov (who, through over-familiarity bores the younger directors to death), or a required Soviet text. The translations include Miller, Albee, Storey, Weiss and both Schaffers. These novel-plays have an epic quality reminiscent of *Riders to the Sea*, and also a similar keening style. Their approach to the vast inner suffering of the often ageing heroes and heroines is almost barnstorming (or Greek, according to your taste) and the implications are that man in society is as subject to the elemental forces as he ever was. This feeling seems to pass over into Chekhov, who loses much of his humour and becomes Euripidean, with strong implications about the neurotic behaviour of those in authority. (Incidentally, a beautiful TV parable on this subject called *The Enchanter* emphasised by its superiority the need to realise things as they were meant to be seen.) The production of the Soviet play that we saw was absolutely superb, but only because of the very remarkable talent of the gifted young director, Istvan Iglody, the actor, Istvan Sztankay, the actress, Maria Töröcsik, and a supreme comic performance from the man who, above everyone we met, illustrated the richness of the Hungarian theatre and the limits of the *ensemble* system as administered by the Hungarian government, Tamas Major.

Major has been director of the National Theatre, but is now only a chief assistant there. It is claimed that at 61, after a stormy career, he is almost a folk hero, a man whose recitations in public gave courage under the Nazis, and who still visits factories to recite to the workers. He recently produced *Timon of Athens* as a boxing match, and is famous outside Hungary for his production of *The Lusitanian Bogey*, which we were unhappily unable to see. We were lucky enough to watch him coaxing and loping through a rehearsal of *Romeo and Juliet*, catching the irony immaculately and breathing rhythm into the actors. We were able to talk to him about this rehearsal and he was the most inspiring man of his generation that we met. We also saw him in Iglody's production of Janos Elbert's adaptation of Bulgakov's *Ivan the Terrible*. Here, in the double rôle of Ivan in modern Moscow and a Stalinist caretaker whisked back in time to the throne of Ivan, he gave one of those comic performances which illuminate aeons of pettiness without going beyond reality for one moment. Neither did he step out of the play nor overbalance the cast. The support of Sztankay and Töröcsik were perfect. They, as well as the director, are members of the National Theatre company and all three are disciples of Major. Here, with the word disciple, the *ensemble* idea seems to me to yield its secret.

The one underground company we were able to see, or even hear about, was run by Peter Halasz, an admirer of Grotowski. It is largely amateur, mainly student, though Halasz, much admired by Major, works in radio. We saw the company in a late rehearsal of *The Labyrinth*, a play specially written for them about the fading love of Ariadne for the Minotaur. It was performed in a community centre, and Halasz himself wore a kind of Grotowski habit, reflecting we assumed the vow of poverty. The rehearsal began with games, improvisations and exercises, as in our better groups and repertory companies, and then came the play, performed in great circling movements as the characters danced in and out of the Minotaur's den. Unlike many severely physical plays, it was a piece of some complexity and was, as far as one could tell, never self-indulgent. I remember sensing it as somehow raised over us, like a kind of umbrella; this was because it required holding, in a highly creative way, just as masks and similar grotesques need holding—fixing, the photographic term, is perhaps better—so that the whole creation seems to drive through the actors, rather than to stem from them. At once, as one describes the performance, one begins to use the language of theology, and again the *ensemble* idea becomes easier to define.

There are many kinds of dramatic theology, and not all of them require a sacrosanct attitude. What they do require is a man or woman to put them into actual daily practice. It doesn't matter much if it is Grotowski, Brecht, Keith Johnstone or Lee Strasberg. Around the man will grow the theatre, at least if he is in pursuit of a living theatrical idea. No *ensemble*, and no commercial management, will raise the theatre to its fabled magic without the person and his theology, and no theology will rise above the academic without the person.

An illustration of how delicate is the balance between all three elements can be found in the strange relationship between William Gaskill, the philosophies of Brecht, and the English National Theatre. The National Theatre Company is an *ensemble* that has worked together for a long time and has regrettably become dull; William Gaskill, who knows the company, is a great authority on Brecht but has a strangely dull way with Brecht's plays; he also has a clear and accurate eye for comedy (his work is very like Iglody's) and it is here that his application of Brecht's views begins to work. When he directs the National Theatre Company in Restoration comedy, applying his theology to the English language he very much admires, and to situations he finds very classical, he brings about the ultimate theatrical magic. Where company and theology alone do not work, the man interpreting both with regard to a particular text achieves this objective.

The political implications of this are large, and theatres like the Hungarian one must, I suppose, come to terms with what is rather heftily called the cult of personality. As at the Cinoherni Klub, it may be possible to form a collective of like-minded performers and directors but the difficulties that the recently founded Twenty-Fifth Theatre had in getting itself organised and subsidised in Budapest do not make one hopeful. Peter

Halasz is quite unheard of at the Ministry of Education's Theatre Department, a ludicrous situation if ever there was one.

The implications for our own country are also large, if less dramatic, for we have here an increasing number of community theatres whose money is administered from outside. There are already rumblings that the Paymaster General with Special Responsibility for the Arts sees his job as one that includes selection, which is another word for censorship. The West End can be left to look after itself, but an increasing number of 'little' theatres have been built on university campuses, or as part of municipal complexes. These theatres will require resident companies and large subsidies, and the warning of systems like the Hungarian one should be clear. Artistic directors who are inspirational in some way must be the first requirement, and the appointment of administrators instead should be strongly resisted. Obviously, local authorities should pursue the policy of a free hand for these directors, following as far as possible the high tradition the Arts Council has pursued in the past. The profession itself, now more open-minded about working outside London, should increase wherever possible its contacts with writers. It should also increase its contact with the public, the world outside, and in this respect, the experience of such organisations as Coventry Theatre in Education and the similar companies that stem from it, is perhaps the most valuable to be found for actors in the modern theatre. Above all, the profession should avoid polarising its views about the question of *ensembles*. The result of such polarisation can only result in the kind of bad *ensemble* work that the Hungarians find hanging like a dead weight around their theatrical neck. This would be fatal for, while as a system it is as fallible as any other, and more difficult perhaps to galvanise into life when it is ailing, the best performances to-day are in fact produced by the world's best *ensemble* companies.

[David Cregan, novelist, teacher and dramatist, is the author of a number of plays including *Miniatures*, *Three Men for Colverton* and *Tipper*. He has recently visited Hungary on a tour arranged by the British Council of the State theatres, university drama clubs and TV studios.]

THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE MONARCHY

by Thomas F. Hale

THERE can be little doubt today that the Labour Party, despite its socialistic orientation, has accepted the institution of monarchy as a viable part of the constitutional structure and process. Just this last year the Labour Party, as well as the Conservative Party, expressed its willingness to consider whether or not the Royal Family was due an unprecedented mid-reign increase in the civil list. This is not to say, however, that Labour's conception of monarchy is identical to that entertained by the Conservative Party, which has continued the Tory tradition of championing the royal cause. At the same time, it would not be true to say that the Labour Party has in any *direct* way inherited the republican legacy of the late nineteenth century.[1] Although no concerted effort has ever been made by Labour leaders to abolish the institution of monarchy, there have been numerous occasions when Labour Party members have criticized certain activities of the Royal Family, which have been unacceptable to its conception of popular democracy. These criticisms were especially noticeable in the careers of Keir Hardie, the founder of the party, and Ramsay MacDonald, Labour's first Premier. Hardie's unabashed republicanism once prompted him to describe King Edward VII as 'a pleasure-loving scapegrace,' and to speculate that if King George V had been 'born in the ranks of the working class his most likely fate would have been that of a street corner loafer.'[2] Even Ramsay MacDonald who later abandoned his party as well as his anti-monarchism, at one time denouncing the monarchy as 'gilded falsity' which blemished democracy, subverted the growth of national idealism.[3] Such ardent attacks on the monarchy, however, did not continue much beyond the First World War. Although the Labour Party continued to have some theoretical objections to the monarchy, practical considerations caused it to accept this oldest of British institutions.

There is no official Labour Party policy concerning the monarchy. On several occasions the Annual Conference has had 'Abolish the monarchy' resolutions proposed for its agenda, but only in 1923 did the issue reach the floor. George Lansbury spoke for the National Executive during a very brief debate. He first described himself as a republican, and said, 'One of these days, by Law-established principles, we will not have a King or Queen, but what is the use of bothering about that just now?'[4] He moved the previous question and as might be expected his view carried overwhelmingly. As a result there is no Labour Party policy regarding the monarchy. In addition, the Labour Party has in the past withdrawn the Whip when the civil list was voted, thereby allowing each Labourite to decide the issue for himself.[5] Thus there seems to be a conscious attempt to avoid making the monarchy an issue.

Nevertheless, there does seem to be a pattern in Labour's thinking about the monarchy. This is found mainly in the civil list debates and also in an article by Michael Stewart, which call on the Royal Family to:

> exercise greater economy;
> engage in extravagant ceremonial less often;
> disassociate itself from private property, especially its private holdings and revenues in the Duchy of Cornwall;
> disassociate itself from privilege;
> have its expenditure reviewed more often;
> and become something of a Scandinavian monarchy.[6]

To some extent these requests have been heeded, so much so that in 1947 the Labour front bench for the first time defended rather than criticised a civil list change made necessary by the marriage of Princess Elizabeth. Sir Stafford Cripps, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, abandoned his earlier criticisms of 'the Buckingham Palace set' and conceded that '. . . the pomp and circumstance in other capitals, such as Moscow, was vastly greater.'[7] Prime Minister Attlee went further and stated that the British monarchy commended itself to the people '. . . by the fact that it is in essence simple—simple lives and approachable people.'[8] By 1952 when the civil list for Queen Elizabeth was presented, Labour could be seen to share some common ground with the Conservatives. One Tory M.P. admitted as much. 'This debate must be the quietest debate on a Civil List which has ever taken place. . . . A debate in which there is very little difference between the two sides always tends to flag.'[9] By this date then, the party was clearly reconciled to the monarchy.

But merely to demonstrate that the Labour Party accepts the monarchy is not the same as explaining why a socialist party has given its approval of such an institution which 'smacks' of privilege and inequality. The reasons for this are grounded in some commonsense considerations about the party.

British Labour Party socialism is not 'barricade' socialism. Although Labour M.P.s relish the opportunity to march in the lobby of the House of Commons singing *The Red Flag*, the brand of socialism espoused by Labourites is far more tame than that found in many places on the Continent. Labour Party socialism is distinctly British and therefore empirical. R. H. Tawney put it this way:

> Unlike some of the continental versions of socialism, it was not poured into doctrinal moulds prepared, when the Industrial Revolution was still young, by political theorists and men of letters . . . [it] has averted the deadly disease of dogmatic petrification. . . .[10]

The controversial Marxist historian, E. J. Hobsbawm, would also agree. 'The British Labour movement was formed and moulded at the time when the dominant tradition was that of a reforming liberal-radicalism, whose stamp it still bears.'[11] This practical orientation of the Labour Party is largely responsible for its acceptance of the monarchy in Britain. Even though strict logic would dictate that a socialist programme should include a republican plank, Labour has not seen fit to allow syllogistic reasoning to determine its attitude toward the House of Windsor. Frank Hardie has set up his logical triplet for socialists:

> A constitutional monarchy differs from an absolute monarchy in substance; a republic differs from a constitutional monarchy only in form. Over such a difference in form . . . let fools contest.[12]

This mock syllogism sums up Labour's position. Labour, quite simply, is

not concerned with the theoretical contradictions involved in its support of monarchy.

Some intellectuals have indeed lashed out at the party for its logical fallacy. J. B. Priestley had these hypercritical words for Labourites:

> If you are royalists, then be genuine royalists . . . but stop being imitation royalists, imitation democrats, imitation progressives, imitation contemporaries: be something real.[13]

The intellectuals could rant and rave unceasingly about Labour's royalist policy and the party would probably not be budged from its 'practical' position.

On a number of occasions Labourites have voiced their lack of sympathy with those who have called for a republican form of government in Britain. Ramsay MacDonald in 1911 had this to say:

> The virtues of republicanism and the conveniences of a monarchy are subjects of abstract interest which may ruffle for an hour the surface of debating societies, but in this country and under present circumstances, they do not make a ripple in Parliamentary controversy or take up a line in Parliamentary programmes. . . .[14]

In 1924 MacDonald actually berated those who would let egalitarian sentiments interfere with Labour's efforts to set up an efficient government. In answer to those who objected to wearing court dress, he replied,

> Perhaps it is some defect in me, but I regard those who make these criticisms, by reason of the emphasis they lay upon the matter, as being further away from the qualities of self-mastery and single-minded devotion to the cause of Labour, than those who, when the occasion requires it, put on a ceremonial suit without thinking about it. . . .[15]

In this, MacDonald's opinion coincided closely with that of Lenin who once told a Soviet diplomat not to object to formal attire, but even to wear a petticoat if that would further Communist objectives.

Clement Attlee reiterated this point. 'We are concerned with fundamental economic changes. We are not to be diverted into abstract discussions about monarchy and republicanism.'[16] Before the House of Commons in 1937 he also stated:

> I am prepared to rest myself in the dictum of the late John Wheatley, who said, 'I will not raise a finger to turn a capitalist Monarchy into a capitalist Republic. . . .' Therefore I am not arguing that issue, which does not arise today.[17]

As Attlee indicates, there was no practical advantage to be gained by substituting a monarchy by a republic merely for the sake of satisfying an abstract theory.

It was politically advantageous that Labour should not make any attempt to abolish the monarchy. It is reputed to be so popular in Britain that, if the party were to become abolitionist, it would gain very little at the polls. There is a strong possibility that the electoral reaction could be unfavourable. Some might even go so far as to contend that such a campaign would be suicidal.[18] One back bench Labour M.P. has spoken quite frankly about this. 'I am more concerned with great possible changes than with arguing about democratic ideas which might arouse the people of this country against us.'[19] Sir Stafford Cripps has also addressed himself to this problem. 'I venture to think that if someone were to say, "Here is an easy economy; let us do away with all the horses," the public would be up in arms.'[20] If

the populace could be aroused by the loss of the palace horses, one can fully imagine that an effort to replace the monarchy would indeed be counter-productive. By letting the sleeping dog of republicanism lie, Labour has been rewarded—albeit negatively. There is room for debate here. Richard Hoggart, in *The Uses of Literacy* (Chatto and Windus, 1957) pp 92-93, contends that the whole male working class population in Britain, although probably not republican, is 'quite uninterested in Royalty or vaguely hostile.'

Although it can be stated that Labour in conforming to its pragmatic bias saw no reason to abolish the monarchy, this does not mean that it accepted the institution simply because the Royal Family was innocuous. Labourites not only realised that republicanism was not a worthy issue to contest, but were aware that the monarchy could not be easily replaced. The alternative to an hereditary head of state is an elective presidency; and Labour leaders, such as Herbert Morrison and Stafford Cripps, have rejected this for fear that a president by the mere process of election would gain power and prestige which could embarrass the Prime Minister.[21] Sidney Webb has considered this problem at length.

> How hard it is to discover a man (or woman) sufficiently famous to get chosen, and to be acceptable, as the Ceremonial Head of a whole nation; and yet devoid of desire to exercise personal power; qualified to set the right tone by his influence and unembarrassed by a circle of relations and adherents pressing for appointments and concessions. . . .

As Webb further points out, this 'next-best expedient' would be especially difficult to achieve since the nations of the Commonwealth would have to approve of the president.[22] Therefore, Labour has rejected the idea of a presidency because of the practical obstacles which it would present.

The Commonwealth argument has also reinforced Labour's decision to retain the monarchy. F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, who was once Secretary of State for India, has described the monarch as 'a central pillar of the British Commonwealth.'[23] Even the more radical Harold Laski, who felt that the monarchy and the empire were at times used as a diversion from domestic issues, had to admit that the institution '. . . made possible a unity of allegiance, which would have been far more difficult to secure for the rarely magical personality of an elected President.'[24] Certainly this line of argument is used by Conservatives as well as Labourites. This, however, is not the only routine defence of the monarchy to which Labour has subscribed. There is the psychological reason as well .

The Labour Party has sanctioned the institution of monarchy, because it is aware that the Royal Family fulfils a basic psychological need of its subjects. Probably the best statement concerning this 'useful' function of monarchy is found in an article by Pethick-Lawrence.

> The Sovereign must be all they [the people] would like to be and are not, and yet must be essentially themselves, sharing with them all their human strength and weakness. The Sovereign must be the fairy prince or fairy queen stepping down out of the storybook and walking in the door of their daily lives. . . . The British people seek in their Sovereign something which transcends their common limited experience, and satisfies their longing for the sublime. And, astounding as it may seem, what they look for they find.[25]

Walter Bagehot himself could hardly have expressed this idea in a better literary fashion. According to Kingsley Martin, who was himself critical of the monarchy's relation to the establishment, the Royal Family gives us not only 'a romance,' but he also suggests in a humorous aside that while the socialist state provides 'bread' for the masses, perhaps the monarchy can furnish the 'circuses'.

The party has seen that this psychological function has acted, in Michael Stewart's words, as a safeguard against the neurotic worship of the state or of an individual. No doubt the example of Nazi Germany strongly persuaded Labour in favour of the 'healthy' institution of the monarchy. Kingsley Martin records that 'if we drop the trappings of Monarchy in the gutter . . . Germany has taught us some gutter-snipe . . . may pick them up.' Before the House of Commons in 1952 Clement Attlee spoke as follows:

> It is a great mistake to make government too dull. That, I think, was the fault of the German Republic after the First World War. They were very drab and dull; the trouble was that they let the devil get all the best tunes. Therefore, we . . . believe that it is right to have a certain amount of pageantry, because it pleases people, and it also counteracts a tendency to other forms of excitement.

Such statements have also been made by others who were members of the Labour Movement, but are too numerous to quote here. Thus, Labour has yet another reason to support the monarchy—it promotes the stability of the state on which every parliamentary party must depend.

One more facet of the Labour Party's acceptance of the monarchy needs to be considered here. Earlier, we discussed the idea that it would be politically inept to make any attempt to abolish the monarchy because of the adverse reaction that might ensue. Possibly Labour's position was affected not so much by the threat of electoral repudiation, but, quite to the contrary, it could simply be a matter of Labour seeking to represent the views of its supporters among the working classes. In other words, Labour, as Michael Stewart points out, is mirroring the sentiments and wishes of the common people. An indication of this is Harold Laski's statement that at one time the old *Daily Herald*, which was controlled by the Labour Movement, gave more coverage to the Royal Family than any other newspaper.

Outside of the discussion of the psychological function of monarchy, we have not touched upon the reasons why the people themselves, and especially the supposed 'lower orders', should possess such an attachment to the Throne. A possible explanation of this phenomenon is the persistence of deference among low-income groups. According to this theory, a good many low-income workers in Britain continue to believe that the aristocratic hierarchy is best qualified to govern the country; 'that there is a close connection between leadership abilities and social rank.' This helps to explain why one-third of the working class voters in Britain still continue to cast their ballots for the Conservative Party without fail. Not only does this acquiescence in a stratified notion of society occur among working class Tories, but '. . . within the population as a whole, there appears to be only a small

difference between the Conservative and Labour voters' attitudes'. As recent studies indicate there is among this high percentage of working class Conservatives a '. . . preference for the symbolic and institutional *status quo* over change.' Therefore, when some labourers demonstrate their support for the monarchy they are, in a sense, merely acknowledging it as the pinnacle of a hierarchical structure which they already endorse. The two studies which have documented this phenomenon do not offer any novel interpretation, they merely record its existence. Possibly some psychological arguments could be advanced to explain this, but it should be sufficient for the purposes of this paper to point out that this attitude may be a factor in determining the Labour Party's attitude.

Two Labourites have even made allusions to this idea of deference existing within the British Labour Party. Beatrice Webb records in her diary that 'there is far too much snobbishness—far too much concern with rank and social status in the British Labour Movement.' Aneurin Bevan took occasion to remark on a 'grave defect' in the party because of its support for Baldwin during the Abdication Crisis. As he saw it, the Labour Party had too much 'reverence'. Two such references are hardly enough to allow one to say that Labour leaders themselves unconsciously subscribe to a hierarchical pattern in society, but one can speculate that perhaps some Labour Ministers and M.P.s have been overawed by the majesty and magic of monarchy, just as labouring men have been.

Having shown that the Labour Party accepts the monarchy and also having given reasons why this is so, perhaps I should give some space to differentiating the attitude of the Labour Party from that of the Conservative Party. It can be safely taken for granted that the Conservative Party is decidedly Royalist and that, with the notable exception of Lord Altrincham, the party has rarely criticised the monarchy openly. This cannot be said of the Labour Party with any degree of conviction. The attitude of the Labour Party is acceptance of a presently satisfactory situation rather than a sentimental attachment to the monarchical system. One would find enthusiasm for the monarchy in the ranks of the Conservative Party, but one would be hard put to show evidence of such feeling among Labourites today. In fact it appears that Clement Attlee is the only Labour leader who can be described as a life-long monarchist rather than a sometime republican. Also, the Labour Party has in the past expressed its disapproval of royal activities which it viewed as too exclusive or ostentatious. But these criticisms are now largely part of the past, because the occupants of the Throne have had the wisdom to change with the times. Although Labourites have regularly expressed their main tenet that greater simplicity should be the hall mark of the monarchy in the twentieth century, the modifications of the monarchical system which they have proposed have not required a radical overhaul. Even the advocacy of a Scandinavian style of monarchy would not necessitate a great expenditure of effort to bring about its implementation. Indeed, the demands made on the Queen in the age of the welfare state are probably forcing the institution in that direction already. In fact, the Royal Family is far more likely

to be seen in a welfare situation than in a ceremonial situation. Thus, it would be fair to say that the 'improvements' suggested by Labour have been quite practical and not at all revolutionary, and a good many of them have already been implemented for one reason or another.

Thus today, though not so much in the past, the Labour Party's attitude towards the monarchy does not diverge greatly from that of the Conservative Party, except on an emotional level. But after all, what more could a socialist party desire of this royal institution which has been 'nationalised' since the Early Middle Ages?

Footnotes

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IS THE NURSE FACING EXTINCTION?

by Ken Wharton

A FEW years ago the country's famous teaching hospitals had such large numbers of applicants for nurse training that they could afford to turn away all but those showing the highest potential for attaining the plum appointments in the profession. The situation today in the teaching hospitals may not be at crisis point but in the country as a whole it certainly is.

The following account is based on a typical evening in a provincial hospital which, with another similar hospital, serves a seaside community of about 100,000 people. During the summer holiday season the population reaches a peak of almost double this figure.

The staff nurse admitted a young motorcyclist to the ward and made the observations that are customary for any case of concussion, however mild. In a collision the boy had been knocked out briefly and an X-ray showed a crack fracture of the skull with no displacement of bone. He was now quite alert, cheerful and fully orientated. His state of consciousness, blood pressure, pulse rate and pupil reactions to light would be recorded every half hour for the next 24 to 48 hours according to progress. At the next half hourly recording there were no changes in the signs, but a slight restlessness of manner almost subconsciously registered in the nurse's mind to set up a feeling of uneasiness. Ten minutes later this feeling prompted her to go and take another look at the patient, by which time the vital signs showed that something was certainly wrong. The patient had lapsed into deep unconsciousness, one pupil was dilated and one contracted: breathing was stertorous and it was obvious that a large haemorrhage inside the skull was taking place.

The staff nurse was in charge of the ward of 23 male surgical beds; her staff consisted of one first year pupil nurse. There were patients in the ward recovering from operations, some of whom needed regular observations; intra-venous infusions to be maintained, various injections to be given, reports and records to be kept up and the hundred and one other small attentions that patients need. For example, one elderly post-operative case needed to go to the toilet. After the complete disturbance of his normal routine resulting from surgery, it was essential that at the time demanded by his body he should receive help and encouragement. The hospital carried the responsibility for his safety during the process. Hence, he needed a nurse to take his arm and give him psychological support. If this was not done in an unhurried manner the whole object of the exercise would be defeated. Yet our staff of two was being torn by calls equally urgent from other patients. One, just returned from the theatre after a prostate operation, needed almost constant irrigation of his bladder to prevent blockage of the drainage tubes which might result in considerably increased shock and could lead to a return to theatre for a second anaesthetic and evacuation of blood clots.

In the theatre was a team consisting of surgeon, assistant surgeon and anaesthetist. One nurse and one technician were completing the day's routine operating sessions. For the nursing staff, there would be a couple of hours' work surgically cleansing the suite and replenishing stocks of sterilised equipment: and preparing surgical instruments, some of them complex and valued at hundreds of pounds, for the theatre suite must always be ready for emergency use at 15 or 20 minutes' notice.

Here, then, the young motorcyclist was wheeled on a stretcher, minutes after the vital signs observed in the ward had indicated a catastrophe that required holes to be bored through the skull to release the pressure building up from the bleeding inside. This procedure could not wait for the completion of the case already on the operating table and a second surgical team set to work in the ante-room, assisted by the theatre nurse and technician, who were now dividing their attention between the two operations to the best of their ability.

In the medical ward, yet another crisis was being met by a 21 year old newly qualified staff nurse. In charge of the 25 beds, including the three-bed cardiac care unit, she had as her helper one second-year student and one nursing auxiliary—an untrained assistant whose job might be likened to that of labourer to a craftsman. She was capable of undertaking simple nursing tasks such as bed making, helping patients with their toilet and feeding. There were 23 patients in the ward beside the cardiac case: several cases of stroke, one of whom was unconscious and therefore needed very close attention. His first and life preserving need was that the airway be kept clear: in unconsciousness the tongue tends to fall back, allowing the epiglottis to close the entrance to the windpipe, thus cutting off the body's supply of oxygen from the atmosphere. In this state the natural secretions of the air passages collect in the small tubes of the lungs, reducing their capacity to exchange carbon dioxide for oxygen and leading to hypostatic pneumonia. These secretions need to be sucked out frequently. The mouth tends to get dirty, with consequent risk of infection spreading to the salivary glands, throat and chest. The eyes, if not constantly lubricated by normal blinking, are in danger of permanent damage from ulceration. The joints and muscles become stiff and fixed if not exercised at intervals. The skin of those parts of the body on which the patient's weight rests is deprived by pressure on the capillaries of its blood supply and is at risk of breaking down into sores if this pressure is not relieved by regular two hourly changes of position. The patient must be nourished by feeds administered through a tube led through mouth or nostril and into the stomach, and great skill and experience are required to avoid the danger of feeds getting into the lungs, when 'drowning' could result. Excretary functions also must be attended to. Other patients required numerous treatments: most of these were prescribed drugs; and the drugs commonly used today run into literally hundreds of different ones, many of them dangerous if incorrectly administered. Thus, to avoid mistakes an unhurried and knowledgeable method is essential. In the cardiac unit, three patients were on cathode ray oscilloscope monitors showing a constant graph of heart action and rhythm,

with other vital signs being measured and recorded at half hourly intervals —sufficient work in fact for one experienced nurse exclusively. The advent of a cardiac arrest demands immediate dramatic action if there is to be any hope of survival at all. The nurse on the spot gives the emergency signal so that doctors can be summoned to come running. She then commences ventilating the lungs by a method of 'kiss of life': a second person will undertake external heart massage. In some cases it may be necessary to apply electric shocks to the heart to get it restarted. If the damage affects those parts of the heart which comprise the organ's own co-ordinating mechanism it may be necessary to pass electrodes through the major veins of the body and into the heart, so that electric currents can be applied to actuate the muscle contractions and rhythm, a procedure performed under x-ray control. While all these things are happening the body's chemistry is changing and various drugs will need to be injected into vein or muscle or even into the heart itself. Fluids may have to be infused into a vein and, in order to keep control, the drugs used and the vital signs measured must be recorded. Meanwhile the other 22 patients in the ward still need care and attention.

So much for the Men's Ward. Upstairs, in women's surgical, the situation was much the same. There were cases recovering from operations performed that day—a resection of a length of cancerous bowel, some gynaecological cases and one removal of gall bladder. A total of 20 patients all recovering from or being prepared for operation. The gall bladder case had been a routine one but on return to the ward surgical shock had suddenly increased to cause collapse of respiratory and circulatory systems: a comparatively minor crisis although requiring skilled nursing observation, control of intravenous infusion and administration of various drugs. In fact, the ward was relatively quiet, though the workload was more than enough to keep the sister and her staff, one student and one auxiliary, working at a fast rate throughout their tour of duty.

The ten-bed women's orthopaedic ward also had several recent operation cases: such as fractured limbs and arthritic hips. Some of the patients were slightly senile and petulant; somewhat like babies in their need of physical and emotional care. The one senior student nurse on duty was coping well with the essentials of her workload but single-handed found it almost impossible to lift patients on and off bedpans without hurt to damaged limbs.

The eye ward was quiet. Several patients operated upon the previous day had ample time to consider their position. Blinded by bandages, it was inevitable that their thoughts turned constantly to the one question uppermost in their minds. What would it be like when the dressings were removed? With no diversion, there was a tendency to restlessness, and it was important that eye dressings not be disturbed. The one senior nurse knew that, as well as the physical ministrations, an important part of her job was to give psychological comfort. But how to find the time?

Luckily, in the casualty department there was not much doing. Only a few minor things, such as wasp stings and cuts, that were easily dealt

with by the solitary nurse on duty. With the holiday season well under way, the potential number of casualties was great: a lacerated foot from stepping on a broken bottle on the beach, an adder bite on the downs; a diabetic temporarily out of control because of unusual holiday activity, a chronic heart disease become acute for the same reason: or even a lonely soul who had tried to end it all with too many sleeping tablets. In overall charge of the nursing service in the hospital was the Nursing Officer, formerly known as assistant or deputy matron. All nursing problems if unresolved at a lower level eventually reached her. Many problems that were not nursing ones were also referred to her, since after normal working hours hospital administrators (as distinct from nursing administrators) were off duty. On this particular evening her 'bleep'—the electronic call device which she carried everywhere—had hardly stopped, and each call had been one for assistance in the form of additional nursing manpower in the crisis areas. The theatre desparately needed help to cope with the extra team operating on the young motorcyclist. The surgical ward wanted help to relieve the load consequent upon this latest emergency. The medical ward was dealing with the cardiac arrest, but the remaining patients were untended. Yet every nurse on duty was already more than fully occupied in her own field.

In industry or commerce such pressure of work would be met in one of two ways: additional staff would be recruited to meet increased business, or customer or client would simply wait until such time as pressure eased, or his turn in the queue arrived. The nurses' dilemma is that, unable either to strike or tell emergency patients to wait in the queue, the workload is borne even though it has grown to overwhelming proportions. Today, nursing is faced with a manpower crisis which is itself aggravating the situation. Recruitment suffers and nurses are leaving because of the frustrations and physical exhaustion of trying to pack so much into the working hours. Training of nurses suffers seriously because students are so often carrying out procedures unsupervised, and skimping to save time. Although nurses work a 42 hour week, establishments are the same as when a 48 hour week was worked. Under such conditions of overwork, the risk of mistakes which could so easily be fatal or otherwise serious for the patients is enormous.

It might be thought that the nurse's increasing rarity would enhance her value salary-wise, but even this does not seem to apply, without the bargaining weapon of withdrawal of labour or the ability to defer her overload of work until 'tomorrow'. If the hospital nursing service is to survive, drastic improvements are required.

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THE CASE FOR VOLUNTARY EUTHANASIA

by Eliot Slater

CONSIDERING that we all have to die one day, it is surprising that we do not make more effort to choose a time to suit ourselves, rather than leave such an important matter to chance, or to exhausted nature, or to the decisions of others. There is an inertia in living, which tends to keep the life process going until the difficulties become insurmountable. Doctors know that most patients shy away from death and, however uncomfortable their life, would rather die tomorrow than today. Such is their respect for this primitive urge that doctors have now made an ethical principle out of it.

It was not always so. Medical ethics, despite the conservatism of the profession, change steadily with time; and they are different now in this respect from what they were when I was a young houseman, rather more than 40 years ago. Then there was not very much one could do to keep life going in the moribund patient; and it was considered wise and humane to let the dying patient slip away without trying to hold him back. Nowadays the profession has such powers to arrest the process of dying that it is difficult to leave them unused. In 1969 the Representative Body of the British Medical Association, in a strong condemnation of euthanasia, affirmed the 'fundamental objects of the medical profession as the relief of suffering and the preservation of life'. The preservation of life has, in fact, been made officially into a cardinal principle, although there is certainly a considerable number of doctors who would not agree with this unreservedly, and despite the many difficulties which this principle creates now that medicine has become what it is.

The official view gave the first priority to the prevention of suffering, but the order is frequently reversed. There are many conditions in which the preservation of life can only be bought by the prolongation of suffering. Doctors, especially the energetic teams of doctors and nurses in hospitals, can appreciate the preservation of life as a clear directive; and the measures it will call for will be plain enough. The prevention of suffering is a much more nebulous aim, and it is difficult to see how far one is successful in providing it. So the straightforward thing to do is to keep life going at any cost, and then do what one can to relieve the suffering entailed. The result is that there is a very great deal of most uncomfortable dying. Estimates by family doctors and other doctors of great experience vary between five and 15 per cent of cases in which there is serious or prolonged distress and suffering. It is possible to control pain in very painful conditions, but only by close and unremitting attention; injections, for instance, have to be repeated at short intervals. This is not generally a working practice in hospitals, except in special units; and it is rarely possible at home. But there are other distresses besides pain; and it is much more difficult to relieve nausea, difficulty in breathing, and the feeling of being wretchedly feeble and

ill. It is quite common for circumstances to arise in which the doctor has to choose between the preservation of life and the relief of suffering, since the suffering can only end with the end of life. These are the situations in which, as some of us believe, it would be natural and right for the patient's own wishes to be consulted and obeyed.

Wherever they can, doctors avoid talking to their patients about their life expectation, or of death in any personal application. The subject lies under a kind of taboo. This is felt so much by patients that, when at last they become aware that they might be dying, they still feel it is impossible to ask their doctor whether this is so or not. If they are given the chance to talk about it, they will often seize it with gratitude and relief. Doctors then find, to their surprise, that there are many patients, particularly among the elderly, in whom the life-urge has burnt itself out, and who would be glad to die. In two combined National Opinion Polls, 1964 and 1965, each of 1,000 general practitioners taken at random from the Medical Register, nearly half (48.6 per cent) of those who replied answered 'yes' to the question: 'Have you ever been asked by a dying patient to give him or her final release from suffering which was felt to be intolerable?' If the request were a legal one, would there be any humane grounds for refusing it? This is the direction in which lay, if not medical, opinion is tending to veer, for instance the informed and sensitive opinion of the priest. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Ramsay, when asked how he felt about euthanasia, said: 'We need some more Christian exploration on this. I would say that where a patient is lingering on in great distress, without any possibility of continuing life or happiness or purpose, it is not necessary for the doctor to continue keeping him alive.' (*The Times*, 3.5.71).

The preservation-of-life principle can be taken to lengths which are patently absurd. Two examples can be given out of the many that might be thought of. One is provided by the young man who suffers a severe head injury in a road accident. He is taken into hospital unconscious, and remains unconscious though still not quite dead, since his heart is kept beating with electronic aid and he still breathes with assisted respiration. The brain is shocked to begin with, so that one cannot tell how much brain tissue has been destroyed and how much put temporarily out of action, leaving recovery still possible. The greater the amount of tissue destruction, the longer unconsciousness is likely to last; and one can argue back from the duration of unconsciousness to the degree of recovery that can be expected. More exact information is available in the electrical output of the brain, which is traced in wave form by the electroencephalograph. It is still possible, even after some weeks of unconsciousness, for a man to recover and after months of convalescence regain a fairly normal life, though there will be some personality changes. If unconsciousness persists longer and longer, the chance of worthwhile recovery recedes. The state becomes a vegetative one, keeping going without electronic aid or artificial feeding. The heart beats; the chest breathes; bladder and bowels automatically empty themselves from time to time; food carefully spooned into the mouth calls up the swallowing reflex. But the patient is in a deep sleep, from

which he cannot be roused; great areas of the brain, on which awareness depends, have gone for ever. It is our practice to keep patients alive in this state for as long as we can, for five years, six years and more, in fact for years after the last hope has gone that they will ever be conscious again. No one supposes that the hospital is rendering any service to the unconscious man, for whom life and death have equally ceased to exist. Nor could one claim that any service is done to the family. Relatives, and parents especially, will go on hoping and hoping, however unreasonably, in a state so painful that, when death finally does come, it is felt as a relief. Least of all has any service been rendered to society. The burden on the community is quite a heavy one. The nursing of such an unconscious patient makes a considerable demand on the hospital's resources; and the consequence is that medical aid to other patients must be denied or delayed. The reason for so much care and devotion so uselessly expended is that any other course is felt to be morally indefensible. The spark of life needs constant support: the monitoring of vegetative functions, antibiotics, special feeding, cleaning, care, protection, etc. Withhold it, and it dies. To withdraw it, then, is to kill; and for those who have dedicated themselves to the preservation of life, killing is unthinkable.

At the other end of life doctors are faced with an equivalent dilemma, and one which is now becoming extremely common. This is the problem of the very old. People start to age not all at the same time, and not all at an equal rate. Different tissues of the body have their own times for getting old, so that muscles, bones and joints, the arteries and the heart, the eyes and the hearing and the nervous system are not equally old at the same time; and here too there are wide differences between individuals. As time goes on into the seventies and the eighties, small incapacities and disabilities gradually accumulate. Life becomes more and and more restricted, and even the restricted life becomes more and more difficult. Very often there is very little money to spare, or even downright poverty. Still more often there is great loneliness. Nowadays old people are no longer part of the nuclear family. Their children, with husbands or wives and children of their own, have no room for them in their homes, or in their lives. The world moves on with bewildering rapidity, and every new social change comes as an added strain. Then perhaps comes illness or an accident; the old person is taken into hospital, and soon transferred to a geriatric ward. Here he gets the best attention, and what is possible is done to put him right and make him able to look after himself again; then he can go home, perhaps with yet another minor disability; or into an old persons' home; or into a chronic ward where he can wait for death. These old people are very tenacious of life, and often get a lot of enjoyment and interest out of pitifully limited existences. But even then, as doctors who work in geriatric wards know well, about one in five of these patients will tell you if you ask them—or even listen to them—that they would very much like to be dead and done with it all, if only that were possible.

The most pathetic state is that of the old person whose brain ages faster than the other organs, so that he or she (it is usually she, since women live

longer than men) becomes mentally senile. Experts have estimated that, by the age of 80, about one in 40 people can expect the onset of senile dementia. This is a hateful condition, degrading and slow to kill. Thirty years ago or so, before the discovery of antibiotics, the senile patient usually died quickly, since his resistance was so low and he was very liable to infections which were deadly in that enfeebled state. Pneumonia was 'the old man's friend' and, once it came, snuffed out existence in a day or so. Now our drugs are so powerful that the old man's friend is kept from the door when he calls. Protected against accidents and all causes of quick death in a well-run hospital ward, the senile patient goes on into a state in which all mental faculties wither away, memory, intelligence, interest, understanding and judgment, love and affection, even the realisation of where one is, and the recollection of who one is. The final state is one of mindlessness. The shrivelled patient sits in bed with dull gaze and fingers plucking the bedclothes, unresponsive when spoken to, unnoticing of doctors, nurses, visitors, family, passively receiving the administration of food, the unremitting cleaning and care. An infection can run through such a ward like a Black Death, so that special precautions and the free use of antibiotics are needed; but with their aid these helpless bodies linger on for one year, two years and more. The excellent doctors and the devoted nurses (always too few for the great strain the work imposes) will say that this is right, and that this is not an undignified end. But surely there are few who would not dread it for themselves.

There are, of course, many last illnesses in which death can still come quickly and irresistibly; but the increasing powers of the doctors are closing these exits. More and more, patients are shown the way to a slower death, drifting downwards by infinitesimal stages into extreme debility, physical or mental or both. The long process is not easy, and often involves much suffering and distress. What we need is a means by which the private individual can exercise some self-determination. When the course is irretrievably downwards, the alternative to drifting is a quicker plunge, which must be by a voluntary act. What avenues are open today?

Since the Suicide Act of 1961, suicide in this country has not been an offence under the law. However, it is a long-standing and persistent medical tradition to regard it as abnormal, usually the act of a mentally sick man, indeed itself constituting strong *prima facie* evidence of mental illness. Doctors think it their duty to interrupt a suicide, at any moment however late before death; and then, after he has been resuscitated, to try to help the patient to solve his problems in other ways. Anyone who wishes to forestall the well-meant rescue would do well to draw up a solemn declaration of his intention, and formally forbid anyone to interfere with it or lay hands on his person while alive.

I do not know that this has ever been done. But it seems to be lawful, and it might become an accepted practice. If it did, it would solve only a part of the problem. Patients who are very ill and confined to bed are helplessly in the hands of others and have no easy means of suicide. Those who wished to die could perhaps be helped by an amendment to the Suicide

Act, releasing from the general prohibition against aiding and abetting a suicide the registered medical practitioner acting *bona fide* in his professional relationship. A doctor, who would never consider being an 'executioner', might find it easier, if the law allowed, to place the means of death within the reach of his patient, for him to use if he wished of his own accord, neither encouraging nor preventing him.

This would still leave the cases of those who, without realising what has happened to them, lapse into a demented state in which volitional acts are no longer possible. Their predicament would call for a change in the law, to give effect to a declaration made in advance, asking that in such a state they should be allowed to die as soon as possible. This was the substance of a Euthanasia Bill presented in the Lords in 1969 by Lord Raglan, which was defeated, though against a substantial minority.

The present state of affairs in law and in practice is a patent absurdity. In the long run the human desire for comfort will find a way round the distresses and indignities of incurable illness or incapacity. Some time man's need for freedom and self-determination will win against the forces that keep him in the servitude of a life sentence without remission or parole.

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THE PALESTINE REFUGEES: SOME REALITIES

by Gerald Blake

SINCE the Six Days War of June 1967 various issues have emerged at different times as the chief stumbling-block to peace in the Middle East—the old city of Jerusalem, access to the Gulf of Aqaba, or arrangements for reopening the Suez Canal. Rarely, it seems, have the Palestine refugees been regarded as the biggest single problem. The assumption is that if a permanent peace can be agreed, the refugee problem will be relatively easily resolved. The government of Israel has maintained this line since 1948 in their insistence that the refugees can only be discussed as part of an overall plan for peace in the region. With the depressing prospect of deadlock once again over the question of territorial arrangements, the time has come for the refugee problem to be brought to the forefront as a prelude and not a sequel to peace. Specific proposals from both sides concerning their permanent and productive settlement would be the surest sign of a desire for co-existence and until the refugee problem is tackled there cannot in any case be any meaningful peace. Joint Arab-Israeli action to find ways and means for their repatriation or permanent integration could generate some understanding and trust instead of the all pervading atmosphere of mutual suspicion.

A relatively simple first step in the direction of co-operation is for the Arabs and Israelis to adopt a realistic approach to the scale and nature of the refugee problem. So far, Israel has been unwilling to concede the accuracy of any figures quoted by Arab sources, while the Arabs have frequently exaggerated figures quoted by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (U.N.W.R.A.), yet year after year U.N.W.R.A. itself faithfully points out that their figures 'do not necessarily reflect the actual refugee population owing to factors such as unreported deaths, false registrations, or undetected absences from the area. . . .' Thus in 1970 U.N.W.R.A. reported a total of 1,425,000 registered Palestine refugees, apart from those additionally created by the war of June 1967. By contrast, the Israelis put the number of refugees at 900,000. Nobody can be sure which figure is nearest the truth, because there is not even agreement as to the number of Palestinians who originally left the territory occupied by Israel in 1948. Most Arab sources generally estimate 750-800,000, while Israelis quote 550-600,000. On the assumption that the Palestine refugee population has grown in the subsequent 22 years at approximately the same rate as the Arab population of Israel, the Arab estimate of the 1948 exodus would give a present refugee population of 1,177,000 and the Israeli figure nearer 850,000. It is almost certain, however, that the refugee population has increased at more than 2.5 per cent per annum. The population of Jordan has increased in recent years at about 3.3 per cent, although such a high annual rate of increase is hardly likely to have been sustained among the refugees since 1948. On this basis the Arab estimate of the 1948 exodus would give 1,600,000 refugees today, and the Israeli figure some 1,300,000 refugees.

In some ways these figures are not important because any serious attempt to solve the refugee problem would have to go hand-in-hand with a fact-finding inquiry conducted by independent international agencies to determine the exact number and condition of the refugees. At present enumeration is carried out by U.N.W.R.A. staff, most of whom are refugees themselves, while the Arab host governments have refused to permit independent census taking. When Israel occupied the Gaza strip in June 1967, a census of population was conducted (as in all the occupied territories) and the Israelis claim to have found almost exactly 100,000 fewer people than the Egyptian authorities in the previous year. The discrepancy cannot be accounted for by a fresh exodus of refugees from the Gaza strip in 1967. Who is right? An extraordinary feature of this numbers game is that Israel has a propaganda interest in maintaining the highest possible figure and the Arabs the lowest, not the reverse. If the refugee population is sufficiently large, Israel might reasonably argue that their rehabilitation *within* the borders of Israel would constitute an unacceptable threat to her own survival, and that permanent resettlement must be primarily outside Israel. The Palestinians for their part might find the idea of a multi-racial state more credible if the number wishing to return was put at more realistic levels. In reality the dimensions of the refugee problem are such that the only practicable solution to their plight must lie in co-operative action in which neither Israel nor the Arab states are left with the full burden of absorption.

The official pronouncements of Arabs and Israelis on solving the refugee problem have not hitherto held out much hope for joint action. Israel's official policy remains basically that set out before the United Nations General Assembly by Abba Eban on October 8, 1968:

> One: A conference of Middle Eastern States should be convened, together with the Governments contributing to refugee relief and the specialised agencies of the United Nations, in order to chart a five-year plan for the solution of the refugee problem in the framework of a lasting peace and the integration of refugees into productive life. This conference can be called in advance of peace negotiations.
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> Two: Under the peace settlement, joint refugee integration and rehabilitation commissions should be established by the signatories in order to approve agreed projects for refugee integration in the Middle East, with regional and international aid.

On the face of it, this seems reasonable enough, but it evades the vital question of whether Israel would be prepared to take in any refugees herself. It seems doubtful, because in the following month Israel's Ambassador-at-Large Michael Comay reminded the Political Committee of the General Assembly that 'as a general rule refugees who have left their original country get resettled elsewhere'. Whatever this was meant to imply, it can hardly have encouraged the Arabs. Unfortunately official Arab and Palestinian statements have been no more helpful. For 23 years they have maintained that Article 11 of the U.N. Resolution (194) of December 1948, declaring that 'refugees wishing to return to their homes and live in peace with their neighbours should be permitted to do so at the earliest practicable date . . .', provides the only basis for solving the refugee problem. Twenty years ago

they were right, and they are still undoubtedly right in respect of the 200,000 or so *new* refugees created by the fighting of June 1967. But for the 1948 refugees and their descendants, Resolution 194 has little to do with reality. In town and countryside in Israel, thousands of Arab homes have disappeared to make way for new developments, and thousands more have been occupied by Israel's growing Jewish population of 2.5 million, among them large numbers of refugees from the Middle East and North Africa. Hundreds of new villages and dozens of new towns have been founded, landscapes transformed, and a whole new way of life has been established. This does not mean there would be *no room* for Palestine refugees; Israel is planning for a population of four millions in the next decade, and is pledged in principle to accept all the remaining world Jewish population, at least ten times more numerous than the Palestine refugees. Changes in Israel since 1948 however mean that only a tiny proportion of the Arab refugees could ever find their way back to their 'homes'. For the rest, repatriation would probably mean absorption in one of the towns with substantial Arab populations such as Haifa, Nazareth, Ramlah, or Akko. Some might be settled as farmers in Upper Galilee where a number of Arab villages have remained inhabited since 1948, or in the Negev region in the south where developing desert towns and agricultural settlement schemes might absorb limited numbers of workers. Within such limits, Israel should declare her willingness to absorb a share of the refugees.

It must also be recognised that not all the Palestine Arab refugees would wish to return to Israel, possibly not even to a multi-racial Palestine State. This is a reality of which the Arab States and the Palestinians themselves must be aware, yet which has never been admitted. To begin with, a decreasing proportion have first-hand recollections of life in Palestine; U.N.W.R.A. statistics show nearly 800,000 births among the refugee population between 1950 and 1970. Probably less than one-third of the entire refugee population were born inside the pre-1967 borders of Israel. Also, a substantial number have secured steady employment and housing in the host countries and would be highly unlikely to risk moving. U.N.W.R.A. has established schools for the refugees and a number of first class vocational and technical training centres whose teachers, tradesmen and technicians are in demand all over the Middle East. In 1970 nearly a quarter of a million registered refugees were deemed to be sufficiently self-supporting not to be eligible to receive rations, which may be some measure of the proportion economically integrated by the host countries. The Israelis claim the proportion to be very much higher. On the other hand, in 1970 there were some 440,000 officially registered refugees still living in U.N.W.R.A. camps (including Gaza and the West Bank), an indication of the hard-core of the refugees without permanent homes or jobs. It is a fair guess that, in the event of an effort to solve the refugee problem once and for all, shelter and employment might have to be found for between 500,000 and 800,000 souls. With over half the population under 15 or over 60 years of age, the number of jobs which would have to be created initially for family breadwinners does not represent an impossible target.

U.N.W.R.A.'s estimated income in 1970 was well over £300 million, 96 per cent of which was contributed by individual member states of the United Nations. The remainder came from charities and individuals all over the world. It is a reasonable assumption that contributions greatly in excess of this level would be forthcoming to finance any long-term projects for a permanent solution to the problem. Perhaps even Zionist funds could be persuaded to contribute. In addition, Israel still holds several million pounds in the Abandoned Arab Property Fund which would be available to compensate refugees permanently settled, while the United Nations also holds a special sum amounting to some £70 million specifically for the rehabilitation of refugees. These combined resources would be more than enough with which to begin building permanent homes, and where necessary, some limited industrial projects to provide employment for the refugees. One of the oft-repeated myths about the Palestinians is that they are a peasant people hankering after a life on the soil and for whom costly agricultural development schemes can provide the only satisfactory form of life. This is true of only a small proportion. Even in 1948 a substantial number of refugees were urban dwellers. Since then the younger generation have been brought up in a non-agricultural setting if not actually as urban-dwellers, and their aspirations are not generally to farm the land. This provides one of the most encouraging aspects of the nature of the refugee problem, since refugees could be absorbed much more easily both in Israel and the Arab world as urban dwellers. The Israelis rightly claim to have much technical expertise to share with their Arab neighbours. It may be asking a lot of them; but could they not begin putting this know-how to the best possible use by taking in some, though not all, of the Palestine refugees?

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HOLYWELL CEMETERY: VICTORIAN OXFORD

by A. L. Rowse

THE quiet of Sunday morning has descended upon the overburdened city, of a Sunday after Encaenia when the ambassadors and politicians, the grandees and honorands, have departed. Today is Independence day, 4 July. A jangle of bells from St. Martin's, the old city church of which only the tower remains, ringing for service at All Saints, is now over. Quiet, a blessed stillness, only Sunday sounds—it might be the Victorian age—as I turn in under the shadow of St. Cross and glimpse, embowered in its shrubberies, the little sexton's house and church school, in the Gothic of the 1860's, something straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*, latticed windows, overhanging eaves, porch buried under a rambler rose. There is a nostalgic scent of box, that unmistakable, pungent smell, mingled with roses and syringa. Two tall mulleins stand on guard on the dry stone wall, two cut cypresses frame the spiked gate: everything suggests the appropriate atmosphere.

But one would never have believed what treasures there are within—the whole of late Victorian Oxford leaps to the eye from headstone to headstone: here they all are, those familiar names, or at least half of them, the eastern half, for the western would be buried in the cemetery by the railway station.

Immediately inside the gate the University declares itself with two Heads of Houses who would have known each other in life: the unmemorable Principal of Brasenose who held office such a long time, 1889 to 1920, and the memorable A. L. Smith, most influential of Oxford tutors in his day, Master of Balliol from 1916 to 1924, all too short a time; a jar of roses to remember him still. Opposite, a singular inscription holds my attention: 'To the Beautiful Memory of Kenneth Grahame, Husband of Elspeth and Father of Alastair, who passed the River on the 6th of July 1932, Leaving Childhood and Literature through him the more Blest for all Time. And of his son Alastair Grahame, Commoner of Christ Church 1920.'

Who can have written that rigmarole?—someone of literary pretensions evidently. (I subsequently find that it was written by Kenneth Grahame's cousin, Anthony Hope, author of *Rupert of Hentzau* and such). Next to it is something simple and affecting, to one who was 'Teacher and Priest'. Not many of those who read *The Wind in the Willows* know what a story lies beneath the headstone. Kenneth Grahame was married to a tragic woman, the Elspeth of the inscription, with whom his life was one long misery. He should never have married at all; he was Nature's bachelor, was already forty and had written *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days* when he took the fatal step. Anyone less remote and long-suffering would have been driven off his head by that pushing, psychotic woman. As it was, the son took refuge in suicide: undergraduate at Christ Church, a couple of years before I came up, the boy lay down on the railway-line just outside Oxford.

All the same—so like life—it is probable that if the poor boy had not come into existence *The Wind in the Willows* might never have come into existence either, for it originated in letters written to him away at school.

Kenneth Grahame adored Oxford; he was at school there, at St. Edward's, and longed to come up to the university as an undergraduate. Instead of that, he was sent by his thrifty Scotch relations into the Bank of England as a clerk. Anyone less like a bank-clerk can hardly be imagined; on the other hand, if it had not been for that frustrated life, living his own inner life of fantasy, he would not have written his books. (In their various ways, the differing circumstances of their frustration, it is like Beatrix Potter, or Lewis Carroll, or Edward Lear). What Kenneth Grahame wanted was to dream his life away as a don: plenty of those here, but only one Kenneth Grahame.

Next to him is a Fellow of All Souls, one of the talented band of Barrington-Ward brothers, sons of the Victorian vicar of Duloe in Cornwall, a Balliol living, which used to go with the Mastership of that eminent but impecunious college. Hence it is that the stalls which Jowett threw out of the chapel are to be seen in the choir of that remote Cornish country church. Hence, too, the first names of this one of the brothers—Frederick Temple, called after the Archbishop, who had been Bishop of Exeter when Cornwall was still part of the ancient diocese.

Along the sunny wall is a little gathering of Anglican Sisters: *Laus Deo* for Sister Louisa Mary, Sister Lucy Maria, Sister Johanna and the rest, their surnames lost in religion. Beside them, such are these improbable juxtapositions, the fortuitous fellowship of death, are two Indian Civil Servants, father and son—two Roes (I think of fat old Sir Thomas Roe on his first embassy to the Moghul Emperor at Agra): two Oxford men, the father *Fortis et Patiens*, the son *Celer Servare*. What a story, indeed, that of the Indian Civil Service, those lives spent remote from home in heat and in service—all over now as if it had never been!

Down the path I go, past all the Boffins of the old cake-shop of my undergraduate days: a cedar of Lebanon spreads its arms out protectively over them. And so, past a Principal of Jesus, a President of Corpus, another Principal of Brasenose, a Victorian professor of moral philosophy, up to my knees in long waving grass, June daisies and clover, I wade to the big Celtic cross under which lies the most Victorian of musicians, Sir John Stainer of Stainer's *Crucifixion*.

Born in London, June 6, 1840, died at Verona March 31, 1901, he is described as Professor of Music *to* the University of Oxford. Invited modestly to reflect on 1 John, 4-7, what do we find when we look up the Bible? 'In him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.'

Now is that, I wonder, quite modest as applied to Sir John Stainer, or indeed wholly accurate? It can hardly be said that *his* light shone in darkness, or that his works were not comprehended in his time. On the con-

trary he was immensely appreciated, riotously successful—much more so than a more elect spirit, a man of genius like Elgar, who had such a struggle and had to create his own audience for himself. Even so it is probable that Stainer's best work is not appreciated by the public: as a pioneer in the revival of Gregorian plain-song and medieval music. (Why did not Elgar, who was a Catholic, do more for it?—the most moving passages in *The Dream of Gerontius* are the supplications for the dying man in the ancient plain-chant of the Church.)

Stainer was President of the Plain-song and Medieval Music Society and of the London Gregorian Association, in addition to writing scholarly works on Dufay and his contemporaries, the music of the fifteenth century. He was the founder of the Musical Association, Principal of the National Training School for Music, Government inspector of the music training colleges, in addition to being organist of St. Paul's, Master of the Musicians' Company and ultimately Professor of Music *to* the University of Oxford. Hence his ubiquitous fame in Victorian England: Victorian church-music was Stainer. How this one-eyed man accomplished it all is astonishing; we might adapt Whistler's wicked question to the President of the Royal Academy—'And, let me see, you *compose* a bit too?'

Yes, Stainer composed. Several oratorios, in addition to *The Crucifixion*, 40 anthems, 150 hymn tunes—many of them in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*—pieces for the organ, his favourite instrument (on which he had a gift for extemporising)—all flowed from his facile pen. Perhaps this was the trouble: he had none of the difficulties that challenged the genius of Elgar and Vaughan Williams. He was always successful, from the time he was a boy with a fine voice and sang at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. Then he was taken up, gifted as he was, and the way made easy for him. He wrote immensely successful primers on Harmony, the Organ, etc. made money and gathered a notable collection of 750 old song-books. (Where are they now?) He enjoyed a greater vogue than any other church-musician; his sevenfold Amen penetrated to all parts of the world. A crowded, characteristic, fruitful, *busy* life, here, there and everywhere, his name on everybody's lips, dead at Verona at 60. What is left of him now? A tall columnar yew watches over his grave, one solitary forget-me-not growing upon it.

A Londoner by birth, his life was yet anchored to Oxford. At twenty he became organist at Magdalen, though he had rooms in then half-empty and derelict St. Edmund Hall; at twenty-five he won his doctorate with his oratorio *Gideon*. He married the daughter of an Oxford alderman, published two volumes on the early music in the Bodleian, came back to Oxford as professor for the ten years, 1889-1899. There is a window to his memory in the neighbouring church, from which the strains of morning service come through the nearer noises of birds, a dog barking, children's cries.

Picking my way through the wet grasses out of the gloom I emerge into the light to confront an Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture under his white Carrara marble, and a Prebendary of St. Paul's, Precentor of her Majesty's Chapel Royals, Chaplain of the Order of St.

John of Jerusalem and son of John Percival, Lord Bishop of Hereford. After this pompous recital (who were the Percivals that they should be so pompous?—the bishop was well-known in his day, now totally forgotten), it is more affecting to read the inscription beside them. 'In memory of an only son, Robert Sherbourne Murray-Smith, Commoner of Oriel College, born at Geelong, Victoria, Australia, October 20, 1865, died at Oxford November 17, 1886.' A boy of twenty-one, caught in the November fogs of Oxford, far from the clear, hot Australian sun.

Midday strikes from the bells of Oxford, from Magdalen tower over Holywell Ford, the green lane that was the old road to London, the chime modulated by the mass of yews. The words come into my mind, from that other cemetery, how different a scene, *Cimetière Marin*:

> Midi le juste y compose de feux
> La mer, la mer, toujours recommencée!

Here an altogether gentler, greener, an English scene, lush uncut grasses, trailing vegetation, flowers, everywhere roses. Still one can say—

> Le don de vivre a passé dans les fleurs.

I pass by another Principal of Jesus, a Provost of Oriel who died in Switzerland—obscure forgotten academics, important in their day, now who knows their names?

> Où sont des morts les phrases familières,
> L'art personnel, les âmes singulières?

After the obscurer dons here is a memorable couple of brothers: a great Victorian philosopher and a hardly less eminent critic of literature. 'Francis Herbert Bradley, O.M., LL.D., Hon. F.B.A., Fellow of Merton College. Born January 30, 1846, died September 18, 1924.' To think that I might have caught a glimpse of the crusty old sage—whom T. S. Eliot came all the way from Harvard to study—as he went on his solitary walks round the Fellows' Garden at Merton, never going outside, never speaking to anyone! And 'Andrew Cecil Bradley, LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A. Fellow of Balliol College. Professor of Poetry 1901-1906 and of English Literature at Liverpool and Glasgow, 1882-1900. Born March 26, 1851, died September 2, 1935.' It would have been enough to say of him, author of *Shakespearean Tragedy*, for it is one of the few classics of literary criticism. At Liverpool, in those ardent early days of the new civic universities, A. C. Bradley professed literature and history together, a good balance, a fruitful combination. At his evening classes he preached the gospel of Victorian Balliol, education for the people, his dark eyes blazing out of the pale face, the effect heightened by a black beard. Like his famous brother he was unmarried. The philosopher, being a man of genius, several times failed to obtain a Fellowship—where so many of the unmemorable find it easy—so that it was doubtful at first whether he would be able to devote his life to philosophy. At length Merton came to the rescue with a life Fellowship, but terminable by marriage. Bradley never made that mistake: henceforth Merton was his home for over half a century, from which he never moved, living to himself his retired, hypochondriacal life, quietly fulfilling his genius.

I never knew there was a third Bradley brother, commemorated here:

'John Hebert Bradley, Scholar of New College, who was drowned in the Isis, October 24, 1866, aged 18 years.' What might he not have achieved too, of this remarkable stock, if he had lived?

> Les morts cachés sont bien dans cette terre
> Qui les réchauffe et sèche leur mystère.

And so across the path to the ugly white marble cross under which lies the most mysterious of the Victorians, the most secret and reserved: 'Walter Pater, died July 30, 1894.' That is all it says, except for the improbable inscription at the head, 'In Te Domine speravi'. The inscription is a deliberate challenge, for it is unlikely to represent anything that Pater thought or hoped: it evidently represents what his sister, who is buried with him, thought it desirable it should be thought. Pater early lost his religious faith; he came from an odd background that made it the more understandable. The family had had the custom of bringing up the sons as Catholics, the daughters as Anglicans. Pater's father, who was born in New York, ceased to be a Catholic; his two sons were the first in the family not to be brought up as such. This curious background throws a shaft of light upon Pater's aesthete's brand of High Church unbelief. At first, influenced by an early contact with the saintly Keble, he intended to take orders. Then, when he found how little there was that he could believe, he thought of becoming a Unitarian minister. His first visit to Italy cured him of that: he fell in love with the Renaissance and 'lost all belief in the Christian religion'. He found himself and his own true nature.

This, in the circumstances of Victorian Oxford, offered some difficulties and posed a life-long problem. Humphry Ward, who was a brisk young Fellow of Brasenose when Pater—who lived there most of his life—was beginning to be famous, wrote: 'Men like myself to whom Pater was personally very kind found *intimacy* with him very difficult. . . . You never felt that he was quite at one with you in habits, feelings, preferences. His inner world was not that of anyone else at Oxford.'

A. C. Benson, who wrote a very prissy book about Pater, thought that 'to be intellectually and perceptively impassioned indeed he desired; but the physical ardours of love, the longing for enamoured possession—with this Pater had nothing in common'. This may have been true of A. C. Benson but Robert Ross, who knew, knew that it was not true of Pater. The clues to Pater lie strewn all over his work, demonstratively in his themes and subjects, his very titles as in his allusive phrases: 'the influence of summer is like a poison in one's blood, with a sudden bewildering sickening of life and all things'. Poor Pater!—those hot summer nights of Victorian Oxford, in his lonely room looking out on the comings and goings of the Radcliffe Square.

So he came to preach his religion of art, the dangerous worship of beauty, instead of the tedious Victorian concentration on ethics, even when religious belief had gone. The eminent Jowett, who believed next to nothing, deeply disapproved of the implications of Pater's teaching: *he* was clever enough to know. Pater had been his pupil, and Jowett, who had an infallible eye for ability of any kind, said: 'I think you have a mind that will come to great eminence'. But when that mind came to put forth its questionable

fruits—Pater knew all about *Les Fleurs du Mal* and preferred to read Poe in Baudelaire's translation—Jowett could not approve. There was a long estrangement between master and pupil, only ended in the last year of their lives. Pater, it is hard to realise, was only fifty-five when he died, full of plans for further writing.

At that time his influence was at its height; a younger generation was listening, the Victorian colossus being challenged. Benson says, 'young men with vehement impulses, with no experience of the world, no idea of the solid and impenetrable weight of social traditions and prejudices, found in the principles enunciated by Pater with so much recondite beauty, so much magical charm, a new equation of values'. Pater died in the year before the most flamboyant and gifted of his disciples, Wilde, came by his fall, and society gave a shattering exhibition of its barbarism and cruelty.

I notice that today the path to Pater's grave is well-trodden, the grass around it cut and kept trim. Evidently the most admired and visited Victorian here.

After so many quiet lives of repressed dons here is something out of the ordinary academic rut: 'In memory of William Frederick Donkin, M.A., lost with three companions in attempting the ascent of Mount Dychtan at the head of Doumala Glen in the Caucasus, aged 42, August 1888'. There's a story worth recovering: I doubt if any foreigner would be allowed to penetrate as far into the Caucasus in our time.

I make my way over to the northern side, the path by the wall, where —a more immediate reminder of mortality—I find myself among friends I knew. Here is the oldest of them, whose funeral I attended in my first year at All Souls: 'Francis Ysidro Edgeworth, fifth son of Frances Beaufort Edgeworth of Edgeworthstown, Ireland. Emeritus Professor of Political Economy, Fellow of All Souls College, 1901-1926. Born 1845, died 1926.' He went back so far into the Victorian age, and the Edgeworths had such a long family span, that he was able to tell me that Maria Edgeworth, who was his aunt, instructed him as a child to say Brighthelmstone not Brighton. Maria Edgeworth was born in 1767. So I have known a man who had talked to an old lady born at the beginning of George III's reign, well before the American Revolution. These extraordinary spans of time that some families can produce make the phenomena of historic tradition all the more easily intelligible.

Here is Charles Williams, a poet, whom I just knew, with his frightful accent so that one couldn't bear to hear him quote poetry—friend of C. S. Lewis, who much over-estimated his work, because he agreed with his religious mysticism. Not far away are those other Magdalen men, Benecke and George Gordon. Paul Victor Mendelssohn Benecke—he was a nephew or great-nephew of Mendelssohn, and talented pianist, who wouldn't play in public: how well I remember his spectacled blue nose, the legend of the rooms that had not had a fire lighted in them for fifty years, the abstemiousness, the surreptitious charities. Next but one is his friend G. S. Gordon, President of Magdalen, a gifted *littérateur* who never fulfilled his early promise as the brilliant Walter Raleigh's *protégé* and successor. Mortality

draws nearer—he died at my time of life, just when he was hoping to achieve something. Not far away is one who was much my junior, Harry Bell, History tutor of New College; then, almost buried in long grass, I have to draw back a curtain to read the Dante inscription, *La sua volontate e nostra pace:* Benedict Humphrey Sumner, Warden of All Souls, to whom I was Sub-Warden.

Under a yew at the east end of the church lies a surgeon of genius, Hugh Cairns, born at Port Pirie, South Australia, June 26, 1896, died at Oxford, July 18, 1952; Rhodes Scholar at Balliol 1919-1920, Professor of Surgery 1937-1952. He was the most brilliant brain-surgeon of his day, one of the finest of human beings; alas, he, who had saved so many lives, could do nothing for himself when stricken with cancer in his fifties. Here I am back in the Balliol patch, the path running from these men whom I had known along the sunny east wall to the widow of celebrated Martin Routh, President of Magdalen. She died in 1869, but her husband was born in 1755 in the reign of George II and knew Dr. Johnson. Once more one is struck by the historic spans the conjunctions of some lives offer.

It may seem parodoxical to conclude a perambulation of a cemetery on a note of joy—the poignant joy in growing older, with the lengthening memories one stores up, the riches of personal contact and knowledge of so many people, with their strange stories, their curious quirks—

L'art personnel, les âmes singulières —

the more acute sense of delight in life as the years close in and perspectives of the past lengthen.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE SAME NAME

by James Morton

I RECALL the first film I saw, of which I had previously read the book, was Hitchcock's *The Thirty Nine Steps*. It was shown in the gymnasium of the preparatory school I attended and I am sure that I was thoroughly obnoxious during the evening and thoroughly unpopular after it because I spent a lot of the time saying to my friends, and indeed, anyone within hearing distance, 'That didn't happen in the book.' What defeated my embryonic masculine pride was the fact there was a girl; something quite foreign to Hannay and indeed to Buchan. Also I recall the end had been changed. Later of course I began to realise that what was suitable for paper wasn't necessarily suitable for the Saturday night audience at the Gaumont. I began to accept that dramatic episodes had to be heightened or, if they did not appear in the book, they had to be invented. Sometimes the film bore little resemblance to the book. Certainly *The Killers* owes only the title to the short story by Hemingway, and is quite callously sold under a false pretence.

Curiously enough the full circle has come when now the film does bear much closer resemblance to the book whose title it bears. Of the five films I am considering, all are interesting examples of a different genre and all remain more or less faithful to their books.

On any consideration, the most important of these must be Luchino Visconti's *Death in Venice*. From the novella by Thomas Mann, Visconti takes the story of a composer (an author in the novella, but clearly Mahler) who, recovering from a breakdown caused by overwork and a hostile reception to his last symphony, comes to Venice shortly before the First World War, at a time when Venice was in the sporadic grip of a cholera epidemic. From the first evening in the hotel he espies a young Polish boy with whom he falls in love. The rest of the film is his gradual emotional deterioration as he goes in helpless pursuit of the boy, to whom he never speaks and who seems to regard him with amused contempt. Finally, Dirk Bogarde, in a fine performance as von Aschenback, dies in a welter of sweat and mascara as he sees the boy worsted in a wrestling match on the beach with an older and stronger boy. By this time his degradation is complete. He has been rouged and made up by the hotel barber in a ghastly imitation of the elderly homosexual and fading *commedia del 'Arte* player whom he meets respectively at the beginning and in the middle of the film.

Visconti has, throughout his film-making career, in many instances used a celebrated novel. *Osessone* is in fact James Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, translated into postwar Italy. *The Damned* leans heavily on Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*; *Le Notti Bianchi* is from a short story by Dostoyevsky; *Senso* is from a novel by Camillo Boito; *Rocco e i Suoi Fratelli* is based on Tesori's *Il Ponte della Ghisolfa*: Perhaps most importantly and relevantly, *Il Gattopardo* is taken from di Lampedusa's novel of the same name. There is no doubt that these films, *Il Gattopardo* and *Death*

in Venice must stand to be compared together in any criticism of Visconti's films.

Both take as their themes the destruction of a regime or an individual. Whereas the Prince in *Il Gattopardo* was able to adjust to the new life which was in fact the destruction of all he had known, von Aschenbach is unable to appreciate and accept his new situation. Both films are extremely beautiful visually. Although Visconti has repudiated the poor prints and indifferent cutting of the English version of *Il Gattopardo*, it still remains an elegant film. Where it scores over *Death in Venice* is that, even though it is a film on a large visual scale, and where *Death in Venice* is by comparison an anecdote, the music is so much better fitted. The music of *Il Gattopardo* was by Nino Roti with an unpublished waltz by Verdi as the central theme of the Ball Scene. The music fitted so well the dying moment of not only a way of life for one man but also of an era. Visconti ends his film with the Prince leaving the Ball and hearing rifle shots in the distance; but during the last hour he has experienced death as depicted in a painting and in his own heart condition which, in the book, kills him many years later. For Visconti this is a supreme moment. He has encapsuled in a short time-space the end of life, grimly clung to by some, uncomprehended by others and accepted by the Prince. The music fitted perfectly. All the music in *Death in Venice* is from Mahler who is without doubt the composer in the film. For a delicate film with muted emotion, with camera work which is elegiac in its use of panning and tracking, the music is totally out of place. Over a scene of Bogarde being transported down the Grand Canal, Mahler literally blasts forth on the soundtrack; indeed, the music seems to be totally at variance with the muted sentiment of the film. In the long sequence before Bogarde's final visit to the beach as the now completely ageing homosexual, a folk song is sung, the singer unseen by the cameras whose wide fixed shots of the beach resemble the oils of Boudin. In such a delicate *oeuvre* it is unfortunate that the refinements are so blunted. After an overlong beginning, which could do with many minutes cut without loss, the film accelerates with Bogarde's failure to leave Venice because of the loss of his luggage. Much is made of his sense of loneliness but, unless much has already been cut, there is nothing to show for example why his wife is not with him. Indeed his loneliness seems no worse than that of the other people on the beach and at the hotel. Even with its cutting and dubbing, *The Leopard* seems to me to be a finer picture of a man and a generation.

Scrupulously faithful to the original book is Jean-Gabriel Albicocco's *The Wanderer* from the novel by Alain-Fournier, the novel of a French provincial childhood which has influenced so many French writers from Radiguet and Cocteau to Sagan. One of the difficulties of translating a novel which is so well-loved is the fact that everyone has his or her interpretation and consequently such and such a character is, to the viewer's eye, often betrayed rather than portrayed. One simple example of this is the difficulty of translating Dickens to the screen.

The Wanderer, which has been on the stockpile of films, was made in 1967 and only recently has found its way to the admirable Electric Cinema

Club in the Portobello Road. From there it moved to the Paris Pullman and then to the Times, Baker Street, both cinemas with fine reputations for their presentations. At this time there are no plans for distribution, and it would seem that like so many films it will fade away in its can whilst *The Dirty Dozen* and *Gone with the Wind* are revived again and again. There is little doubt that to have a novel of such exceptional beauty and fantasy to translate to the screen presents especial problems. Albicocco has, to my mind, solved them entirely satisfactorily by his total fidelity to the original. Hardly an episode is omitted. The fancy dress party into which the truant schoolboy stumbles is lovingly recreated with the use of vaselined lens and colour filters and balances the emotions of a tired and bewildered boy transported into what seems to him to be a wholly alien, and, in its full sense, fantastic world. The efforts he makes to retrace his steps, his bonds sworn with the unlucky Frantz de Galais, the growing love affair with Galais' sister, Yvonne, and the final renunciation and death of Yvonne are faithfully recounted. The scenery is memorable; picnics and fêtes in provincial France, the atmosphere of the school, the piteous circus, are all painful memories on the screen. This is a film of which one can only say, 'If I had filmed it I would have done it that way.' The film retains the narrative of the novel, the limping son of the school-master soon to become the confidant of both Yvonne and Augustin, and in the death of Yvonne is foreshadowed the death of youth and beauty, pointing as a finger to the death of Fournier himself in the First World War, and with it the death of an age of nobility and romance.

Arthur Penn in his latest film also looks at the death, this time of a race; the Cheyenne Indians, and their final, and as history showed unavailing, retaliation. The novel by Thomas Berger, *Little Big Man*, provides him with a vehicle for what is a film of the life of the supposed one male survivor of Custer's Last Stand; Jack Crabbe who dictates his story to an unbelieving reporter, whilst in a veterans' hospital. Dustin Hoffman, with the exception of one sequence, almost entirely throws off the mantle of Ratso Rizzi in his portrayal of the eponymous hero. The style is without doubt deliberately episodic. (Hoffman regularly states, 'And that was the end of my gunfighter period . . . that was the end of my religious period', and the film alternates between his life as a Cheyenne where he is happy (he has been captured early in his life) and where they regard themselves as Human Beings, and his life with the white people, where life is a cheat and a disappointment). Indeed on this satire of western myth and mythology there is the intentional deification by Penn of the Indian people. It has now become fashionable to show the Indians, not as the savages who held up Randolph Scott in the wagon trains in countless films of the 1940's, but to represent them as Rousseau's noble savage who is constantly betrayed and massacred by scheming white people. In many instances the massacres are now seen to be symbolic of the massacres of the Vietnamese war (and there is a particularly terrible one of the Indians in this film). By contrast, the massacre of Custer is shown as a comic set piece which owes much to the neglected French film, *Roi de Coeurs*. It is unlikely, for example, that Pike

Bishop, the gang leader of Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*, does not owe his name to Bishop Pike of California.

In his films, Penn has dealt largely with misfits and emotional and physical cripples (Bonnie and Clyde, Helen Keller, Mickey One) and Crabbe and the rest of his picaresque characters are no exception. All scenes, save the massacre of the Indians, are played for laughs and this represents a continuation of his style in Bonnie and Clyde where the sequences of the hold-ups and killings by Bonnie and Clyde were treated as moments of high comedy. They too revelled in the legends of their own lifetime, and in this present film the characters consider themselves as they would like to be in order to reconcile themselves with life outside their illusions. Again, when it comes to the one statement of the film, Penn's style comes through. In each of his films there has been at least one moment of physical contact which forces itself on the recipient and on the audience, and the slaughter of the Indians communicates itself with a sickening reality. We, the audience, feel the bullets, we feel the contact of the horses' legs, and what is more, we are able to feel, through Jack Crabbe, the full horror of the attack as he leads away the blind Indian Chief to safety.

The transition of a television director to the screen can be an interesting one. Mike Hodges has taken for his first film *Get Carter*, from the novel by Ted Lewis, *Jack's Return Home*. This, like the other films, has remarkable fidelity to the original story of a London professional gunman who travels to Newcastle to avenge the death of his hardly loved brother. The homage to Chandler and the Marlowe films is established in the long opening montage of the train journey but Carter is no Marlowe nor is Michael Caine a Bogart, Montgomery or Ladd. The film itself is, however, not uninteresting as the possible start of a new genre of British gangster pictures, where over-emphasis is placed on violence for its own sake. Where we feel for Penn's slaughtered Indians, there is little emotion for shot criminals who have never been established as characters. The film panders to, and caters for, our enthusiasm to watch men and women die for no other very good reason. What Hodges has failed to establish (and since he wrote the scenario as well as directing the film he must bear full responsibility) is a sense of reality. For example, a gun battle in the middle of the Newcastle ferry fails to produce not only police but also any member of the crew as if the boat were a Flying Dutchman. Sad too is the fact that there is no real character save Carter. Faces flit on and off the screen before the bodies which own them, die. Far more interesting was Hodges' television film, *Rumour*. That too had long repetitive montages and a tricky series of flashes forward but it revealed a far more interesting director than this film does.

The first of what promises to be a series, Ossie Davis' *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, is the film of a novel of the same name by Chester Himes. This has the virtues the Hodges film lacks. It has, for example, a certain amount of credibility even though this story of the duping of negroes in Harlem who wish to return to Africa by a coloured preacher is played for laughs as well as for the story itself. What is most interesting about it is that it is

the first film which shows the negroes as people who cheat and who lie, who are brave and who are cowards and who dislike white people and who make fun of them as much as they in turn are made fun of. The film is worth seeing alone for the seduction and total humiliation of a white policeman by an extremely good-looking black girl who, because he is white, thinks he is so ugly that she will only make love to him if he wears a paper bag over his head.

The story is of the double dealing of the coloured preacher who, once he has embezzled the money with the help of some white criminal, loses and tries to regain it. The two negro detectives, Coffin Ed and Gravedigger Jones, who feature in so many of Himes' books are played with great force and charm by Raymond St. Jacques and the comedian Godfrey Cambridge. Their superior police officers are white and are dealt with by the director according to their merits; they are not caricatured as for so many generations blacks have been caricatured in films. This film is a great step forward in its dealing with the negro on the screen. It is light years ahead of Norman Jewison's *In the Heat of the Night*, which in its turn spawned an indifferent sequel. Let us hope that the undoubted sequel to this will have the pace, humour and honesty of its original.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TWO STATESMEN: BUTLER AND GREY

The Art of the Possible. The Memoirs of Lord Butler, C.H. Hamish Hamilton. £3.75.

Sir Edward Grey. A Biography of Lord Grey of Fallodon. Keith Robbins. Cassell. £5.25.

'You was a good man and did good things', says Marty of Giles Winterborne at the end of Hardy's 'Woodlanders'. So much at least, and it is no small tribute, can be said of the two eminent men discussed here: R. A. (now Lord) Butler born 1902, and Sir Edward (later Viscount) Grey, born 1862 died 1933. Both books, the sparkling self-portrait and the massive biography are immensely interesting. But the second is far more complete, almost, if the word is ever permitted, definitive. Lord Butler's essay leaves many questions remaining but will be indispensable to the official biographer when the time comes.

The present reviewer who has himself attempted autobiography more than once heard an ex-Cabinet Minister (Irish) insist that no politician could ever write a genuine autobiography. It had been an essential part of his duty for so many years to present himself in the most favourable light that he was the last person equipped to tell his own story with candour. There is a good deal in that and, indeed, the difficulty may be even greater than suggested. The politician is occupationally driven to present himself as a 'good fellow' above everything—devoid of serious faults yet not too arrogant or self-centred. As an autobiographer he is predisposed at the same time to conceal his vices and to refrain from boasting about his recognised virtues.

Confronting these problems Lord Butler has provided a picture of himself which will, on the whole, increase the high esteem already attaching to him. The style is full of charm and not infrequently humour. There is hardly a page which does not make good reading (except for the tributes to fellow workers which are known to present an impossible problem for autobiographers). At the end we feel that we understand his character in any bearing it could have on politics. The really intimate is severely rationed; but what right have we to complain?

Much attention will, no doubt, fasten on his account of his 'failure', if that is the right word, to be elected Prime Minister in 1963. The account of his 'defeat' by Macmillan for the same office in 1957 is disappointingly brief. He clearly believes that if at the crisis in 1963 he had refused to serve under Sir Alec Douglas-Home he would in fact have become Prime Minister. 'The Chief Whip said to me later that it would have been possible to alter the whole decision in my favour, but that he thought I would never have been happy again if I had done so. With this diagnosis I agree. As I said to Kenneth Harris on the BBC in early 1966, one cannot alter one's nature. I had always worked for the unity of the Party and I did so on this occasion'. No one reading his book can doubt that that was how he saw it at the time.

There is abundant evidence here of a life-long devotion to the Conservative Party. Stronger probably than any which has actuated any Conservative

Prime Minister before or since. Lord Attlee's 'loyalty of the gut' to the Labour Party provides an analogy of a kind but otherwise nothing remotely comparable in any Party occurs to one. A crucial passage in this connection (page 15) refers to his life at Cambridge.

> 'Politics and the Union claimed an increasing share of my time. I had joined the University Conservative Association, of which my uncle Sir Geoffrey Butler (at one time M.P. for Cambridge University) was the architect and for years the President. He was the author of *The Tory Tradition* a book first published in 1914 which drew precepts from Bolingbroke, Burke, Disraeli and Salisbury. Geoffrey's own subtle and interesting mind left a considerable impact on the young men of his generation . . .'

and most of all perhaps on his nephew. Elsewhere he tells us that Cambridge, Conservatism and India have proved constant or recurring factors throughout his career. We may conclude therefore that high intellectual standards and deep-rooted, perhaps rather paternalistic concern for those in need, would naturally distinguish his own form of the Conservative tradition.

Leaving out his last few happy and fruitful years as Master of Trinity one would be inclined to select the period 1941-1955 as that of his main achievement. The Education Act of 1944, the modernisation of the post-war Conservative Party, the progress made while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer; in all these matters he took his own successful line as later for a while at the Home Office. The benefits in all the cases mentioned have been lasting. In these and other periods we find him acting honourably and very ably. Sometimes, as at the beginning over India, in accordance with his own feelings. Sometimes, as over Suez, a little passively in the response to the requirements of others. He has undergone shattering bereavement and found a serene happiness in his second marriage. All this and much more has been told here delightfully though much is left for himself and others to dwell on in later moments.

It was high time that we had as we have here a first-rate biography of Grey. 'The neglect of Grey surprisingly persists despite the enthusiasm for this period of English history' as the author pertinently remarks. 'Judged on current form no Foreign Secretary is ever likely to emulate his record of eleven years continual service at the Foreign Office.' The fact, moreover, that Grey was seemingly indispensable in itself requires, as he says, explanation. His own *Twenty-five Years* will always remain a classic of its kind however overlaid by the more ponderous forms of research into diplomatic history. Read along with Bethman-Hollweg's *Memoirs* it remains an incomparable introduction to the realities of international politics. Dr. Robbins recalls moreover that his post-war lectures published as the Fallodon Papers in 1926 had to be instantly re-printed four times. 'He had a remarkable ear for bird songs and though his sight became so bad that he could not find nests at all or see birds distinctly he could judge them by their songs impeccably to the end.' His book *The Charm of Birds* went through ten editions in the decade after it was published in 1927. What other politician, with the possible exception of Sir Winston Churchill, could point to so genuine a literary success as this?

Dr. Robbins finds that the chief explanation of the reluctance to tackle Grey must be found in the fact that he was what he calls an enigma. 'It is easy to write about men with transparent ambition who deliberately choose to make politics their career . . . the gentlemen politicians are much more difficult to handle and perhaps Sir Edward Grey supremely so'. When we put down his impressive volume have we been provided with a satisfactory answer

in so far as one human being can be laid bare for the benefit of others? In most respects the fair answer must be Yes and where Dr. Robbins does not point the moral he provides us with the material for our own assessment.

There has been a good deal of argument, some of it ill-natured, about Grey's absorption in his fishing, his birds and his other natural pursuits, while theoretically preoccupied with the foreign policy of the nation. It has been claimed on the one hand that if he was so devoted to the life of the countryside he could scarcely have been the best available Foreign Minister. On the other hand, doubt has been cast on the genuineness of his reluctance to embark on or continue in high office. The second issue seems to me a good deal easier to dispose of than the first.

When he was thirty-three—in 1895—after three years as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs he declined the Privy Councillorship which Rosebery offered on the resignation of the government. 'It would certainly be quoted and regarded as an undoubted pledge and earnest of future public work', he wrote, 'and that is why I shrink from it'. From summer 1915 to the fall of the Asquith government in December 1916 he was indubitably seeking his release from office. Admittedly his eyesight had become appalling. In January 1929 Baldwin was trying to persuade him to serve as Foreign Secretary if the Conservatives should win the coming election. But Grey would have none of it.

The impression left by Dr. Robbins' book is that Grey was very much interested in *politics* throughout his adult life and also a very shrewd politician. Office itself, however, seemed to him a life much inferior to that which expressed his truest self in the countryside, except in the sense that the life of duty is by definition higher than any other. His first wife must indeed have been a remarkable woman. At times one would think a good deal too peculiar for comfort. 'The strongest hatred we feel now is of people . . . all human relations are a mockery it seems to me . . .' Dr. Robbins adds the pregnant comment: 'If Edward was to preserve his wife's balance it began to look as if he would have to abandon his promising career'. The words just quoted were written in 1893. It would seem that she had become a good deal more balanced by the time he took office as Foreign Secretary at the end of 1905. Then came the overwhelming blow of her death in a carriage accident. Who can say whether he would have been more or less available for the heaviest official burdens if she had lived on? His writings in later years owed much to the stimulus of his second altogether happy marriage. But it is clear that the life that he and his first wife lived together in the country outshone by far all other kinds of experience.

On the political side Dr. Robbins is always sound and nearly always convincing. He could perhaps take lessons from Mrs. Woodham-Smith, or for that matter from Lord Butler in the kind of narrative gift which keeps the story moving through the heavier diplomacy. Grey's foreign policy from 1905 to 1916, in particular his handling of events before the outbreak of war, have been combed over so many times that there was not a lot new to say. One would have liked to hear again at greater length the oft-told story of his supreme speech on August 3 in the House of Commons. Dr. Robbins rushes us through it, yet even so he makes at least one memorable comment: 'The abiding impression Gray left was one of coldness and detachment mysteriously charged with a pure emotion'.

The last years are dealt with effectively although one would have liked still more stress laid on the development of his conception of a new international system. When all is said he is surely the supreme example of a man who had

held the highest responsibilities in the old world, had seen his dream destroyed in tragedy, and was yet prepared to play a leading part in building a new world in which 'it could never happen again'.

Was he, to return finally to the endless question, stronger or weaker as a statesman because of his dual equipment—his lofty qualifications by any ordinary standard as a Foreign Minister, his elevation in a different sphere altogether as a man 'whose sense of oneness with nature was more than ordinary' (Dr. Robbins)? Each of us at this point must put down the text and speculate as best we may. From early days, certainly from his time at Winchester onwards, he won general respect, and whenever he wanted to do something he did it naturally well. He did not bother very much about games at school but when he took up real tennis became amateur champion as of right. At 23 he was the youngest member of the House of Commons but it was a matter for speculation how long he would remain in Parliament. Lord Butler has been quoted earlier as saying that 'one cannot alter one's nature'. Sir Edward Grey was gifted with a nature that without any seeking on his part made an indelible impression on his fellow men. British and foreign. The jibes at his expense by less admirable rivals seem petty now. 'What impressed all who came into contact with him in the last years of his life was his patience and skill in handling all kinds of birds, most famously of course the ducks in his pond at Fallodon.' The one impossibility is to separate that part of his nature from the persona which gives him a claim at least to be the most illustrious British Foreign Secretary of all time.

LONGFORD

SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE

The Survival of the English Countryside. Victor Bonham-Carter. Hodder & Stoughton. £3.

Mr. Bonham-Carter is well qualified to make this comprehensive survey of one of the most crucial problems today. Both townman and countryman, he has farmed in Berkshire and Somerset, written *The English Village* and (with W. B. Curry) *Dartington Hall*, an account of the Totnes, Devon, effort to integrate town and country life with farms, woodlands, industries, schools, arts college, social amenities, 'the most practical and . . . visionary experiment in re-creating country life in an urban age'. Integration is the core of his advocacy.

Like most of us, he is disturbed by radical changes that seem to be destroying the countryside, by the rate at which towns, factories and motorways are eating up the land, the way in which farmers are 'forcing husbandry into an industrial strait-jacket' by factory farming. On diminishing acreage they must produce more food to feed a growing population that may reach nearly 70 million by the year 2000, while urban development is spreading at a rate 'equal to converting a county the size of Worcestershire into concrete every ten years'.

The accompanying dangers are: breakdown in soil structure due to use of heavy machinery and untimely cultivation, inadequate draining and other mechanical causes; depletion of organic content by continuous arable cropping; disappearance of livestock in certain areas; replacement of ley-farming and farmyard manure by chemical fertilisers, leading to loss of fertility. The recent report on the Agricultural Advisory Council investigation does not wholly allay fears on this score, Mr. Bonham-Carter suggests. The dilemma is: short-term production versus long-term husbandry.

The townsman, on his side, needs for recreation ready access to country which *is* country and not a waste of litter, car parks, crowded 'beauty spots' from which beauty has fled. Here, and in the provision of National Parks, the author acknowledges the valuable work of bodies such as the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, founded in 1926 to tackle our worst post-war decade of haphazard building development.

History, he believes, affords most clues to the solution of outstanding problems. We need, for example, more village industries to counter their loss in the industrial revolution. He is strong on the past; on diagnosis rather than treatment and cure. For the future he relies too often on generalisations scattered throughout the narrative. The book's most serious lack is an end-summary of what we need to do now and tomorrow, and how it should be done.

TREVOR ALLEN

THE COMPLEXITIES OF THOMAS HARDY

Hardy's Vision of Man. F. R. Southerington. Chatto & Windus, £3.15.

Books about Thomas Hardy, his life, his fictions and poetry, techniques and (paramountly) his philosophy, continue to arrive on the reviewer's desk. The time has long passed when the Wessex Novels, the Wessex Poems and the epic-drama 'The Dynasts' could be considered without probing deeply into the life-story as well as the mind of their creator. The latest critical study, *Hardy's Vision of Man*, leaves no doubt of the position taken by its author, Professor F. R. Southerington, in the controversy which arose some years ago on the suggestion that Hardy at 28 had fathered a son born to his cousin Tryphena Sparks, then 16 and to whom he became engaged. The book in which this story is closely argued, 'Providence and Mr. Hardy', by Lois Deacon and Terry Coleman, appeared in 1966 and has received a large measure of support by Hardy academics on both sides of the Atlantic; but many points in Miss Deacon's 'discovery' remain unconfirmed by such evidence of the birth, schooling, occupation or employment, or death of 'Hardy's son' as might usually be found in registers. The strong suggestion is made that when Hardy realised in 1872 that his relationship with his 'cousin' Tryphena was complicated by the possibility that she was his 'niece' their five-year-old engagement ended and Tryphena returned his ring — 'a ring which Emma Lavinia later wore'. Two years earlier, in 1870, he had met Emma Lavinia Gifford for the first time when visiting St. Juliot Rectory, in Cornwall, on an architectural assignment, and they were married in 1874.

Professor Southerington's study hinges on two closely-reasoned appendices designed to show the main influences operating on Hardy's mind and temperament as shown in his work. *Appendix A*, entitled *The 'Family Curse'*, argues that he 'had enough facts and suspicions about his own family to convince him that hereditary behaviour patterns not only existed, but were present in his own kin . . . the problem in examining Hardy's forebears, and his own conflicting and confused account of them, is that we are able to tell less and less the longer we stare at the available facts. All we can say is that Hardy was aware of them; and was aware, too, that he was successfully confusing the issue for posterity'. In *Appendix B*, entitled *'Hardy and Tryphena'*, Professor Southerington admits that his first attitude of disbelief in the Deacon-Coleman disclosures was 'ill-justified' after closely examining Hardy's novels and poems, and 'it remains a fact that, throughout his [Hardy's] work, the most consistent influence was that of a woman, Tryphena Sparks.'

As to the clues presented in this brilliant and convincing study, these are so many and various that we can only hope that the many lines of investigation now proceeding, plus the hoped-for eventual complete publication of Hardy's letters and those of his two wives, will result in a clear non-contentious picture emerging of both the man and his writings.

In recommending this book to all students and lovers of Hardy we end by quoting Professor Southerington's closing words to his biographical chapter:

> 'He has been presented to us as a gentle, frail, essentially simple man: but simplicity is of a strange nature, and Hardy's simplicity had been buffeted too much to remain intact. I can only see him as a figure of great and complex power, whose complexity penetrates his works, and for whom the works were an escape from his own nature.'

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

RUSSIAN LITERATURE IN PERSPECTIVE

The Complection of Russian Literature. Andrew Field. Allen Lane, the Penguin Press. £3.50.

Mr. Andrew Field's welcome volume is modestly offered by its compiler as a *cento*, an old literary form which has been defined as 'a composition formed by joining scraps from other authors': in this case a collection of critical essays and reviews and opinions of Russian writers and their works by other Russian writers. An anonymous photographic montage of 457 Russian writers 'gathered together' in a public square in Moscow is reproduced from a 1915 Moscow publication in a folded inset with a red-numbered key to forty of the principal candidates to fame, and these include Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Pushkin, Lermontov, Chekhov, Gorky, Dostoevsky and Goncharov.

The compiler-translator's method is racy, as when he says, 'Russian culture came so quickly, had so much with which to occupy itself, and then guttered so badly that it is hard to sort it all out precisely, the more so because there already exist so many pat explanations'. He quotes Pushkin's complaint that 'we have a literature of sorts but no criticism' and supports this with Dostoevsky's remark decades later that Russian literature develops 'past and in spite of Russian criticism', a judgment which Mr. Field says 'has never been more evident than in our century with the brutal social mandate forced upon the writer in the Soviet Union and the shocking disdain and disregard of emigré scholars and critics for the writers of the diaspora'.

What follows is an illuminating choice of critical estimates of Russian writers ranging from the medieval 'Song of Igor's Campaign' to such moderns as Alexander Blok, Pasternak, Mayakovsky, Anna Akhmatova, and Solzhenitsyn, many of which provide fascinating insight into the personalities of Russian literature. There is, for instance, Marina Tsvetaeva's recollection of how, aged four, she reacted to the news of Pushkin's death in a duel. She did not know then that he was a poet, but the fact that he was shot in the *belly* seems to have created the nervous tension which haunted her imagination. Her life-span was 1892-1941, ended when she hanged herself on returning to the Soviet Union after being known as 'the poetess of the White Guard'. A somewhat similar emotional evocation of a poet of the 1917 revolution, Alexander Blok (1880-1921), was written by Zinaida Gippius, the poet-wife of Merezhkovsky. Blok's mystical early poems 'About the Beautiful Lady' (who was Russia) prompted her on one occasion after he had married to put the direct question to him: '"Isn't it true that, speaking about Her, you never think, cannot think, about a real woman?" He dropped his eyes, embarrassed

that I could pose such questions. "Well, of course not, never." ' Her comment on the author of 'The Twelve'—the famous poem of the Bolshevist Revolution so often quoted by British and American critics—was: 'For me both Blok's reactionary Black-Shirtism and his Bolshevism were part of his "tragedy of irresponsibility" '; and in his own biographical comment on Blok Mr. Field suggests that 'The Twelve' proceeded naturally from his earlier mysticism, and after saying that 'His ideas are confused and often reactionary' he adds, 'Blok was, by the way, a homosexual, a fact which is curiously absent (nor is there even any awareness of it shown) in anything that has ever been written about him in English'.

Altogether, Mr. Field's painstaking presentation of a representative body of Russian criticism of Russian authors is a notable aid to Western understanding of Russian literature and culture, and it is rendered the more valuable by his listing of more than a hundred of the most outstanding Russian writers, with biographical notes.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The End of an Alliance (Oxford University Press, £2.25). This important account of 'Rome's defection from the Axis in 1943' has been written by Dr. Friedrich-Karl von Plehwe who was First Staff Officer of the German Military Attaché in Rome, General Enno von Rintelen, from November 1940 to the autumn of 1943. As such he had close professional and personal relations with leading members of the Italian High Command, as well as enjoying the friendship of many influential civilians, most becoming more and more disillusioned with the Fascist regime. The author, therefore, had exceptional opportunities of assessing the course of events which finally led to the armistice with the Allies on September 3, 1943. Furthermore, Dr. von Plehwe himself, together with some other members of his Mission including General von Rintelen, was privately opposed to Hitler and sympathetic to the Italian critics of Mussolini. This detailed and almost daily record of the events in the summer of 1943 are based upon a diary which the author kept and fortunately was able to hide when he was recalled to Germany and which he was able subsequently to retrieve many years later. He has also taken advantage of documents of the old Nazi Foreign Ministry and the German High Command, together with the memoirs of German and Italian soldiers and politicians. The background to the story is the disastrous Italian and German campaign in Africa followed by the Allied invasion of Sicily. Italy had lost the military power and the will to resist the Allies while at the same time coming more and more under the brutal domination of Germany. Mussolini to the end remained hypnotised by Hitler. On July 25 the Fascist Grand Council turned against Mussolini, who was then dismissed by the king in favour of Marshal Badoglio. Dr. von Plehwe describes vividly how the whole Fascist era collapsed overnight, with universal national relief. He also explains dramatically how Hitler's Operation Student, designed to seize the Italian King and government, was delayed and ultimately frustrated through the efforts of the embassy and in particular by General Rintelen's visit to Hitler. Immediately upon taking office, Badoglio announced that Italy would continue the war against the Allies in alliance with Germany. It is reasonably clear that Hitler placed little faith in this, and was concerned only to protect Germany from allied

invasion by controlling Northern Italy. Dr. von Plehwe regards Hitler's 'treachery' to the Axis alliance as justifying Badoglio in making immediate secret approaches to the Allies, starting with the British Minister at the Vatican on July 30, in spite of the assurance to Ribbentrop at Tarvisio on August 6 that Italy was not negotiating with the Allies. It was clear, however, to the Germans that Italy was unable to fight on. This is a book of very great interest, which Professor F. W. D. Deakin, in his foreword, describes 'not as an apologia but a record, which stands the test of historical investigation'.

The Lion of the Lord (Dent, £3.75). This English edition of Professor Stanley P. Hirshson's biography of Brigham Young will be widely read and appreciated. He has done an enormous amount of painstaking research among material, some of which from Mormon sources required the most cautious approach. Brigham Young succeeded to the leadership of the Saints after the murder of the founder, Joseph Smith, in 1844. Much of this book is concerned with the flight of the Saints to the West, to Utah and the founding of Salt Lake City in 1847, the iron rule of Brigham Young and the long struggle with the federal government. It is not a saintly story. Professor Hirshson stresses that Brigham Young turned the movement away from the founder's spiritualism and 'substituted iron rule, priestly bondage, and materialism'. He 'stressed the attainment of wealth as the greatest manifestation of God's favour'. His people submitted under threats of divine punishment. He was cruel, ruthless, a brilliant politician and organiser, superb showman and religious fanatic. He elevated polygamy into a divine institution, and had himself seventy wives, each one listed by the author. After his death in 1877, plural unions declined. This process was hastened by increasing contacts with the monogamous States. 'In Salt Lake City, the railroad killed plural marriage.' Polygamy was finally 'suspended' in practice by the church in 1890. 'The reward came in 1896. Utah, Young's creation, entered the Union.' The attention in the book given to the purely religious and dogmatic aspects is somewhat disappointing. The work is closely annotated and there is a detailed bibliography.

The Pre-Raphaelites (Studio Vista, hardback £1.50, paperback 75p). In this short volume John Nicoll has contrived a very useful 'general introduction within a broadly chronological framework to one of the most fascinating and complex of all artistic movements'. There is a brief history of the movement as a whole, followed by specific chapters on Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Millais, associates of the Brotherhood and successors. The author discusses in detail some of the most significant paintings, and the book is profusely illustrated with 127 reproductions, including several in colour. This is really a short basic book for the general reader who can then use the brief selective bibliography in seeking study in some depth.

Local History Series (Longman Young Books). Two volumes have been added to this attractive series. Marcus Crouch writes a useful historical and descriptive introduction in *Canterbury* (£1.60). In *Chichester and Lewes* (£1.50) Barbara Willard is concerned with these ancient towns which are the capitals respectively of West and East Sussex. These are popular books, well illustrated with short bibliographies and well written. They are not erudite studies but short introductory historical sketches which will appeal to the general reader.

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(In USA and Canada $10)
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Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London NW10 0DD

Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 37 Union Street, London, S.E.1. Tel. 01-407 0497. All business matter should be addressed to the publishers

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Annual subscription (incl postage): U.K. £3.90; U.S.A. and Canada $13.50

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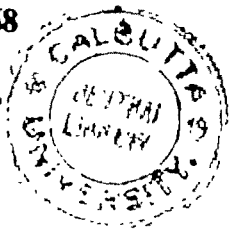
Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

September 1971 Vol. 219 No. 1268



YOUTH'S SECOND CHANCE

by James Avery Joyce

FIVE years before the Second World War swept the ruins of the League of Nations away in a devastated Europe, a small group of youth leaders met in Geneva in September 1934 in the grounds of Parc Ariana, near the site where the stately facade of the United Nations European offices now faces across the bluest of lakes towards the distant range of challenging peaks, surmounted by Mont Blanc itself.

What were those score or so of 'under-thirties' doing there, sitting in a circle on the grass, alongside the ascending framework of what was designed to become the League of Nations headquarters? Students and working youth from England and other parts of Europe had spent a crowded week of lectures and discussions at a Summer Institute among the statesmen of Europe and staff members of the League. This was their last evening together — gathered around a camp-fire to talk and sing and assess the week's events.

One thing that this group of young people decided to do was to set up a World Peace Congress organisation so that youth leaders like themselves could meet periodically and plan how youth everywhere could strengthen the League. Nor did they fail. The London office of the League of Nations Youth Groups Movement, on the slenderest resources of cash and personnel, followed through that camp-fire resolution. Two summers later in Geneva, in the actual hall used by the League of Nations for its assemblies, *La Salle Municipale,* the *first* World Youth Peace Congress was held.

Delegations of youth leaders attended from a score of countries. An agenda based upon the main items of the League's own agenda was punctiliously debated in French and English. Many statesmen in later high office — Paul Martin, Foreign Affairs Minister of Canada, for one — can look back on that pioneer gathering today as significant in their careers as leaders for peace.

This writer, who participated in the planning of both the 1934 and 1936 events, well recalls the high hopes with which his fellow youth organisers anticipated the expansion of a movement among the (then)

young generation, backing up the constructive programme of the League itself. This Geneva movement was not a negative rebellion against the powers-that-be; but a positive contribution the young were beginning to make across the frontiers, urging their own governments to put the League to *work*.

True to plan, in another two years, in 1938, favoured by the presence of the indomitable Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and other U.S. sponsors, the second Youth Congress was held in New York. Plans for a regular bi-annual ingathering of the world's under-thirties were carefully debated. But 1938 became the year of Munich. Worse, 1939 saw the League dragged down into the pit of the unsolved problems of peace and security which the Versailles settlement had dug to destroy the last generation, twenty years earlier.

The history of that abortive League of Nations youth movement was brief and is largely forgotten now. International youth assemblies of one kind and another have succeeded it in the post-war period, some related to the United Nations and others proliferating under non-official sponsorship — links in a continuing chain.

But 1970 witnessed a new beginning to a world calloused and hardened by nuclear threats and body-count wars. For a gathering of 'under-thirties' took place that was unique in its sponsorship and representation. The World Youth Assembly was held in New York last summer, and formed part of the observance of the 25th anniversary of the United Nations.

The Assembly started from the viewpoint that, since youth represents half the world, youth should be heard on the urgent problems of the day. Their nine-day Assembly certainly proved to be the high point of the anniversary.

At least 750 young people from all over the world came here and took part as individuals, under the slogan: 'Peace, Progress and International Co-operation'. The Youth Assembly had been convened by the United Nations General Assembly itself, 'inviting the young to indicate the ways in which they wish to support the United Nations'. Up to five young participants had been invited from each of the 126 Member States of the United Nations, major youth organisations in each country assisting in this selection. The 'delegates' who attended the Assembly were not supposed to come under the instructions of their Governments, and only few of them did. They were invited as representatives of the young people of their lands 'as a whole'.

Decisions in regard to credentials (who might or might not speak) were not settled in advance, unfortunately. As a result, there were some acrimonious incidents in the Commission on World Peace. Some delegates were shut out altogether, such as those from Taiwan. But it was a most worthwhile experiment all the same. Young people are part of the world in which we all live and were found to think on lines which are not very different from the thinking of those of their elders — a minority at

present — who were committed to world solutions for world problems. Some participants, nominated by certain countries, spoke against the views and policies of their own Governments. This would not have been possible, of course, in any of the political organs of the United Nations.

The 15 participants from the Soviet Union, the Ukraine and Byelorussia, for example, laid down with one voice the familiar policy line even as the Assembly opened. They called for the expulsion of the Chinese Nationalists, the South Koreans and the South Vietnamese. The North Koreans and Chinese Communists were, as it happens, not allowed to attend the Assembly.

Delegations were 'to be made up of young people, born in 1945 or after, from as many Member States of the United Nations as possible'—in other words they were all post-U.N. Charter babies. Although this desirable range was not achieved in all cases, grey hairs were rare exceptions in some delegations.

At the end of each day's discussions and arguments, participants joined in a wide selection of social activities sponsored by local organisations in New York City. The cast of 'Hair', who had helped to raise money for the event, put on a special performance for them with a dialogue updated to reflect their current opinions of the U.N. African and American black history were performed in drama, song and dance by a black theatre company. These social events were a great success.

Opening the Assembly on a constructive level, Richard M. Akwei of Ghana, Chairman of the Committee for the 25th anniversary of the United Nations, said no single person or country could be said to be the progenitor of the Youth Assembly. There had been doubts about the idea, but eventually the General Assembly had unanimously adopted a resolution on the subject. Mr. Akwei pointed out that all traditional values and ideas were on trial. Such concepts as the 'nation-State' and 'State sovereignty' could legitimately be questioned in the age of hydrogen bombs, intercontinental ballistic missiles, supersonic aircraft and travel to the moon.

In Africa, Asia and Latin America, he went on, the problem was one of ensuring freedom and independence and the material conditions for happiness. In more industrialised societies, the problem was the place of the individual in an increasingly well-organised, mass consumption society.

'The affluent society', he stated, 'seems to be torn by a virtual civil war between the generation which has worked hard to bring about its material welfare and economic security, and the generation for which affluence is a given factor and which sees in it rather ineptness and callousness towards true spontaneity and democracy.'

Despite a creditable record, the performance of the United Nations had fallen short of the expectations of the framers of the Charter. However, the United Nations was not, and could not be, independent of the will of Member Governments. The Organisation was not a static and fixed institution, but 'a dynamic organism constantly changing and redefining itself'.

But most of the detailed discussions were carried on in Commissions. For example, the Commission on Man and Environment proposed an international agency to study marine pollution and U.N. control of the use of materials that cannot be organically or inorganically decomposed. As regards population control, contraceptive methods should be made available to all, regardless of social or marital status, as a matter of personal conscience. They issued an appeal to Pope Paul VI to reconsider his encyclical on contraception and to permit 'the unfettered exercise of conscience of individual Catholics'. A condemnation of 'all abuse of drugs and alcoholism', and of 'excessive cigarette advertising', were included in their recommendations. Confounding those elder statesmen who had feared that the young delegates would be 'a bunch of pot-smoking hippies', the commission voted down a proposal to legalise marijuana.

The Education Commission proposed that national laws guarantee students the right to participate in educational reforms, that the U.N. ensure universal primary schooling, that the U.N. establish an international university, with worldwide facilities, without restricting access to those with formal degrees.

As regards the Commission on World Peace, the Youth Assembly came to a tumultuous ending by approving an almost unanimously adopted message that reflected the political themes that had dominated its nine-day session. They demanded the 'immediate' cessation of American aggression in Indochina; solidarity for the Arab peoples in their conflict with Israel; and a call for the Soviet Union to withdraw immediately its occupying troops from Czechoslovakia and 'restore full democracy to that country'. Americans, Europeans, nonaligned, and the left-wingers were all united in opposing the United States in Vietnam.

In his opening address, Richard M. Akwei had promised that 'This Youth Assembly will be a historic milestone, for the curtain is now rising on the third act as the United Nations embarks on a dialogue between generations.' The active participation of youth was necessary if the Second United Nations Development Decade was to succeed. He said the international university proposed by the Secretary-General might in a sense be sponsored by a continuing Youth Assembly. The participants might also wish to examine the possible contribution which the proposed international corps of volunteers for development might make to the basic development needs of countries and regions in many parts of the world.

Two of these points the U.N. senior organisation has since carried further in 1971: namely, the World University and the U.N. Volunteers. Steps towards the World University project have moved forward since the idea for an international university was put forward by the Secretary-General in September, 1969, in the introduction to his annual report on the work of the Organisation. It was discussed by the General Assembly in 1969 in connection with International Education Year (1970) and the Assembly invited the Secretary-General to undertake a 'feasibility study' of the proposal.

Such a study was prepared in co-operation with U.N.E.S.C.O. and the U.N. Institute for Training and Research (U.N.I.T.A.R.) and submitted to the Economic and Social Council at its 1970 session in Geneva. The study is quite comprehensive and deals with such matters as possible curricula, selection of sites and recruitment of faculty. It suggests that campuses of the University be spread over the various regions of the world. The University could be supported through contributions from Member States, foundations, international business concerns and organisations with international interests; and the initial target of such a fund would be $100 million.

Basically, the case for such an international university is, to put it simply, that it would respond to the growing need to establish a fully-fledged international centre (or centres) for relevant scholarly activities in terms of our specific situation today. It would respond to the need of the world for internationally oriented scholarship operating in an international setting, the need of scholars for joint consideration of global issues and, above all, the needs of the United Nations system in all its manifestations — delegations, secretariats and programmes — for permanent human resources of the highest quality.

The primary purpose of a 'United Nations University', as it is now envisaged, would be to increase understanding through a new type of global education. The University's impact on national and international life would be made through the widened horizons of global thinking that it will open up and inspire. It is not to be envisaged as an institute directed mainly to the awarding of diplomas. But it would add to the capacity of the students to contribute to intellectual exchanges if they could reflect a firm understanding of their own cultural backgrounds and problems of their countries and regions, as well as some experience of their own national systems of education. In other words, a person could spend a period of study at the United Nations University without becoming a misfit in the life of his own country.

The present stage of this promising project is that, last December, the 25th General Assembly, without a dissenting vote, asked U.N.E.S.C.O. to undertake, in co-operation with other United Nations organisations concerned and the university community throughout the world, studies of the educational, financial and organisational aspects of such an international university; and it requested the Secretary-General to continue his consultations and studies relating to the practical problems involved. The Assembly also invited the Governments of Member States to submit to the Secretary-General, by the end of May 1971, their views and proposals, including their possible financial contributions to such a University, should it be established. The Secretary-General will also set up in due course a panel of experts, for the purpose of assisting him in the establishment of the University.

As regards the second splendid adventure, the U.N. Volunteers (U.N.V.), it is hoped that by the beginning of October this year the U.N.V. will be able to place volunteers to projects on a pilot basis in some selected

countries. The U.N.V. began its planning on January 1, 1971, with Paul G. Hoffman, who heads the United Nations Development Programme, designated as its Administrator.

Who can qualify as a Volunteer? It is hoped that young people will be attracted to the programme. Volunteers will be sought from developing, as well as developed, countries and will be selected from candidates sponsored by national and international organisations, both official and non-governmental. Unaffiliated candidates can contact the International Secretariat for Voluntary Service (I.S.V.S.) or the Co-ordinating Committee for International Voluntary Service (C.C.I.V.S.) for a list of possible sponsoring organisations in their country. Applicants must be over 21 and be willing to serve for a period of two years.

Volunteers will be engaged to fill expressed needs of developing countries. Selection for these assignments will be based on the candidate's competence in technical and professional skills, on his ability to communicate knowledge to the nationals of the host country, and on his personal qualities, including his desire to be of service, as well as to seek challenging opportunities to learn. In other words, the U.N. now has its own 'Peace Corps'. In all cases both the volunteer and his work assignment must be approved by the host country before placement is made.

Volunteers will be assigned to work with national and international experts attached to development projects, assisted by the United Nations family of agencies. These projects present opportunities for work in a wide variety of economic and social fields — among them agriculture, industry, power, transport, communications, health, social welfare, public administration, urban and rural development, education, vocational training and environmental conservation.

The 'external' costs of the United Nations Volunteers will, as a general rule, be borne by the volunteer-sponsoring organisations. These costs include: the expenses involved in screening, whatever basic training candidates need to perform their work, and travel to and from country of assignment, including resettlement allowances. The Special Voluntary Fund established by the General Assembly resolution, inviting Governments of States Members of the United Nations or members of specialised agencies to contribute, has resulted, as of May, 1971, in pledges as follows: Denmark $10,000, Holy See $1,500, Iran $10,000, Turkey $2,500, United States $200,000 and Togo $700.

Similarly, as of May 1, 1971, in answer to requests by the Governments of Iran and Yemen, U.N.V. plans to send an initial group of approximately 19 volunteers to Yemen and a group of approximately 30 volunteers to Iran before the end of 1971. Arrangements concerning the assignment of volunteers to U.N. projects in Niger, Jamaica, the Ivory Coast, and in other countries are now being negotiated with the respective Governments and Executing Agencies. By 1972, this second new U.N. venture, enlisting the energies and idealism of youth in peace-building, will be well on its feet. The world's past dark era of war-making will be pushed just a stage further towards extinction.

THE MOST VITAL OF STATISTICS

by Brian Meredith

THE *Centre Pilote Maternelle et Infantile* in the Belvue suburb of Tunis will always live in my memory. It was a compact white modern building by a roadside carrying traffic ranging from occasional camels and many sheep and goats to large lorries loaded with esparto grass from the south. Behind it rose a hill-side encrusted with a fairly solidly built 'bidonville' or tin-town, crowned by the picturesque shape of an old Spanish fortress built, I believe, on foundations laid by the Romans.

Each day there gathered round this Centre long queues of mothers and children. Some were in loose white garments that, with their veils, billowed in the winds that always seemed to harass the place. Others wore dark blue clothing, did not wear veils, and bore the tattoo'd tribal markings of the Bedouin people who lived a nomadic life on the fringes of the deserts not far away. They were a more cheerful, rugged lot.

The smiling and most purposeful Tunisian pediatrician in charge of the Centre had good reason to be proud of it, and of what he and his staff were doing there. It was part of Tunisia's plan to move out of the doldrums of colonialism and on into the first decade of her independence and to set in train a series of social and economic reforms that would change the face of their society.

The Centre was a small factor in a broader national campaign for the betterment of public health. It not only served the surrounding community, it was acting as a full-scale trial and training centre for paramedicals, midwives and social welfare people who were going out elsewhere in Tunisia to man other similar centres.

To put it mildly we, or particularly my wife and daughter who are physiotherapists, were emotionally involved with the centre. I was busy with my duties as U.N. information man for Tunisia and Libya on a four-year assignment, but my wife, and later my daughter, were in the frustrating position of having a professional skill to offer and yet being then unable, through official channels, to put it to any use. But there were no problems so far as the pediatrician was concerned. He employed my wife as a volunteer, functioning professionally, to start up a little clinic for handicapped infants and children in a back room; and later my daughter carried on with the work.

There was little Mustapha, old enough to walk, who could scarcely crawl. Aziza, with large brown anxious eyes whose hands just couldn't hold things. Loctifa, a tiny baby who should have been able to sit up but who just couldn't. Polio was the cause in many but not all cases. The remedies were the simple, common-sense practices of modern physiotherapy; and during the months that this little back-room project was in operation they had their gentle, benign impact on a case load that grew to turnover of 25 or more. The reward was usually a smile and a small, wet kiss.

I invoke the memory of this informal, peripheral effort not for personal indulgence but to bring to life the Centre and the system of which it was a part, its sponsors and the changes it was then already bringing about, not only in Tunisia but in nearly every developing country around the world.

The *Centre Pilote* was a U.N.I.C.E.F. supported project, and this year U.N.I.C.E.F. celebrates its 25th anniversary. Here and now I raise a glass of reconstituted milk to this very special part of the U.N. galaxy of agencies and programmes. And I begin with some random facts set out in a recent article by Dr. Amor Daly on progress in public health in Tunisia, and another by Dr. Chamakh.

Infant mortality dropped in a decade from 150 or 200 per 1,000 to 75 or 150, according to the region—a far cry from the 14 to 20 per 1,000 of the developed countries but still, relatively, a vast improvement. In 1950 there were 4,000 hospital beds in Tunisia itself, or 12 per 10,000 inhabitants. In 1968 there were 12,000 beds, or 38 per 10,000 inhabitants. Paramedical personnel grew from about 2,000 in 1956 to more than 6,000 in 1968. And there had been improvements in housing, purification of water supply and advances in health and social services generally.

The authorities could make these changes because of the backing of U.N.I.C.E.F. and the skill of the World Health Organisation. Dr. Daly describes how substantial aid had come to Tunisia from U.N.I.C.E.F. which has given over half a million dollars for the fight against the eye disease of trachoma, which had been reduced by 60 per cent, almost as much as the reduction in the case of tuberculosis, which had dropped by three-quarters. It had made annual grants to maternal and child-health in Tunisia ranging from U.S.$120,000 to $200,000. These are modest improvements, relatively small donations, but they are part of a large pattern of global stimulation, and in the midst of the bad news that pours in on us these days they should be noted. Undaunted by my own 22 years of service in the U.N., I am one of those euphoric souls who maintain that the good outweighs the bad in human affairs, and that international organisations will persevere and extend despite us all, and I take the greatest comfort as a proof of my hope from what U.N.I.C.E.F. has done.

U.N.I.C.E.F. is a sport, a maverick, a kind of odd boy out in the U.N. family. Some would call it the Sorcerer's Apprentice. Its famous initials are no longer exact. It is now not, as it was, the U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund. It is simply the U.N. Children's Fund. But the initials were so well established by the work it did in the early years that they have been retained, despite the streamlining of the actual title. I have seen it at work not only in Tunisia but in Kashmir in 1950, in Korea in 1951, in West Africa in 1956. And in Washington and New York and London on and off through the years I saw what the general public was doing directly to help it, and how U.N.I.C.E.F. National Committees were going about their formidable task of fund-raising.

This contact with ordinary people in the advanced as well as in the developing countries of the world is almost unique. Other organisations often have National Committees or Commissions, but none attract such wide interest, sympathy and support from the general public, and in no other sector, so far, can the ordinary citizen share in world welfare programmes that are supported massively by governments and administered most professionally by international civil servants.

And no other world agency has sold so many Christmas cards; conned pennies out of householders in 'Trick or Treat' canvassing by urchins, or had the backing of such fund raisers as Danny Kaye. In a recent broadcast he said: 'All I know is that U.N.I.C.E.F., over a period of 25 years, has touched the lives of millions and millions of children who have become citizens of the world. All I can hope for is that somewhere in that 25 years people will emerge who will be able to take care of future generations and future children to achieve some normal kind of growth and maturity in a happy, peaceful, healthy world. . . . '

Since its birth as the result of a decision by the General Assembly of the U.N. in 1946, U.N.I.C.E.F. has been quietly plotting and conniving and agitating and importuning and in some sense almost bribing the officialdoms of the world to do more for their children. It has infiltrated its powdered milk and its penicillin, its midwives and its jeeps, its medications and its gear into the most remote communities of the world, and there are millions of young people and mothers who are alive and well today, a bit better educated even, and with some better chance of finding employment because of U.N.I.C.E.F. funds and U.N.I.C.E.F. preventive health work.

For instance, to move from the particulars of Tunisia as a single example to the global generality of its strategy and to quote figures from the latest official report: on selected disease control campaigns since its start and through 1970, U.N.I.C.E.F. tested over 500 millions and vaccinated over 300 millions of children and mothers against tuberculosis; over 400 millions have been protected against malaria; over 23 millions have been treated for yaws, and over 43 millions have been treated against the eye disease of trachoma.

U.N.I.C.E.F. has helped to establish around the world nearly 50,000 rural health centres, nearly 2,000 training centres, and over 3,000 centres dealing variously with mother and child urban health, referral hospitals, and maternity homes. It has lent aid to teacher training institutions and individual schools, become involved in pre-vocational training, in nutritional aid to nearly 10,000 schools, and has helped with family and child welfare day care centres, women's clubs, community centres, youth clubs and orphanages.

More than 120 governments contribute to the U.N.I.C.E.F. budget, including the developing countries, who are of course the direct beneficiaries of its work, and who are themselves heavily involved in great domestic expenditures in public health and welfare programmes that stem directly in many cases from the recommendations of U.N.I.C.E.F.

and of U.N. agencies working with it in the social sector. Its annual average budget has been U.S.$60 million—for 1971-72 it is $72 million—and the plan is to increase this to $100 million by 1975.

The results and benefits that flow from all this activity and investment are difficult to assess statistically but are clearly of the greatest importance humanly. U.N.I.C.E.F. has pressed on behind the scenes with the policy as well as, at the practical level, for development in the vital area in which, with commendable single-mindedness, it has concerned itself for the past quarter century.

At the same time, the very industry and effectiveness of U.N.I.C.E.F. have led to demands that it should operate less independently, be less of a maverick, and should combine its work more with that of the U.N. Development Programme, with country planning in the recipient countries, and with the office of the local U.N. Resident Representative.

A former 'Res. Rep.' whose opinions I much respect has told me that U.N.I.C.E.F. should programme its work on a five to ten year basis, in close collaboration with U.N.D.P. in each country, and should sit in on any discussion between U.N. agencies and government officials affecting maternal and child health. At present U.N.I.C.E.F. raised its own money and went ahead spending as it saw fit. In fact, this was part of U.N.'s input, he felt, and U.N.I.C.E.F. should be persuaded, without losing its identity, to fit itself in more with the larger U.N. scheme of things, thus sparing governments the multiplicity of counsels that the present system, or lack of it, has allowed.

In this, my friend was echoing the Jackson Capacity Study of the U.N. system. This has recommended far greater pooling of effort and co-ordination among the U.N. agencies that have in the past tended to vie with each other in good works. They have almost competed in persuading governments to plan for developments in the sectors of specific interest to them, and they have worked most uneasily under the general aegis of the U.N. Development Programme, which is the source of the bulk of the money needed for their field projects. The Jackson report specifically suggested that the U.N.I.C.E.F. Board of Governors might ultimately merge with that of U.N.D.P., its field offices should move into those of the U.N.D.P. and that its policies should be much more closely co-ordinated with over-all planning.

Not surprisingly, this bid for rationalisation has had a mixed reception. A senior U.N.I.C.E.F. official has said to me that he fully agreed that their activities should be on a programmed basis and closely combined with other U.N. work and that this was indeed taking place. But he did not look favourably on the idea of amalgamation with U.N.D.P. He said he did not feel that the needs of children could be properly looked after from one co-ordinated centre which was, perforce, largely involved in technical and economic matters; and he feared that U.N.I.C.E.F. would lose a lot of its appeal to the general public, and thereby lose also some of its financial support, if it were in any sense to lose its identity.

He has a point. On the government level, bureaucratically and even politically, the interest in development during the first quarter century of U.N.'s history has focussed on the economic rather than on the social sector. U.N.I.C.E.F., working with unique independence, and with its special sentimental pull on public sympathy, has been able to do better than others concerned with the world's relatively neglected social problems. It has helped, a little, to compensate for the materialistic approach.

The better to brief myself on U.N.I.C.E.F. as it is today, I sought out the views of Sir Herbert Broadley, the previous U.N.I.C.E.F. representative in the U.K. and I found that he wanted to stress the degree to which the fund had moved out of the largely European original emergency role and into a much broader sphere. He said that it was now an integral part of the U.N.'s work in social and economic development, had global interests, and had acquired a far wider understanding of the needs of children.

He pointed to the stimulus U.N.I.C.E.F. had given to the education of children and to the training of parents and people concerned with the care and training of young people. He described its collaboration with and dependence on the World Health Organisation in all medical matters, on the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the U.N. in nutrition, with U.N.E.S.C.O. on education, and with the International Labour Office in pre-vocational training. The U.N.'s own social affairs department was its associate in that sphere.

Sir Herbert also underlined the extent to which U.N.I.C.E.F. had extended into a larger age bracket: it was now working to aid the child up into adolescence.

I asked him about family planning and was told that for many years U.N.I.C.E.F. had been under pressure to take action but that it was only four years ago that its executive board agreed to assist governments who had worked out population policies of their own and who sought aid to put them into effect. On this U.N.I.C.E.F. provided, on request only, transport, medical assistance and, more recently, contraceptives. But it did not campaign. The decision was that of the government, and ultimately of the parents who came to the government's health clinics.

Some of the facts on U.N.I.C.E.F. and family planning are given in the General Progress Report of the Executive Director, published this year. Countries receiving some form of U.N.I.C.E.F. aid have a child population of close on 800 million, and more than half of these live in countries where there are either official family planning programmes, or where there is official support given to non-governmental family planning activities. The U.N. has had missions in India, in Indonesia and in Pakistan, and all have recommended family planning services to be delivered through the health service network, requiring a vast extension of that network, based on women trained at the auxiliary level and working with indigenous village midwives.

They recommend also a supporting component of social services for the family, with a high priority for women's literacy and women's education as among the main programmes to raise the standing of women. But they say that not enough is being done to meet the family planning goals set by the governments concerned, and it was not enough to reach the population in all parts of these countries within several decades, because of a basic lack of maternal and child health and other social services.

This, then, is the score for U.N.I.C.E.F. after 25 years. It has most realistically shared in directing the inevitable impact of modern medicine and hygiene so that it might benefit the most essential element in the world, the child and its mother. It has, of late, responded also to the demands of governments who wished that their people might not only better the quality but curb the quantity of their children, although 'curbing' is not U.N.I.C.E.F.'s own direct objective.

With the child as the smallest common denominator, governments have humanised and civilised their social polices in working with a U.N. organisation, and together with it have taken another step along the road towards a better and more rational regulation of the affairs of the whole human community.

[Brian Meredith is a Canadian-born journalist and broadcaster who was for twenty years an information official to the U.N.]

The October issue of the *Contemporary Review* will include Modern Technology for the Disabled by Lewis Carter-Jones, M.P., The Journals of Sir Walter Scott by Robert Speaight, Hirohito: 124th Emperor of Japan by Raymond Lamont Brown and The Parrot, a short story by Tony Aspler.

THE BERLIN WALL—TEN YEARS IN RETROSPECT

by Dennis Chaplin

BY now the Berlin Wall must be acknowledged as the most brilliant political compromise of recent history. Far from being a crisis, it ended a protracted one and became the symbol of an 'arrangement' between the super-powers to shelve the thorny German issue in order to allow, for various domestic reasons, a relaxation of tensions in the West.

East-West intransigence over respective interests in Germany made the Wall a political, diplomatic and economic necessity in 1961, especially since the Soviet-Union's 'crisis-diplomacy' had begun to bring matters to a head after 1958. This Soviet policy of indirect pressures began soon after the war. Contrary to most Western evaluations, the Soviet Union did not feel that it could be confident of its nuclear and conventional military powers until the mid-1960s and 'crisis-diplomacy' was the popular technique of exacting security concessions: first, the sudden move, the *fait accompli* and then the bargaining away of the new acquisition for the real objective. In this sense, such crises are diversions. In 1948, Stalin was more concerned with preventing a West-German state than gaining Berlin's western sectors; in 1958 and 1961, Krushchev was concentrating on establishing a stronger German position for himself and for the East German leaders rather than effecting a reciprocal Four-Power withdrawal. Similarly, in October 1962, the objective was a non-nuclear West Germany and Communist China through 'eleventh-hour' bargaining and concerted action with the United States, rather than missiles in Cuba. On all occasions, the firm Soviet line gave way in the face of resistance, indicating that the objects of the crises were not as important as the objectives.

Referring to the Berlin crisis in 1959, Walter Lippmann had already warned that 'if we overestimate the nuisance value of West Berlin, we shall miss the chief significance of the Soviet policy.'[1] Indeed, the Soviet Union's interest in Berlin lay in very labyrinthine calculations, most of which concerned areas beyond that city — particularly in effecting a strategic advantage over the West by neutralising West Germany politically and militarily through agreement with the West in return for relaxed tensions over Berlin. Repeatedly, Soviet peace proposals had demanded an 'atom-free zone' and a neutralized Germany to compensate for various military inadequacies. Neither demand could fail to clash with the Western Allies' interests — the need for tactical arms in West Germany and West German manpower in N.A.T.O. The result was that, in the late summer of 1961, the Soviet Union's crisis gambit over Berlin had reached a stage at which *something* had to be done, both to satisfy its allies and to bring the unsuccessful crisis to a face-saving close without losing ground.

In 1961, the Soviet Union found itself in a difficult position *vis-à-vis* its East German ally. The countless Soviet promises and threats to make a separate treaty with East Germany and the escalating tensions meant that the U.S.S.R. could not withdraw from the crisis as smoothly as Stalin had done in May, 1949, simply by rectifying the 'technical difficulties' allegedly causing the Blockade. Berlin's customary role as an instrument for sounding Western determination and contriving international tensions had to be revised slightly in the new situation. Soviet policy over Berlin now had to find a stabilising factor.

The most immediate catalyst for the Wall was undoubtedly the critical condition of East Germany, whose leaders were looking to the U.S.S.R. for a solution. By the end of 1960, the East German Communist Party (S.E.D.) was seriously worried about the state of the D.D.R.'s economic substructure and was placing pressures upon the U.S.S.R. to take remedial steps. One ideal way to help the D.D.R. would have been to secure for it control of Greater Berlin, which was, after all, the most significant industrial complex between East and West. This must have been the maximum aim of the 1961 crisis.

Having proceeded with its reconstruction seven years after West Germany, without significant aid and after yielding massive reparations to the U.S.S.R., East Germany's economy was still suffering from acute birth pains, accentuated by the severe food shortage during the winter of 1959-1960. The S.E.D.'s problem was in forcing East Germans to accept the heavy task of rebuilding their own part of Germany instead of choosing the simpler route to the prosperous West, where the main work had already been accomplished.

The D.D.R.'s labour shortage was critical enough, due to the declining birth-rate, and it was a national exigency to stop the exodus of refugees. Between 1950 and 1960, the population had declined by 1.25 million, a downward trend which even the Wall has not yet altered significantly. The war had also burdened the labour-force with a surplus of 'non-productive' elements; for every 100 East Germans of working age there were 73 children and pensioners. Thus, because of the burdens of pensions, insurance and medical care, the S.E.D. did not object to the older age-group volunteering to leave the D.D.R. for the West. For a government committed to expansion of heavy industry and technological improvements, the surplus of women and children demanded an extensive educational and training programme to integrate these elements more efficiently into national productivity. But, with fewer than eight million persons productively active and with no expected population increase until about 1980, the loss of more refugees threatened to de-stabilise an already weak labour force. Without this force, the D.D.R. could not be rebuilt, and without reconstruction, conditions would force more to move to the West, a vicious circle which had to be broken. The need to block this draining of talent was strengthened in mid-1961 by Krushchev's rocket-

rattling; in May, refugee figures stood at a usual 17,791, in June at 19,198, but in July, following the Russian threats, the figure soared to 30,145.

Faced with mounting S.E.D. unrest, Krushchev reversed his original assertion that the German Question 'could wait' and issued a Memorandum on March 4, 1961, which gave a solution of this problem top priority. Possibly what gave Krushchev the incentive to take a fresh initiative on behalf of the East Germans were the signs of the West's growing weariness of confrontation. On March 10, 1959, President Eisenhower had stated at a press conference that the United States would not use armed force for the defence of Berlin, a policy statement echoing his sentiments at Geneva in 1955. Krushchev then recognised Kennedy's growing acceptance of a bi-polar power situation and the fact that the rigidity of the German problem was depriving Western diplomacy of the necessary flexibility. When the two leaders met at Vienna in June, 1961, they seemed to agree on the 'unpleasantness' of the German Question and possibly discussed a formula for rectifying the acknowledged refugee problem of the D.D.R. Taking advantage of the 'co-existence' signs, Krushchev issued a fresh ultimatum on Berlin, hoping to employ this traditional lever against the West.

However, when the West adopted a strong line against these renewed threats, the subsequent tensions set in motion events which forced the U.S.S.R. into a diplomatic corner. Unlike 1959, when Krushchev could allow the original ultimatum (on ending Berlin's occupation status) to slip into obscurity, in 1961 he had promised and threatened too much. Inaction at this stage of the crisis, when the Chinese were intensifying their attacks against 'Soviet revisionism' and the D.D.R. was losing more citizens each day, would have cost the U.S.S.R. considerable loss of prestige in the Eastern Bloc. The U.S.S.R. was still not confident of its military superiority, despite the usual 'strength' propaganda, and it is highly unlikely that Krushchev was prepared to go to war over the Berlin demands. Nor was it his aim to push the West out of Berlin altogether, for this would have eliminated Berlin's value as a pressure-point, a virtue visible again in 1968, when Berlin tensions served to distract attention from developments in Czechoslovakia.

Krushchev was also under the pressure of obligations to the S.E.D. He had attempted to obtain recognised sovereignty for the D.D.R., had promised a separate peace treaty if the West refused to co-operate and had even threatened war. To top this, his bluff had accelerated the exodus of East Germans and Ulbricht began to make unpleasant noises about his Soviet guarantors. For this reason, Krushchev endorsed the building of the wall as an ingenious substitute for his wild promises. The Wall was also a face-saving device to extricate the U.S.S.R. from its diplomatic *impasse*; it veiled the defeat of the nuclear bluff and postponed the final decision over Germany.

Even if Krushchev was prepared to employ force in early 1961, the increasingly independent attitude of the D.D.R. might well have caused him to reconsider the value of retaining Four-Power status by July of that year. Now that the quarrel with China had become serious, the U.S.S.R. could not afford to give the D.D.R. too much independence. Thus the Wall was a preferable consolation prize for the D.D.R. to make up for the 'separate peace treaty'.

Significantly, the 'Friendship Treaty' between the U.S.S.R. and the D.D.R. of June 12, 1964, no longer made promises of a separate peace treaty and it defined Berlin (West) as 'an independent entity', not as an integral part of the D.D.R. Only five months away from Krushchev's resignation, this indicated a decisive change of attitude which was no doubt working behind the scenes in 1961. Since then, it has become increasingly clear that the U.S.S.R. regards the Four-Power status in West Berlin as an important factor in its control over the D.D.R. and authority in West German affairs. For example, in January 1968, the West German Foreign Ministry received some suggestions from the Soviet Ambassador intimating the U.S.S.R.'s willingness to discuss Berlin over Ulbricht's head. It raised no objections to Bonn-West Berlin connections in law, currency and economics. From this, Foreign Ministry analysts concluded that the U.S.S.R. was interested in confirming the Four-Power status of West Berlin.

The growing consolidation of the D.D.R. probably influenced this Russian decision. The S.E.D. hoped for an end to the Four-Power status as a first step to gaining control of the Western sectors through legalised pressures on the access-routes. No doubt the U.S.S.R.'s interest in toning down international tensions in the West was incompatible with a D.D.R. free to increase these at will. In a speech on June 20, 1961, Lord Home had warned that the West regarded the problem of access very seriously and, on October 17, he reported to the House of Lords that the U.S.S.R. had been warned against handing over access-routes to the East Germans; this, he said, would cause friction, and 'there might easily be a fight which would develop into a war, and no one could say that it would not be a nuclear war'. It was thus necessary for the U.S.S.R. to find a consolation prize for Ulbricht if war was to be avoided. One of the first signs that the U.S.S.R. was not aiming at war over Berlin was the sobering effect on Russian outbursts created by the American announcement on August 4 that a total trade embargo between the United States and the East Bloc was being considered. If the U.S.S.R. had been determined to fight over Berlin, it is unlikely that the prospect of a trade embargo would have appeared daunting in the shadow of nuclear war.

At a purely practical level, the Wall was essential for the retention of the D.D.R.'s labour force; on the night of August 13 alone, the D.D.R. gained 80,000 workers—those *'Grenzgänger'* who used to work in the Western sectors before the division. The Wall gave the D.D.R. a labour force which had little choice but to reconstruct its own country. Gone was the drain on skilled workers, doctors and teachers. And gradually

the 'productive resignation' created by the Wall, as well as the chance for effective political consolidation, permitted the formation of the specific 'East German state consciousness' desired by the S.E.D. The Wall also placed Ulbricht in a better position for pressurising the West Germans in various ways, chiefly by isolating West Berlin and restricting West German access to it.

This implies that the consequences for West Germans were more complicated and unfavourable. The isolated West Berlin became an excellent lever for exacting concessions from West Germany. 'Whoever lives on an island,' was Ulbricht's warning in 1964, 'must not make an enemy of the sea'. He was referring, of course, to the island of West Berlin, 170 kilometres from West Germany and heavily dependent on the latter for its *'Lebensfähigkeit'*.

After the Wall, the *Frankfurter Institut* warned against investments in West Berlin, emphasising that it was 'a well known fact that a favourable climate for investments does not prevail in areas of political instability'. Investments did fall, big firms moved to West Germany, labour forces moved to the West and West Berlin was left with a high percentage of old people, incapable of supporting industry. In June 1968, a top West German economics functionary declared openly that West Berlin could only be saved if the D.D.R. was made more dependent on the Federal Republic in inter-zonal trade. Other West Germans, like Peter Bender and Wilhelm Schütz, began to point out that West Berlin's hope for economic viability could only be found in co-operation with the D.D.R. Geography dictates this connection with the D.D.A., and Ulbricht would only have tolerated benefits for West Berlin if the East German economy had also been taken into account. This inner-German stalemate continues, despite inner-German trade and political contacts since 1963.

According to Mayor Klaus Schütz, West Berlin underwent a serious psychological crisis after the erection of the Wall. In the late 1960s, Berlin seemed further away from the Federal Republic than ever before, separated from its environment by a wall and a relatively unexciting *'Entspannungspolitik'*. In the old days of the Cold War and distinct solidarities, its inhabitants felt securer in close ties with the West, but now that the 'arrangement' has put the German problem in suspended animation, West Berliners give way to restlessness, as shown in the particular vigour of West Berlin's student demonstrations and left-wing activity. At the time of Mayor Albertz' fall in autumn 1947, various failings in the city's socio-political structure came to the surface, revealing the D.D.R.'s new advantages in inner-German affairs.

West Berlin became the scene of wrangling over visitors' passes (the most recent one ending in failure on April 3, 1971), demonstrative West German 'presences' in the city and repeated East German interference with the access-routes to discourage the Federal Republic from laying claim to West Berlin. The largest bundle of travel restrictions appeared on June 11, 1968, which included the use of passports and East German

visas for inner-German travel. The next large-scale obstructions were initiated in early 1969 to protest against the current West German presidential election which was to be held in West Berlin. It was not until the new Brandt-Scheel government in September, 1969, that West German leadership began to agree openly that the propaganda 'presence' of Federal institutions and politicians in West Berlin was provocative and unnecessary. However, administrative facts are usually too deeply-rooted to allow rapid extraction and the West German 'presence' continued into the first quarter of 1971, replete with East German access restrictions in January and March. On February 18, 1971, the East German newspaper, *Neue Zeit*, contained the customary condemnation of a 'strengthened demonstration of the Federal Republic's illegal claim to the independent political unit of West Berlin.'

Whatever attempts are made by the Germans to settle matters, whether through access restrictions and sanctions or by trying to define West Berlin's status in exchange for ratification of the treaties with the U.S.S.R. and Poland, the controlling functions in the German Question lie with the leading Powers. Illustrative of this is the continued Four-Power responsibility for West Berlin, nourished by Russia and the West. This was the only constructive aspect of the Four-Power talks during 1970.

The Wall falls easily within the context of the 'Two-Power' arrangement over Germany. To allow himself greater flexibility, President Kennedy felt that the Berlin issue could help by diverting attention from Germany as a whole. Krushchev seemed to see Berlin in this role, too, and the city's status became a symbol of this, with the Wall a symbol of the 'crisis-management' binding the two sides together. Perhaps this is why Kennedy tended to over-dramatise the Berlin Wall on various occasions[2] — he wanted to divert West German attention away from the impossible problem of reunification and the fact that the Powers had tacitly agreed to postpone its development. At the same time, he sought to reassure the U.S.S.R. that the United States would hold West Germany in check; thus in an interview for *Izvestia* in November, 1961, he stated that the United States would act in concert with the U.S.S.R. to oppose any future danger from West Germany[3]. Similarly, the U.S.S.R. showed itself willing to control the extent of Ulbricht's access-route powers, as in March, 1969, when East German threats subsided, once the Russians had decided that the 'safe' level for obstructions had been reached.

An 'arrangement' over Germany after 1961 was a rationalisation of the 'Gordian Knot' as a Polish publication described Berlin in March, 1971.[4] The facts were plainly that neither side could afford to give up its security interests in Germany; a West German politician summed this up in 1958: 'The West cannot allow, and the German nation does not wish, the Red Army to establish itself at the border of the Rhine — but neither will Russia tolerate a United States command at the Oder'[5]. The seeds of mutual suspicion between Russia and the West had already been sown during the War, when each side suspected the other of a separate 'deal'

with Germany and the dangers of the current German situation demanded acknowledgement from both sides that the 'Gordian Knot' was sorely in need of untying. The West was both bored with and frightened of the confrontation over Germany; and the U.S.S.R., faced with a hostile China, wanted to make a truce in the West, still reflected in its recent treaties with western countries and offers of collective security pacts.

The desire of both sides to accept each other's interests in Germany to avoid war was realised in August, 1961, when the physical expression of this demarcation was erected in Berlin. This necessary act of 'crisis-management' signalled the policy of security through the *status quo* in Europe, which, as George Kennan pointed out in 1959, meant the continued division of Germany: 'it has become clearer . . . that very few people, either in Russia or in the Western countries, really want a reunification of Germany. The recent Four Power talks in July and August, 1971, have also indicated this mutual desire for a stabilising 'arrangement' over Germany.

Notes on Sources

1 Walter Lippmann, 'The Two Germanys and Berlin', *New York Herald Tribune*, April 7, 1959.

2 Kennedy's letter to President Kekonnen of Finland (October 1961) in Arthur Schlesinger Jr., *A Thousand Days*, Boston 1965, pp. 379-80.

3 U.S. Department of State Publication 7808, 'American Foreign Policy: Current Documents 1961' Washington, U.S.G. Printing Office, June 1965, pp. 668-70.

4 *Glos Koszalinski*, Koszlin, No. 65, 6.3.1971.

5 'The Reunification of Germany and Security for Europe' in *World Politics*, April 1958, p. 369.

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THE MEDIEVAL PLAY REVIVAL

by E. Martin Browne

TWENTY years ago this summer, the first full-scale revival of a medieval Cycle of Mystery Plays took the stage. The York Cycle opened on June 3, 1951. Its last previous performance appears to have been on the feast of Corpus Christi, 1572, when its full sequence of 48 plays were taken, each on its pageant-wagon, around the city to 10 or 12 'stations' between 4.30 a.m. and dusk. Its first modern audience saw a carefully compressed version of the whole on a broad 'multiple' stage set against the north wall of the ruined church of Saint Mary's Abbey in York. This lasted, according to the Stage Manager's time-sheet, from 8.05 p.m. to 11.20 p.m.

The revival had not been easy to achieve. For nearly 30 years I had been staging portions of the various English Cycles. The Nativity was the most popular subject of choice, and no modern author has been able to compete with these old playwrights who accepted the story without question, and combined their poetic understanding of its deeper significance with their vision of it as happening to people like themselves in a society like their own. The York, the Coventry, the Chester Nativity plays, the Second Shepherds' Play of Wakefield with its rustic comedy of sheep-stealing, the legendary plays of Mary's early life from the Saint Anne's Day celebrations at Lincoln — all these were revived by myself and others with wide acceptance, as the Church gradually overcame its obstinately lingering puritanism and allowed the drama once more inside its walls.

These plays raised only minor controversies—the most notable being mariolatry. But they gave hardly a hint of the grandeur and boldness of a whole Cycle. The medieval drama is uniquely broad in its scope, covering as it does the whole history of mankind. But the Cycles in their entirety remained the possession of the small band of scholars who could read their Middle English scripts. Nugent Monck of Norwich was the only producer to attempt the staging even of the Passion sequence from one of them, and this only in private performances because of the threat of censorship, ecclesiastical or legal.

For the Lord Chamberlain as Censor had declared it as his policy that no visual representation of God or Christ was permissible on an English stage. Church opinion accepted, and mostly favoured, his dictate. So the English went to Oberammergau to experience a Passion Play. As for their own Cycles, which had in ancient times exhibited in their own streets the whole drama from Creation to Last Judgement, the English didn't even know they existed.

York was chosen as one of the 20 provincial centres for the Festival of Britain, 1951. Here was the opportunity I had been looking for. The York Cycle was the only one preserved complete, and the most consistent both

in its approach to the story and in its poetic standard. York was a city in which I had already lived and worked for two periods, and where I had friends and allies in theatre. I asked Huw Wheldon, the Arts Council's officer for the Festival of Britain, and Keith Thomson who was to be Director of the York Festival, to meet me one day in 1949 in the basement bar of the London Arts Theatre. We agreed to urge upon the City Council that the central event of its Festival should be the presentation of its greatest literary treasure, after an interval of 389 years, on a York stage.

Such an adventurous proposition had to be circumspectly introduced. Yorkshiremen are known to be 'canny', and none more so than the citizens of Yorkshire's county town. It is not a large city: its ancient pre-eminence as capital of the North has been overshadowed in terms of size by the growth of the great industrial towns of the West Riding. But, in terms of pride, it is still the first city, with a strong and well-justified sense of unbroken tradition. This year (1971) York celebrates the Romans' foundation of Eboracum 1,900 years ago. It has most of its medieval walls and many, besides the mighty Minster, of its medieval churches. It has its Georgian Assembly Rooms, the fashionable place for dances and parties of the families who lived in the many fine eighteenth century houses of the city and the surrounding countryside. It has in its railway station one of England's outstanding pieces of industrial architecture, which bears tribute to York's importance as a railroad centre, as does its Railway Museum. So there is no city in England where the rich continuity of English history can be so fully savoured: and York is fully aware of a heritage which it jealously guards.

But to guard a heritage you are aware of is one thing: to accept the fact that you have been unaware of a major item in it is another. Are you not courting blame for neglect? Are you not taking the risk that your old playscripts may not be as good as the scholars tell you? Anyway, most of the theatre-historians dismiss all that pre-Shakesperian stuff as 'primitive, crude and naïve'. You may be buying a pig in a poke—no purchase for a good Yorkshireman. That director who says he can make the Plays exciting on the stage for large audiences—how can he tell? Besides, our own Archbishop is a bit doubtful about the propriety of showing scenes like the Crucifixion in the brutal manner demanded, they say, by the medieval playwright. Anyway, one can't read the stuff—it's in Middle English.

Here, we found our most valuable ally. Canon J. S. Purvis, then archivist of the Minster and afterwards director of the Borthwick Institute of Medieval Studies, had made a profound study of York's medieval records, including the Plays. He was willing to 'translate' the portions of the text I wanted to use into a language which modern actors could speak, without losing the (often elaborate) patterns of the verse or the quality of the poetry. And he had a strong sense of the dramatic, and of what the local actors (for whom it was written and whose descendants were to play most of the parts) would find possible to 'put over' effectively. He and I chose together, in a session at the Station Hotel that lasted till two in the morn-

ing, the exact portions of each play we should use and how they would be dovetailed: from this, Purvis produced an acting script.

To compare this script with the full text of the Plays which Canon Purvis published in 1957 is to realise how drastically the tempo of the Cycle had to be speeded up to compress the performance-time from sixteen hours to three. It was not only a matter of omitting many plays and incidents altogether and concentrating on the essential features of the story. The treatment of almost every one of these had to be tightened up, and each had to run on into the next to produce a continuous, flowing movement. Such a tempo made it acceptable to twentieth century audiences of sixteen-hundred or more, for whom the ponderous progress of the pageant-carts, most of their plays starting with a declamatory speech of 'pomping' by the chief character or 'telling' by a narrator, would have a boring slowness.

As the show began to take shape, the actors began to catch fire. They had been loath to expand their diction to the breadth of the verse and of the 100-foot stage, and frustrated by the fact that in so huge a show, with over a hundred speaking parts, most of the characters have to be established in very few lines. But the great plan of the Cycle, as it became clear to them, swept them in as willing participants; and the crisp directness of the thought came through the verbal devices, which they soon learned to use for theatrical effect. Caiaphas' Porter relished a spitting alliterative curse on Judas:

> Go hence, thou glowering gadling, God give thee ill grace;

while Mary Magdalen celebrated her ecstasy on seeing the risen Lord with the same sound:

> My heart is gladder than the glee.

Caiaphas' soldiers, knocking the blindfolded Jesus about between trials, set up their slapping game:

> Play fair then all here. And there's one. And there's two.
> I shall find how to fix it, with a fair flap.

The Shepherd has a tenderer game of tit-for-tat:

> Two cob-nuts here upon a band,
> Lo, little babe, what I have brought.
> And when ye shall be lord in land,
> Do good again: forget me not.
> For I have heard declared
> Of cunning clerks and clean
> That bounty asketh reward—
> Now know ye what I mean.

My salvation for a toy! for this babe is the 'lord that all this world shall win', though his mother has ruefully to confess that 'here is no bed to lay thee in'. *Punch's* reviewer, Eric Keown, described the plays aright: they are 'down to earth and up to heaven'.

The Times, in a report dated June 4, testifies to the effect the production had on its first audience:

> 'To have witnessed the recovery last night of a great part of the York Mysteries from four centuries of practical oblivion was to have had an experience. There was no telling beforehand what would be the effect on an audience of today of

this cycle of medieval devotional plays that set out to rehearse the whole ecclesiastical history of the world. But from the moment God the Father, crowned and in white raiment, was revealed at a high window of the ruined Abbey of St. Mary, there to declare his purpose in creation, it was evident that we were to hear a text of great interest and to see the plays revived in full imaginative splendour. . . .

'There is a single central stage, the sward at the foot of the ruined abbey, with various booths and platforms to represent the various changing centres of interest. The windows are thus windows looking out from heaven, and a long, winding flight of steps leading down past the Tree of Knowledge to the multifarious earth. . . .

'Perhaps we cannot see these plays, so freshly direct in their language and their approach, so astonishingly sure-footed in their drama, as their own people saw them, since they saw with the eye of unconsidering faith. But Mr. Martin Browne has left no other reason why we should not.'

Sir Herbert Read, in the *New Statesman,* put the full weight of his authority behind the Plays:

'. . . What came over, in moving simplicity, was the poetry. What a strange nation we are! The York Mystery Plays are poetry of the highest order—plain, perspicuous and powerful. They are on the level of our medieval architecture, our medieval illuminations and stained glass. But who, but a few scholars, has read them? How many of us, before this present season, knew but dimly of their existence? . . . The whole cycle should be a common possession, and the York performance an annual event.'

The York revival has indeed become a triennial event—three years has proved to be the shortest time in which the energy for such a huge effort can be reassembled. It has also started a fashion. Chester revived its Cycle in 1951 on a smaller scale and has continued at five-year intervals. Coventry has also showed the beautiful fragment that is left of what Shakespeare saw (as Hamlet's 'out-Herodes Herod' testifies). The Lincoln Cycle came later: at Grantham in 1966 and on the ancient site before the Minster in 1970.

Meanwhile, I was asked to produce a Cycle in the ruins of the old Coventry Cathedral for the consecration of the new, in 1962. I chose the Lincoln Cycle, once (wrongly, of course) known as *Ludus Coventriae,* from which to make a version compressed to skeletal starkness. One of its many beauties is the finest of all Annunciation plays, which includes the actual moment of conception:

Ah, now I feel you in my body be,
Perfect God and perfect Man . . .
Thus conceived never woman none
That ever was in this life.
O my highest Father on your throne,
It is meet that your Son, now my son, have a prerogative.

This production initiated another experiment. It moved from one small stage to another in every part of the ruined building, using also the stumps of pillars, window-frames, wall-ambones, and drawing its audience with it. It even penetrated through the midst of them as when Christ carried his cross down a street of spectators through whom the soldiers pushed a path for him to Calvary. This free show, without seats and with such

close involvement, probably came nearest of any yet seen to that shared experience of the whole community which the original Corpus Christi performances must have given to the packed city crowd.

A country parallel was provided by the Bristol University Drama Department who, as a climax to a year's special study of medieval drama, produced in 1969 the complete Cornish Cycle in the 'round' where it was anciently performed. During the two days, audience came and went, taking little account of time and responding freely to the moods of the play as it developed at its own leisurely pace.

The Wakefield Plays, first revived in Martial Rose's admirable version at Bretton Hall College of Education in 1958, were taken up by the professional stage. Sir Bernard Miles has twice put them on at the Mermaid Theatre in London, and last year the Young Vic played the Nativity section.

I have seen in these productions some danger-signals. The job of the acting profession—of which I am a member—is to make whatever play it is doing acceptable to whatever audience it meets. When, as with the Mystery Plays, the gap between the author's and the theatre audience's approach to life is very wide, this can be done in one of two ways. The actors can strive to absorb the author's approach, to surrender themselves to it while acting his play, and to communicate it to the audience. This is the right way: but it means a lot of work under the guidance of someone who understands the play's meaning. Alternatively, they can use the opportunities for theatrical effect which the author, for his own reasons, has provided. They are of a simple kind and there is every temptation to exploit them—to broaden the rustic realism into farce, to burlesque the 'baddies' and over-sweeten the 'goodies', to 'go to town' with 'business'. The danger is that in doing so the two fundamental values will be lost—the poetry, and the faith in whose power the plays were created. And the verdict will be what it was before we rediscovered the Cycles—that the plays are 'crude, naïve, primitive'.

Some producers have tried anthologising—choosing purple patches from all the Cycles to make a composite one which maintains a more constant level of quality. A medieval Cycle grew by accretion, so why not, for twentieth century consumption, a Cycle selectively chosen? I am sure this is a mistake. The medieval accretion is the work of many years *in one community*. Each Cycle belongs to, and reflects the characteristics of, its own location. It is a work of the people: for no dramas in history, not even the ancient Greek, have been so much the creation of the communities in which they appeared.

That their modern descendants have revived their own plays is therefore a good thing: some of the original impulse was in each case recovered. But whether it can be expected to persist is much more doubtful. Already there is a slackening which threatens to result in dull and

lifeless shows. I believe that, if this part of our dramatic heritage is to be kept fully alive, the amateurs cannot be left to do it unaided.

But if the Mystery Plays are to become part of the theatre's repertory, the question arises, what place have the works of faith in a faithless age? The cosmological pattern in which medieval man arranged human history has no longer any meaning for us. Does this invalidate his plays? His visual arts are another matter: they can be understood iconographically and, like the plays, have in recent years become a cherished addition to our artistic experience. So too with his music. But can actors, who have to find living characters to play, make valid interpretations of people whose society was based upon a faith they do not hold?

The Polish National Theatre sent to the World Theatre season a few years ago a medieval play about the Resurrection. It was done with skill and wit. But with every word they uttered the actors denied what they were saying. The audience was, naturally, as uninvolved as the actors by this 'twee' Easter-card. The centre of the play was, no doubt deliberately, missing.

Our theatre exists in a free society; and its responsibility is to present any play of worth in terms of the mind of its author. If Sir Herbert Read is right that the Mystery Plays are 'poetry of the highest order' and that they 'should be a common possession', we ought not, having rediscovered them, to let them slip back into obscurity by denying them the standard of production they need. They merit the same kind of serious study and imaginative treatment which it is the responsibility, particularly, of the subsidised theatres to give to all our dramatic treasures from Shakespeare onwards—and backwards.

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KEATS AND MEDICINE

by Robert Gittings

AS, this year, we celebrate the 150th anniversary of the death of John Keats, it is curious to reflect that in his short life he spent six years as a student of medicine—exactly as much of his existence as he gave to poetry. We may, I think, also reflect that, such was his ability, we could now be remembering him not as a poet but as a doctor, a Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, whose examining body pronounced him, with other candidates of his year, as 'a well-educated practitioner'.

This may seem all the more remarkable when we consider Keats's character: 'I carry everything to an extreme', as he confessed, not a promising characteristic toward the cool eye and steady hand of physician and surgeon. In our most vivid painting of him, he is seen as a very modern young student, in a demonstrating crowd, shouting his head off. When he first read Chapman's Homer, 'he sometimes shouted'. When he and his fellow-students played a game of imitating the instruments of an orchestra, Keats took the bassoon part. As a schoolboy, his passion was fighting, and 'fighting was meat and drink to him', as a schoolfellow noted, adding that he was 'always in extremes', either in paroxysms of rage or helpless with laughter.

These extremes, to which it is almost too easy to apply the term 'manic-depressive', match exactly the violent experiences of the first fourteen years of his life. When Keats was only one year old, one of his uncles died of tuberculosis. This, of course, only becomes significant later; but from the age of eight dire events hammer at Keats hard and fast. At this point, his father died from falling off a horse. In two months, Keats's mother married again; in a year, Keats's grandfather died; the mother and stepfather disputed the will, and the grandmother took the children—Keats then aged nine—to live with her. The mother and stepfather parted, but she did not return to her own children, living with other men. When Keats was twelve, his other uncle, worn out with the lawsuit, died, also of tuberculosis. The mother returned to her children, ill and dying herself. Keats, a boy of fourteen, actually nursed her but she too died of tuberculosis while he was still at school.

It was against this extraordinary background, every event taken the hard way by his passionate nature, that Keats, just under fifteen, told the guardians who had been appointed for him that he wished to train as a doctor. It was his own choice, not theirs as used to be said. Indeed, what could make these two solid City characters think of this wild, vague, wayward, impulsive adolescent as a medical man—unless for some reason they thought that shouting and fighting marked him out as a future medical student? None of his known relatives had any connection with medicine; yet there is one point worth noticing. No one knows where Keats's father came from; we know less of his father than we do of

Shakespeare's. Now, Keats's letters, in which he wrote almost exactly as he talked, show distinct traces of dialect which sounds like Somerset; and there were, at this exact time, two very famous surgeons of Somerset origin called Keate—and their names also appear as 'Keats'. Thomas and Robert Keate, of Wells, Somerset, and St. George's Hospital, were both exceptionally short—as the poet was—red-haired, violent-tempered and given to shouting. The account of their loud quarrel over Robert, the nephew's, first amputation makes alarming reading to anyone who imagines the feelings of the patient on the operating table. Without pursuing this theory beyond conjecture, it may well be the clue to Keats's choice of medicine.

At all events, he was apprenticed for five years to Thomas Hammond, his grandparents' family doctor at Edmonton, and went to live in the little apprentices' lodging in the garden of the house there, called Wilston —his official place of residence when he was registered L.S.A. six years later. Much happened in those days, dimly-known. One thing is certain. Sometime about the middle of this period, he had a quarrel with his master. Though some biographers deny this, it was known to all Keats's friends. The fault may not have been Keats's. A new and positive piece of evidence, discovered after I wrote my *John Keats,* shows that in members of the Hammond family there was habitual drunkenness. Though it is not for me to emphasise any connection between drink and surgery, it is not unreasonable to suggest that if you put an apprentice who has a violent temperament under a surgeon who has a known reputation for drink, there is likely to be an explosion. Certainly, Keats talked years later of how his hand 'clenched itself against Hammond'. There was some conflict; but it was not, as is often said, a break in Keats's legal apprenticeship. Hammond testified that Keats served his full five years; but, though Wilston remained his official address, he went to live in lodgings elsewhere, away from Hammond. Keats lost none of his valuable training; Hammond, drink or no drink, was well known as an excellent doctor. What he lost was money, since his apprenticeship premium was partly meant to cover living-in fees. Hammond, perhaps naturally, did not return any part of the premium, and Keats, for the rest of his apprenticeship, had to live at virtual double expense, a fact that angered his City guardians.

I emphasise that the apprenticeship was not broken in any damaging medical sense, although from this incident starts the legend, embroidered all through his future history as a medical student, that Keats was not properly trained or qualified, and was not a very promising doctor. On the contrary, Keats had, in many ways, the training and capability to become a first-rate physician, if not, for temperamental reasons, a great surgeon. To start with, Hammond, who taught him, was one of an excellent firm of doctors in Edmonton and Southgate. He was a Member of the Corporation of Surgeons, and his younger medical relatives were Members of the newly-formed Royal College of Surgeons. Moreover, he kept up his connection with the great London teaching hospitals, especially Guy's

Hospital, where he had been himself a dresser under a good surgeon, William Lucas senior. Even today, personal connections and recommendations mean much in medical practice. Then, to quote J. F. Clarke's *Autobiographical Recollections of the Medical Profession*, 'At Guy's and St. Thomas's at this time, the surgeons and assistant surgeons formed a snug family party'.

When Keats entered Guy's Hospital in October, 1815, the very recent Apothecaries Act of that year required him to add at least six months' hospital attendance to his just-completed five years' apprenticeship. In fact, he put himself down for a whole year's course, and from that we can infer that he was aiming not only at the L.S.A., qualifying him to be what we should now call a general practitioner, but at a Membership of the Royal College of Surgeons, which needed a longer training than the minimum requirements of the Apothecaries Act—the theory and practice of medicine, pharmaceutical chemistry, and *materia medica*.

It is for the further qualification as a surgeon that we find him attending the lectures of the great Astley Paston Cooper, and noting, in a pocket-book now in Keats House, Hampstead, some of the more notable sayings of that vivid and picturesque lecturer. These had the greatest influence on Keats; one can even trace the rough commonsense and concrete examples of Cooper's style of lecturing in some of the homely similes with which Keats illustrates the profound philosophical and aesthetic ideas in his own later letters. It is tempting even to import this early influence as a factor in Keats's direct and sensuous poetic imagery. There is fascinating evidence of actual personal contact between the great surgeon and the future poet. A contemporary notes that Cooper obtained lodgings for Keats with two older men, George Cooper (no relation) his own dresser, and Frederick Tyrrell.

The usual sentimental accounts say that Keats was obviously unhappy at Guy's, and that Astley Cooper put him under the wing of these senior men because he had observed during a lecture that poor little Keats looked 'lonely' or 'not happy'. I need hardly say there is not a shred of evidence for this. In a crowded popular lecture with 300 to 400 students milling around—Cooper attracted huge audiences—poor little Keats was probably hitting somebody to get a good place. I would suggest that when he went to pay his fees personally to Cooper, as he had to do in order to attend these lectures on anatomy, Cooper was struck by the coincidence that Keats looked very like the Master of the College of Surgeons, and had a name like him. Cooper indeed was a kind-hearted man—the story that he even operated on the horses wounded at Waterloo, and cured them, is well known—but in the snug family atmosphere of London surgery, this may well have seemed to him a politic thing to do for this striking-looking young man. At all events, he could not have chosen a better way of starting Keats on his hospital career. Of his room-mates, Cooper the dresser got his L.S.A. easily and had a very successful general practice at Brentford, while Tyrrell, who had already picked up a lot of practical surgery on the battlefield of Waterloo, afterwards succeeded to a staff

appointment at the hospital, and edited the published edition of Astley Cooper's surgical lectures. Keats was in good hands from the first, and there is concrete evidence that he immediately benefited as a doctor from being with these experienced older men. Though a fine new dissecting room had just been built in the joint 'United' hospital of St. Thomas's, the Guy's dressers, in their little, out-of-date room, seemed to get the plum appointments. Keats had only been there one month, when he was made dresser—the modern equivalent would be a junior house-surgeon. This was partly luck, partly the 'snug' influence that we have surmised; but it must also have been deserved. Alas—Keats did not deserve the surgeon to whom he was allotted, another who had benefited by the 'snug family party.' Billy Lucas, son and namesake of his distinguished father, was one of the most alarming surgeons who ever operated. Even Astley Cooper speaks of others on the staff being sick with apprehension as to what Lucas would do next in his 'cutting among most important parts'. Keats's disillusion with the surgical career he had chosen certainly dates from his association with Lucas. However, as a physician, he pushed on towards his L.S.A. in the summer of 1816. He was now able to stand on his own feet medically, and living with two other L.S.A. candidates, George Wilson Mackereth and Henry Stephens, later the inventor of the famous blue-black ink. Stephens tells us most of the events of that summer when Keats passed the Society of Apothecaries examination with flying colours, but he omits one extremely significant fact. That is, that both Mackereth and Stephens himself failed this very stiff examination. It was not, as Stephens in his chagrin afterwards pretended, a mere scrap of paper. Keats had once more got ahead of his contemporaries as a doctor. He was now fully qualified to practise, approved by both hospital and 'the Hall', and at the earliest possible age, his official registration having to be delayed a few months until he was actually twenty-one, the legal minimum age.

Why then, did this new 'well-educated practitioner' never practise? Why did he not go on and take, as everyone expected him to do, his M.R.C.S. early the next year? To answer this, we must distinguish between Keats as a physician and Keats as a surgeon. He gave up the time-consuming profession of physician because he decided to give his whole life to poetry. At the exact time his name appeared in the printed list of L.S.A., he had been hailed as *the* new young poet by Leigh Hunt in *The Examiner*, in company with Shelley. Henry Stephens records the effect this had on him. 'This sealed his fate', said Stephens, who had already caught Keats scribbling verse in the chemistry lectures of Alexander Marcet, another of Keats's very distinguished teachers. He gave up surgery, however, for quite another reason. He found himself, he said, temperamentally unfitted. When opening a vein, he said, he kept thinking of how his hand might slip and open an artery. The reasons for this are clear, I think. He had seen Lucas do this; Astley Cooper's words suggest that Lucas *did* do this. There was another reason, connected with Astley Cooper himself. While he still thought of an M.R.C.S., Keats began, in his second year, to attend Cooper's famous advanced surgical

lectures. The first lecture, printed in *The Lancet*, but not, for obvious reasons, printed in the bound edition of the lectures, was a vivid warning not to be a surgeon unless you had the temperament for it. To push this lesson home, Cooper told the story of a Guy's dresser—just what Keats was—who had made this exact mistake of accidentally opening an artery; the patient lost 37 ounces of blood and died. One need look no further for the cause of Keats's remark six months later—'I have forgotten all surgery'.

Yet, in spite of what is usually said, Keats never quite gave up the idea of practising as a physician, if not a surgeon, in the four short years that remained before his own death. He kept all his medical text-books, prescribed for his friends, attended at accidents, and several times spoke of practising. It is true that we think of Keats in these last years more as a patient than as a doctor; also, that it is difficult to end the tragedy of Keats's life on any happy note. Yet, medically, I believe, this is just possible. Everyone noticed that, after months of agony, his last days were calm and relatively happy. Part of the cause seems to have been that Keats had by his bedside in Rome, as sole companion, the terrified young artist, Joseph Severn, himself on the verge of a nervous collapse. Dying though he was, the trained doctor in Keats took over. He became Severn's medical adviser, treating Severn as the patient. 'Did you ever see anyone die?' he asked, 'Well then I pity you, poor Severn. Now, you must be firm for it will not last long.' He continually warned Severn not to inhale his dying breath, as he himself had done when he caught the tubercular infection from his own brother, Tom. In fact, some of his last words: 'Don't breathe on me!' suggest that Severn's safety and health were at the back of his dying consciousness. This, and several other incidents, may fairly suggest that John Keats, Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, died not only as the poet he had become by the age of twenty-five, but as the 'well-educated practitioner' that he had been acclaimed in Apothecaries Hall at the age of under twenty-one.

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KURDISTAN

by Konstantin Bazarov

THE Kurds are renowned for their fighting ability and their racial pride, and they have stubbornly maintained their own language and national characteristics in their mountainous homeland, despite successive waves of invasion by Arabs, Mongols, and Turks. That these fiercely independent people are nevertheless divided and subject to larger political units is above all due to the lack of unity which is a key theme in Kurdish history, and which persists to the present day; for, although many Kurds are detribalised, the tribal element still plays a leading role in social affairs and land ownership. Kurdistan has in fact never been an independent state, but at most a large number of Kurdish principalities which were never able to maintain their independence for long against the pressure of larger empires because they were continually fighting each other, and could not overcome their own rivalries sufficiently to unite against a common external enemy.

Kurdistan, the mountainous land of the Kurds, which extends from the Zagros range in Iran to Mount Ararat, is at present divided politically between Turkey, Iran, and Iraq, with a small part in Syria. The Kurds, who probably total between five and eight million, have presented a problem to all those countries, with frequent Kurdish rebellions against the central governments. But until recently these have tended to have the character of tribal rather than national risings, confined to one territory at a time, and originating in local grievances which differed in nearly every case.

The most recent revolt broke out in Iraqi Kurdistan in 1961, and developed into a full-scale war before it ended in March, 1970, with a truce agreement which has lately been showing signs of strain. The terms of this nominally give the Iraqi Kurds the autonomy for which they had fought during the previous decade, as well as a Kurdish vice-president for Iraq, and Kurdish representation in the legislature and government in proportion to their numbers (about one-fifth of the population). If these arrangements were to work they would produce an Iraqi state in which Kurdish language and culture were recognised alongside those of the Arabs, and the aim of the Kurdish rebellion was indeed always stated as autonomy within Iraq rather than secession and national independence for Kurdistan as a whole.

The aspirations of some educated Kurds, especially those living abroad, have however included the idea of an independent Kurdistan. Thus Abdul Rahman Ghassemlou concludes his Marxist analysis, *Kurdistan and the Kurds*, with the argument that the 'Kurds, like every other nation, have the right to self-determination including the right to form an independent state, which in this particular case assumes the form of a right to unite the country.' And in his book, *The Revolution of Iraki Kurdistan*, Ismet Cheriff Vanly objects to such descriptions commonly applied to the Kurds as 'war-like' or 'tribes without national consciousness', pointing out that the

Kurds are one of the oldest peoples of the world, and that they have made a large contribution to the civilisation of western Asia. 'Rather than speak of a people', he complains, 'the oppressors of the Kurds prefer to use the term "Kurdish tribes" when they do not purely and simply deny the existence of a distinct Kurdish nationality.'

But the difficulty is that although they are indeed a distinct group with a language and culture of their own, who have occupied Kurdistan continuously for more than 3,000 years, the Kurds have never enjoyed anything approaching political unity. They speak an Iranian language and although their ethnic origins are a matter of dispute, they are usually regarded as the descendents of the Medes who, with their fellow Iranian-speakers, the Persians, formed part of the Indo-European migration into the mountains overlooking the fertile plains of Mesopotamia. Here they displaced, or more probably assimilated, the earlier inhabitants, constituting an autocracy which controlled a mixed population on whom they imposed their language and religion. The Medes joined with the Persians and Babylonians to overthrow the Assyrian Empire in 612 B.C., after which Kurdistan successively formed part of the various Empires that followed—Persian, Seleucid, Parthian, and Sassanian—until the Arab conquest in the seventh century, when they were converted to Islam. During the Middle Ages, Kurdistan was composed of a large number of independent Kurdish principalities, and the Kurds played a considerable part in history, but as individuals or groups rather than as a nation. The most famous Kurd of all was Salah-ed-din, or Saladin, the real hero of the Third Crusade. Under his leadership, the Muslims united to retake Jerusalem and successfully to oppose the Crusaders, who had managed to establish themselves in Palestine only because of previous Muslim disunity. His political and diplomatic skill, his practical gifts as a soldier and his chivalrous moral qualities, all helped to enable him to forge Egypt and the rival warring principalities of Syria into a united Muslim empire. But no Kurdish leader was ever able to perform the same service for the Kurds themselves, since as Derk Kinnane has said: 'When the empire was strong those Kurds who enjoyed its favour gladly fought those Kurds who did not. It was easier for a Kurdish prince to be a vassal to a foreign overlord than to give up his struggle with a rival Kurd. When the Kurds did think in terms of a political horizon beyond the tribe, it was of the supranational body of Islam.'

During the sixteenth century the Ottoman and Persian empires, the two major powers of western Asia, were constantly at war, though the frontier between them eventually became stabilised along a line which cut Kurdistan in two, leaving about one-quarter in Persia and three-quarters in Turkey. Vanly points out that Kurdish nationalism had developed by this time, and is a dominant theme in the work of the seventeenth century Kurdish poet, Ahmad-e Khani (1650-1706), who describes the misfortunes of the Kurdish people, laments their lost independence, and dreams of a Kurdish state. But once again rivalries among themselves kept the Kurds disunited although, had they been united, they could have held the balance

of power between the two warring empires. Instead of this, Kurdish behaviour towards the Turks and Persians assumed the pattern which it has kept until the twentieth century: when the central governments encroached on their rights, or tried to impose upon them taxes or military service to which they were unwilling to submit, they revolted and if the revolt failed they crossed the frontier and found temporary shelter with the other Kurdish tribes living there.

The First World War brought the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, and the proposals of the victorious allies for the dismemberment of Turkey included the creation of independent Armenian and Kurdish states. But the resurgence of Turkey under the leadership of Kemal Atatürk left only southern Kurdistan in British hands and, after a good deal of resistance, this eventually became in 1926 part of the new state of Iraq. Once again disunity among the Kurds themselves was a major factor in the failure of attempts to make at least this part of Kurdistan autonomous for, although a modern national consciousness had developed among educated Kurds living abroad, most Kurds were still very conservative and their loyalties were to their own tribal chiefs, who were divided by bitter rivalries among themselves.

But, though the old tribal society and tribal enmities have proved very strong, their importance is declining with the spread of education and the rise of an urban intelligentsia, and the Kurdish rebellions since the Second World War have at least partly had the character of popular risings for the attainment of freedom from foreign domination, linked to a coherent ideology of Kurdish nationalism. The first of these was the Kurdish republic proclaimed in Iran in 1946, of which a detailed account has been given by Eagleton. The pro-German government of Reza Shah in Iran had been overthrown by an allied invasion, and both Britain and Russia kept troops in Iran during the war to safeguard the supply route from the Persian gulf to the Soviet Union. Part of Iranian Kurdistan, with its centre at Mahabad, was outside Persian control but not occupied by the Allies, and the Kurds were therefore left to govern themselves. The determination to remain self-governing grew, and in January, 1946, a Kurdish republic was proclaimed by Qazi Muhammad in the square of Mahabad. This received some Russian support, although it was set up against the wishes of the Russians, who wanted the Kurds to join the Soviet-sponsored Azerbaijan republic in northern Iran; but the Kurdish republic had little in common with Pishevari's communist regime in Turkish-speaking Azerbaijan, which collapsed as soon as Russian troops were withdrawn. Hassan Arfa, an Iranian general and himself an Azeri, draws a distinction between the case of Azerbaijan, with its 'hastily armed and unseasoned Azeri recruits, many of whom had no interest or desire to fight their fellow countrymen for the sake of Pishevari and the Russians' and the 'skilled Kurdish fighters, accustomed to the mountainous surroundings of Kurdistan, and motivated by the ideal of Kurdish nationalism.' The government of the Mahabad republic was composed of conservative urban and tribal leaders and, though it did organise a non-tribal army, it still depended for

its real fighting strength on tribal warriors, especially those under Mulla Mustafa Barzani, who had retreated into Iran with several thousand men after a brief and unsuccessful revolt in Iraq. However, when the Persians reoccupied Azerbaijan and began their attack on the Kurds, Qazi Muhammad ignored the advice of Barzani and decided to surrender. He did not expect the Persians to kill him, but in March, 1947, he was hanged in the square at Mahabad where he had first proclaimed the republic just over a year earlier. Barzani briefly returned to Iraq and then, with several hundred of his followers, fought his way to safety in the Soviet Union, where there is a small Kurdish community, and where he remained for eleven years.

The 1958 revolution which overthrew the monarchy in Iraq and brought General Qasim to power was enthusiastically welcomed by Kurds and Arabs alike, and Barzani was invited to return to what was now described as 'a republic of Arabs and Kurds.' But Qasim treated the revolution as an end in itself, as a rebirth which had simply eliminated all divisions within the country: Kurds were to have complete equality with Arabs, but this in his view meant the complete assimilation of the Kurds as 'an indivisible part of the Iraqi people'. Qasim did, however, retain the support of the Kurds for several years because at that time Arab nationalism had come to mean union with Nasser's Egypt, which he opposed, as did both the communists and the Kurds on whom he came to rely for support. But, far from uniting the country, it was Qasim's fate to become labelled *qasim al-'Iraq* (the divider of Iraq), for he not only tried to suppress the Arab nationalists but also brought to a head the problem of Kurdish nationalism in Iraq. His only concrete achievement had been the maintenance of his own power, and by 1961 the disillusioned Kurds were once more in revolt, a revolt which this time was to develop into the large-scale and protracted war which continued long after his own macabre execution.

Even during the sixties, however, the Iraqi Kurds have been far from completely united in their fight against the government. When Barzani returned to Iraq, he is reported to have replied to a reference by Qasim to ancient enmities among the Kurdish tribes that forgiving his Kurdish enemies was a thing he could not do—'they are criminals'—and in 1959 he once again clashed with his traditional rivals, the Zibari and Baradost tribes, always willing to support the government in fighting against him. Although Barzani is himself an authoritarian tribal leader, he did join with leftist Kurdish intellectuals such as Ibrahim Ahmed and Jalal Talabani in founding the Kurdistan Democratic Party, though the revolutionary movement itself was eventually to split over ideological and social questions, with Talabani and Ahmed forming their own rival Barati party, and even siding with the government in the most recent round of fighting.

After Qasim's overthrow in 1963, the governments which came to power in Baghdad in successive coups all tried to end the civil war and find a permanent solution to the Kurdish problem, but previous truces in the ten-year-old-war have broken down, primarily because of the failure of Iraqi governments to honour in practice the terms which they had agreed

in principle. It is partly because Iraq faces so many other internal and external problems, and badly needed to end a war which had absorbed some £100 million, that the present peace has at least some possibility of proving more durable. Externally, quite apart from the Arab-Israel conflict, relations with Iran had deteriorated almost to breaking point by 1970, and Iraq is engaged in a competition for influence in the Gulf with both Iran and Saudi Arabia. Internally, the present military government has not been able to establish any broad basis of popular support in Iraq since it came to power in a coup in July, 1968.

Iraq is also split by other fundamental divisions, religious rather than racial for, if one-fifth of the population are Kurds, more than one-third are Shi'a Muslims, followers of Ali, like the Persians. In the past Iraqi governments, which have always been dominated by Sunni (Orthodox Muslims), have often relied on the support of the Kurds, who are also mostly Sunni. Other Kurds do, however, belong to various heterodox sects, among which the Yezidi are particularly interesting, with a syncretistic cult which includes elements from Christianity and Islam as well as other Near Eastern religions. They are often wrongly described as 'devil-worshippers', since they deny the dualism of good and evil, and one of their myths tells of how Satan repented of his sin of pride and was replaced in his previous position by God. Since God created the universe he has had little direct connection with it, leaving it to be ruled by seven angels of whom the chief is Yazid, also known as *Melek Ta'us* (King Peacock) because he is worshipped in the form of a peacock, a bird which plays a great part in the symbolism of the sect. But, because the Peacock Angel was identified with Satan by both Muslims and Christians, the Yezidi have suffered much persecution, and now number only some 50,000.

But minorities of any sort always present a problem, and the claims to self-determination of the Kurds come into conflict with those of their neighbours, since there are no clear-cut boundaries between them and other ethnic groups. The greatest stumbling-block in the present agreement with the Iraqi government has been the question of what should be the extent of the autonomous province of Kurdistan. The crux of the problem is the town of Kirkuk, the centre of rich oilfields and itself the site of I.P.C.'s largest oil refinery. Under the settlement a census was to determine whether it was predominantly Kurdish or Arab, but the Kurds are now complaining of an influx of Arabs designed to tip the ethnic balance. This and the failure to implement other parts of the agreement has led to the present strained state of the truce, although neither side is anxious for another armed confrontation.

Of the other main countries with a Kurdish problem, Turkey has tended not to admit that any problem exists, Kurds are people who live in Iran and Iraq, the ones who live in Eastern Turkey being described as 'mountain Turks.' But, despite ruthless repression of past revolts, there is an illegal Kurdish Revolutionary Party, and the Kurdish areas are amongst those in which martial law has been in force since April, 1971. Iran does acknowledge the cultural identity of the Kurds, though only within the multi-

national empire of Iran, in which different groups are intermingled in a very complicated way, and the Persians have therefore been anxious to retain the Persian language as a unifying force, and have been reluctant to allow the use of other languages such as Kurdish in schools.

Yet, if the Kurds are not increasingly to demand a state of their own, the countries in which they live must somehow find an answer to the problem which has already led to the linguistic fragmentation of other parts of the world, especially of Europe: that or reconciling cultural diversity with a larger national unity. Otherwise the development of Kurdish nationalism may parallel that of other divided ethnic groups, such as the Somali, another tribalised pastoral people whose internal conflicts left them weak and thus prey to the conquests of the Emperor Menelik and the rival colonial imperialisms of Britain, Italy and France. After the Second World War, Ernest Bevin's plan for a 'Greater Somalia' foundered not only on great power and Ethiopian disagreement, but on the opposition even of some of the Somali, still divided by internal competition; but a new self-consciousness of their distinctiveness as a people was gradually emerging, and Somali nationalism had its first triumph in 1960 with the successful union of the British and Italian colonies into the Somali Republic.

Kurdish nationalism, however, faces even more formidable obstacles. Hassan Arfa, who gives an objective summing up of the Kurdish problem, argues that the creation of a unified Kurdish state would present insurmountable difficulties on geographical grounds, since each part of the highlands has more natural links with the valleys and plains below it than with the rest of the highlands. No doubt this is true, but the greatest barrier to Kurdish unity has always been the internal divisions among the Kurds themselves, and these are slowly diminishing under the impact of the modern world. One effect of the recent war does in fact seem to have been to accelerate social change in Kurdistan, shifting power away from the feudal and tribal upper class to the urban intelligentsia, which has become more influential, and also more nationalist.

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PANIS DAEMONUM

Insect utopians, Orphic drones,
no limpid susurrations in your song
on the fragrant height of Hybla;
merely a grating continuum
inviting the vengeful flyswot:

rest now, my drones, then die
on that ineluctable day,
wingless, disembowelled and blind
in your yearly Lemnos.

not for you the ephemeral bliss
of a butterfly entranced
by its Sol in midheaven,
not for you the flight beyond bread
to an inward kingdom, no sublime
sweep to Olympus:

rather than apples of gold,
rather than Hesperides
in the west beyond steering,
you seek the conventional chart,
the easy descent to death;

men at last in a promised land,
convinced their god is a liar;
cursing the milk and honey,
they yearn to tread once more
the familiar paths of the desert.

DAVID VESSEY

GRASS

'What is grass?' the child asked,
and Whitman gave a poet's answer,
explaining nothing. Dürer
painted a clump of it,
formal and brilliant in German air.

I ask the same question now,
looking out on winter pastureland,
but can only find a rational answer,
am more ignorant than the child.

Blake would have interpreted it for me,
Samuel Palmer, ecstatic and dazzled at Shoreham.

And yet I know grass almost by heart,
its touch, colour and rare scent,
common, yet strangely individual,
beautiful and everlasting, since
first I rolled down childhood hills,
my body smelling of summer,
the strong life entering me.

And how many times have I heard them chime,
the belled quaking grasses, in soft wind,
a delicate peal for unencumbered days,
or walked, a green and wondering man,
through small forests of cocksfoot, foxtail,
red darnel, brown bents and brome,
sniffed sweet vernal in old hayfields,
the mowers moving westward with the sun,
held a broad blade of couch grass
between stiff thumbs, blown a sharp note
over river banks, scattering dragonflies,
threaded stems with wild strawberries,
spattering their blood all the way home.

Barley and oat shall cover me at the end,
my dust become panicks and fescues.

Rain falls, the grasses silently grow,
larks hide their pearled songs in the dark growth,
alien with sorrel and chamomile,
pimpernel holds up its poor man's weather glass,
a lost village is buried deep, flint and coin,
a king's bones blanch beneath matted roots,
cattle and cannon tracks photographed on turf.

Grass is my security,
my firm hold on time,
that takes me, hour by hour,
from flying husk and seed
to brittle flakes at my dark end.
I never see a solitary tuft
lodged with the frost in pavement cracks,
but feel its hidden power
to burst from the prison holes,
suddenly swell, break the stone,
cover the ruined world again

with huge, primeval fields,
savannah, prairie and steppe,
running from the mountain to the sea,
shining and undefiled.

I sense the potency of that tuft in me.

LEONARD CLARK

IMAGINARY LETTER: NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI TO FRANCESCO VETTORI, DECEMBER 1513

Francesco, trusted friend and confidant—
From my loved farm I write, with thankful heart
For freedom from Bargello's stinking walls.
The jailing there, though vile, was brief, with four
Turns of the rack which must have made me yield
Had I been guilty of the baseless charge
Of plotting with Boscoli and Capponi
Against the state's security. I flinched
But clenched my teeth; stretched there in agony
I kept courageous counsel with my soul
Until I saw in the dread torturer's eyes
The weary witness of a dire deed done
And heard the screws relax. No more of that—
But you who know me well and worked with me
In our republic nigh on fifteen years
Before these proud Medicean rats returned
Know that our Florence, our beloved state,
Is dear to me as life, however ruled,
Whether by our late Council of the Ten
Or by the heirs of Il Magnifico.
'Against the state's security'? I rage
When I recall that charge of conjuration,
And when they dragged me into the Bargello
I felt the worst must happen: I lost hope.
There I would languish still, with ball and chain,
But for the amnesty the Pope proclaimed
On his assumption of the triple crown.
Blessed be Leo, and my lucky stars;
Leo the Tenth, Giovanni Medici!
His was the whim that freed me from the rack,
Not knowing who I am, or was, or will be,
Unnamed within a general amnesty—
Only because his friend Pope Julius died
And opened the bright path to his ambition.

And, after all, at thirteen was he not
Created cardinal—a juicy plum
Ripe for Lorenzo's basket? Oh, my friend,
That hat has served him well. Shrewd Julius knew
And made him Legate and his heir apparent,
And then conveniently died. Ah, well,
He does not know me, but the time will come
When the trick wheel of fortune will restore
Me to my rightful place in the state's councils.
Meanwhile, I wait and work, and keep my gaze
Fixed on this prentice Pope; I must be patient,
Seem not to be aware, yet groom myself
To serve whoever rules whenever asked.

Thronged in my mind are ghosts of ancient sages,
Poets and men of science, preachers, kings;
They pass before me, memories retained.
And while the lamp burns I am at their service
As they at mine; and in this peace I fashion
A new and startling book, *De Principatibus*,
Which I intend shall be a guide to princes,
On how to govern, and good government,
And as I have no wish to lack employment
I think its dedication to this present crew
Should help my fortunes. We must cringe to rise.
Therefore I'll write: TO THE MAGNIFICENCE
OF GIULIANO—or I may not, no! . . .
Nor will I send this letter to my friend.
We walk on swords in this proud state of Florence.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

EEL

Water develops its own inquiry
roughly demanding
the bladder-ritual
of unborn
seconds.

My body is a cool inquisition:
the longer one grows older
the more water
magnetizes
the warmth of

sudden death.

I pull my creativity
across warm grasses
beneath the wild teeth
of the moon.

Ponds, streams, ditches
become unsatisfactory:
landscape must become
eternal seascape;
memory drowns in
a taut scheme of
selectivity.

Slowly the idea is purchased:
I pass on my own desire
into the threaded sensation
of an elver;
I swim past the crooked present
into a stealthy oracle of myself
achieving
wisdom.

DAVID H. W. GRUBB

SUMMER SIESTA

Waking in mid-afternoon of hot summer,
Sun and sea patterns printed on the blind,
I hear myself saying, still half in sleep,
'I used to love Rover.' Dear dog dead
I used to hear the valley over, welcoming
The young master, shepherding the cattle home
Up the lane from the headland in the afternoon.
It struck me strangely to remember Rover
Suddenly, years after, dear visitor
Unannounced, his place long taken
By a young successor.
Why was I so disturbed to remember him?
Defenceless, vulnerable in half-sleeping state,
The will suspended that keeps fears away,
Controls the secret anguish of the mind—
Was it his watching the beach night and day
For the vanished master of the ivory skin and ferny hair?
No. It was the unexpected reminder

Of the relentless onward roll of life
Like the unalterable tide across the bay,
The irreversibility of time.
We were younger then when we came here:
The valley was full of youth: the master was alive
His brother with the sloe-black eyes a boy
About with the cattle in boots too big for him,
Now away on questionable courses,
Never comes home. The farmer and his wife
Are a couple growing old, nothing to do
Who were so active all day long,
Sowing, harrowing, haymaking, harvesting.
No longer the cows come here to be milked,
No Rover to accompany them, in at the gate
With the milk in the fresh of the morning.
One has the sense of everything slowing down.
Youth has gone from the valley;
Only Rover has his sullen successor,
No work to do. I, growing older,
Keep a more solitary vigil
Out over valley, farm and bay,
Remembering their former occupants—
As they perhaps remembered theirs—
Suddenly aroused from summer siesta,
Pierced to the heart with the sense
Of the mysterious continuity of life.

A. L. ROWSE

CHINESE DIPLOMACY AND THE UNITED NATIONS

by Robert Boardman

IT was Lord Macartney, Britain's first Ambassador to China, who observed in 1794 that 'Nothing could be more fallacious than to judge of China by any European standard'. Certainly recent months have provided even more than their usual quota of taxing questions about the motivations and objectives of Chinese diplomacy.

From April, 1966, China seemed immersed in her own problems. The upheavals of the Cultural Revolution quickly absorbed the energies of Chinese diplomats from the world's capitals. Students in foreign universities, including London, returned home; and a virtually complete hiatus emerged in China's cultural and scientific relations with the outside world.

Developments over the past year or so stand out in sharp contrast. Diplomatic relations have been established with several countries, as varied as Canada, Chile, Italy and Kuwait. The Governments of Austria and others have accorded recognition to Peking. And, most striking of all, a marked thaw developed in Chinese relations with the United States, the most obvious symbol of the relaxation being the visit to China of the American table-tennis team earlier this year. Behind the scenes, moreover, China's diplomats appear to have been active in many States, from Japan to the Holy See.

How can we account for this explosion of Chinese interest in international politics? And what are likely to be its consequences in the future? In particular, does the present round of ice-breaking and bridge-building indicate a solution soon to the problems of Chinese representation in the United Nations? Bearing in mind Macartney's caveat, we should perhaps be cautious of reading too much into the signs. China's history records many instances of oscillation in her view of the world, between the outward-looking receptiveness of the T'ang, for example, and the search for inner Confucianist purity of the Sung dynasties. Nearer our own time, Chou En-lai's diplomacy at the 1954 Geneva Conference prompted a number of premature forecasts of speedy progress in China's relations with other countries.

But it seems not improbable that part of the explanation for recent moves can be found in international developments of the past few years. The Cultural Revolution coincided with a rapid deterioration in relations with the Soviet Union, culminating in border clashes between Chinese and Soviet armed forces. In public statements during the later 1960s, the 'social-imperialist' U.S.S.R. was increasingly singled out as China's main enemy. Its leaders were dismissed as traitors to Communism and accused of restoring capitalism to the Soviet Union. Indeed, the prospect of a Soviet nuclear attack on Chinese cities or military installations seems to have been taken seriously in Peking during 1969.

Of the many reasons for Sino-Soviet discord, one has in retrospect assumed special significance: in the years following the Cuba missiles crisis of 1962, Moscow came to attach a growing importance to its links with Washington. This blossoming of intimacy between the two super-Powers seems gradually to have convinced more realistic Chinese officials of the dangers of continued non-involvement in active diplomacy.

Certainly the Maoist rhetorician does not have to search far for material to support his case of Soviet-American 'imperialist collusion' against the world's peoples. In June, 1971, satisfactory progress was reported in the strategic arms limitation talks (S.A.L.T.) in Helsinki; and discussions began in Texas on the possibility of designing a common docking system between American and Soviet spacecraft. The *Peking Review* has also made much of Soviet support of American mediation in the Arab-Israeli conflict, the recent strengthening of Soviet-Japanese commercial relations, and reports that Kremlin officials have even made secret overtures to Chiang Kai-shek's government on Taiwan. Given the potency in Mao's China of memories of the 1930s, the seclusion of the Cultural Revolution seems to have fostered and nourished an almost paranoid vision of threats from every quarter.

To re-phrase Bismarck's dictum on the art of diplomacy, it is prudent to be *à deux* in a world of three. China's recent foreign policy bears the imprint of this counsel. Of the two nuclear giants, Peking has invested greater diplomatic effort in improving relations with the United States. Bruises from past encounters with Moscow are still too keenly felt for serious initiatives to be taken in that direction yet. And, for their part, American officials have been increasingly aware that a *rapprochement* with China could greatly ease the pains of withdrawal from Indo-china. In June, President Nixon released a list of American products that could henceforth be freely exported to China. Visa regulations have also been eased. Chairman Mao even confided to one visitor that the President himself would be a welcome guest if he cared to travel to Peking.

China has followed through this main thrust with a renewed affability towards the United States' allies. The Heath-Pompidou talks on the Common Market, for example, met with approval in Peking. The reason given, though — that they were a sign of the weakening of U.S. hegemony over Western Europe — failed to dampen suspicion that China's real goal was the isolation of Washington. But an especially determined Chinese drive has been made towards Japan. The tremendous economic dynamism of the former enemy has revived fears, never fully extinguished, of Japanese remilitarisation, perhaps to nuclear dimensions. Tokyo's Five-Year Defence Plan for the period beginning 1972 calls for more than a doubling of present defence expenditure. It could be that this perennial Chinese concern was a prime motivation for recent expressions of friendliness to Washington: the United States might be seen in Peking as the only Power capable of exerting a moderating influence on possible future Japanese ambitions.

A pronounced shift has been evident in Chinese diplomacy, then, from the ideological and doctrinaire, to the more conventional and pragmatic planes. There has been conflict between the two at least since about 1965. In both Africa and the Middle East, officials have had to face the fact that merely extolling the virtues of Mao Tse-tung Thought does not win friends for China.

Africa is now very much an area of concentration for Chinese diplomacy. Economic aid even exceeds that given by the U.S.S.R. The bulk, both financially and in terms of prestige, revolves around Tanzania, and especially the rail link with Zambia. Before 1965, Chinese excesses of ideological fervour alienated many potential sympathisers. A number of States — the crunch coming with Kenya's expulsion of Chinese diplomats — severed relations with Peking. Now, by way of contrast, the Chinese presence is characterised by hard work, non-interference in domestic politics, and the goal of technical efficiency. Similarly, in the Middle East, support for the Palestinian cause, particularly Al-Fatah, has produced both criticism from dissident guerrilla factions and the distrust of Arab Governments. Chinese diplomacy in the early 1970s appears to be aimed much more at cultivating links with established regimes, especially those in Egypt and the Lebanon.

So far we have considered only international developments. Important as they are, it is the situation within China which has enabled diplomacy to respond in the way it has. In June 1971, fresh indications emerged of the return to political stability of post-Cultural Revolution China. Notables formerly criticised for anti-Party activities — Kang Sheng, Hsieh Fu-chih, and Marshal Chu Teh, Mao's old comrade from the civil war days — quietly returned to make an appearance in political life. Preparations are going ahead for the convening, for the first time since 1964, of the National People's Congress. Its role will be to draw up a new Constitution and appoint another Head of State. The 'renegade, hidden traitor and scab' Liu Shao-chi, officially the scapegoat for all China's ills over the past few years, could clearly not again be a candidate for high office.

To sum up, then, we have a picture of more flexible approaches to diplomatic issues. This is partly a corollary of the strengthening of political authority in China, itself an outcome of the expanded role of the army. For, with the subsidence of open rivalry between competing ideological factions, deviation from strict conformity with Marxist-Leninist precept need not bear the stamp of treachery.

There remain, however, serious limitations to this process. The power of ideology has not diminished significantly. Technology, for example, has so far been kept under a tight leash. An early Chinese computer started work by duplicating Mao's signature; China's first satellite in 1970 spent its orbiting time broadcasting revolutionary music; and the *Peking Review* reports regularly on the spectacular results achieved by the application of 'correct thinking' to technical disciplines as diverse as astronomy and acupuncture. The Chinese have, of course, hotly denied that any dilemmas

exist in the running of a technologically sophisticated State with the guidance of Mao Tse-tung Thought. But it seems likely that the demands of the future will exacerbate strains between the technocrats and the Party theoreticians already evident in some sectors in the 1960s. How the conflict is resolved is bound to have repercussions on Chinese diplomacy in the 1970s.

China's advances in the nuclear and space fields are particularly interesting here. It took only from 1964 to 1970 for Chinese scientists and engineers to progress from the first test of an atomic device to the successful launching of an earth satellite. There have apparently been delays in the programme for building missiles of inter-continental range (I.C.B.M.s) but these are no doubt being remedied.

Officially, the importance of nuclear weapons is not admitted. The people's struggle alone counts in the military balance, with Mao Tse-tung Thought as a 'spiritual atom bomb'. It is conceivable, however, that the impact of the new military technology on China will be comparable to its effects on Soviet thinking. During the 1960s, as Soviet nuclear might grew, so tangible support for 'wars of national liberation' diminished. Even support for the Arab States is tempered in 1971 by approval of American mediatory initiatives. A fully nuclear State simply cannot afford diplomacy which runs the risk of encounters near the nuclear brink. What optimism there is in Western defence circles concerning a nuclear China in the late 1970s and early 1980s hinges on the possibility that this fact might become firmly embedded in the thinking of the Chinese leadership.

Possibly China's recent diplomacy can be seen as a testing of the ground for that time. But her growing nuclear and space potential is of interest for another reason. Each breakthrough in these fields has been accompanied by a vigorous propaganda exercise. Each has been portrayed as the final convincing proof of China's existence as a great Power, as a further example of the absurdity and irrelevance of her exclusion by others from the international community.

Nevertheless, there has been some question in recent years whether representation in the United Nations is still in fact a major objective of Chinese diplomacy. Certainly there was little possibility of doubt when the People's Republic was first established. Between then — October 1949 — and June 1950, the new Government sent nine cablegrams to different organs of the U.N., together with a further nine to various Specialised Agencies. For many years after, Peking defined the issue as simple and clear-cut. China was a Charter Member of the U.N., a Permanent Member of the Security Council; and, as the only legal authority, representatives of the People's Republic should take the place of the delegates of the 'renegade, reactionary Kuomintang clique' of Chiang Kai-shek.

The legal and diplomatic position has unfortunately never been that simple. In international law, China *is* a Member of the U.N. The dispute is one of representation of that State between two rival Governments, in Peking and on Taiwan, each claiming to be the sole Chinese Government

and denouncing the other as a rebel, and each maintaining diplomatic relations with different Governments. In particular, the Nationalist Government's links with Washington have, since mid-1950, constituted a formidable barrier to change.

Developments in recent months, however, have given reason for guarded optimism that a break in the deadlock might be in the offing. For several years now, the question has fallen under the jurisdiction of the General Assembly. It was defined as an important one under the Assembly's rules of procedure — one, in other words, requiring a two-thirds majority for a resolution to pass through. This majority has hitherto not been forthcoming in the annual votes on Chinese representation, despite the large influx in the 1960s of new independent States, particularly the African Members, many of which had established diplomatic ties with Peking.

But in 1971, with the recognition of Nigeria and Cameroon, Peking for the first time enjoyed diplomatic recognition from the majority of the independent African States. Meanwhile, as we saw earlier, China's relations with a number of other countries underwent a radical improvement. These facts have led some distinguished observers to the conclusion that the present state of affairs in New York is near its end. Denis Healey, for example, the former Secretary of Defence, described Peking's entry to the U.N. in a recent *Guardian* article as 'imminent'.

Is it? In 1971, as in 1950, a critical position is that of the United States Administration. Here, also, there have been signs of movement. In April, a Presidential Commission under Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge recommended representation of *both* the People's *and* the Nationalist Governments in the U.N. The following month, U Thant repeated his conviction that Peking will be voted in during the autumn of 1972. The U.N. Secretariat is reported to be making contingency plans on that basis. Because of the backlog of United States opposition to the change, and of Chinese Communist denunciations of the U.N. as a tool of Washington's imperialist policies, some measure of agreement between the two would seem to be a prerequisite for further advance.

In their recent exchanges, an important role appears to have been taken by President Ceausescu of Rumania. Indeed, there is a suggestion that, on his visit to China this year, he took with him State Department proposals for a settlement of the U.N. issue. But a clue to the many obstacles in the way of a solution came with the total rejection of both Chinese capitals of the Cabot Lodge 'two-China' proposals. Other schemes in the past — for Peking to take the Security Council seat, for example, while Taipei retains a voice in the General Assembly — have met with a similar fate. And hope of a more accommodating attitude on the part of Mao's and Chiang's successors may prove mere wishful thinking.

There are limits to how far United States diplomacy can go. Peking's insistence on the constant and public articulation of points of dogma cannot do much to help even a willing Administration to overcome Congressional critics of closer ties. The 1971 *People's Daily* New Year's Day

editorial, for example, made no bones about asserting that 'the world people's struggle against U.S. imperialism is linked with the struggle of the American people against Nixon's reactionary rule'. Washington also has to balance out the cost in terms of relations with the Soviet Union. Agreement with China would inject difficulties into the S.A.L.T. round of negotiations by arousing Moscow's hostility; on the other hand, a successful Treaty on the reduction of force levels in Europe might release Soviet troops for exercises near the Chinese border, and so demolish hopes of a settlement with Peking.

Present indications, then, do seem to be more than straws in the wind. But Chou En-lai and his colleagues have not been slow to point out the unacceptable parts of President Nixon's current proposals. Judging by accounts in Peking's press, and the reports of Western visitors—the Canadian Opposition Leader, for example—the People's Republic remains as determined as ever that no Nationalist Chinese representative shall sit in any organ of the U.N. Yet present indications are that Chiang's delegates could not be budged. A blunt demand for their expulsion certainly could not attract the two-thirds vote being sought by Washington. The position of the Soviet bloc, after all, is far from unequivocal on this question. Chinese approaches to the U.S.A. have been regarded with grave suspicion. One East European commentary has pointedly referred to the evidence of the recently-published *Pentagon Papers*, that a major factor in U.S. policies in Vietnam has been the conviction that Chinese armed forces would not intervene. In its opposition to Sino-American 'collusion', therefore, Moscow could find itself an unlikely bedfellow with the more intransigent sections of the Republican Party.

On the consequences of Peking's entry into the U.N. during the 1971-72 or 1972-73 sessions, we can do no more than speculate. Both the United States and China, for their part, seem to have appreciated the practical dangers of Peking's continued isolation from day-to-day diplomatic business. Each Government is now making an effort to discard some of the effects of over 20 years of mutual hostility. It will be a cause for concern, but no great surprise, if the attempt is less than completely successful.

[Dr. Robert Boardman was a lecturer on Politics at the University of Leicester and has recently taken up appointment at Dalhousie University, Nova Scotia.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

BIOGRAPHY OF THE 'GUARDIAN'

'Guardian'—Biography of a Newspaper. David Ayerst. Collins. £4.50.

Somewhere in the Riddle 'Lloyd George Diaries' I seem to remember someone asking for the finest opening on record of a major speech. He was reminded of the spellbinder Bryan—'Some will say that I have run my course. Some will say that I have not fought the fight. But no man can say that I have not kept the faith . . .' The *Guardian* in 1971 shows mercifully no signs of a foreseeable demise although the section of this splendid book called The Power And The Glory ends with 1925 and already its last chapter is entitled Ichabod. It has fought most gallantly on many occasions for abstract justice and the weaker side. Most notably perhaps during the South African War, the Irish struggle for freedom (1919-1921) and the Suez crisis. There have, however, been longish periods when this kind of cause appears to have been unavailable. What no man can dispute is the persistence throughout the whole 150 years of a peculiar faith, an indefinable something, which has aroused intense devotion (sometimes challenged by its opposite) amongst staff, contributors and readers.

This saga of a great newspaper from the foundation in 1821 to 1956 contains in a sense three stories in one. One could see it primarily as a contribution to the social history of Manchester and the neighbourhood, or as a study of the development of newspaper production and salesmanship. Here we must concentrate on what to many will be more interesting than either—the light thrown on the principles which have inspired the policy makers continuously or otherwise throughout the period.

From the beginning the need for principles was clearly stated. The new paper the public were told in 1821—

> But what were the politics of the newspaper to be? 'It will,' the public were told, 'zealously enforce the principles of civil and religious Liberty . . . it will warmly advocate the cause of Reform; it will endeavour to assist in the diffusion of just principles of Political Economy; and to support, without reference to the party from which they emanate, all serviceable measures.' In foreign affairs the *Guardian* would follow 'with intense anxiety' the 'magnificent experiments' which various states in Europe and Latin America were making in trying to replace 'antiquated and despotic Governments . . . by institutions conformable to the increased intelligence of the age'. Particular attention was promised to the fair reporting of both sides in parliamentary debates and to the provision of full and accurate reports of important public meetings in Manchester and neighbouring towns.

It can hardly be claimed—Mr. Ayerst indicates the opposite—that these principles were invariably adhered to in the first half-century. Lord Palmerston could be wrong in the eyes of Garnett the editor, but very seldom. There was a natural affinity between them. 'That side of Garnett's character which was devoted to field sports and his love of a glass of wine on which Engels remarked—this made it natural that he should find "the most English Minister a sympathetic character".' As Mr. Ayerst points out a man who thought like this was not likely to be happy with John Bright the Quaker pacifist as a Member for Manchester. A preference for Palmerston over Bright could in theory be squared with the original prospectus but is hardly what is meant by the traditional principles of the *Guardian*.

C. P. Scott became Editor in 1872 while a second year undergraduate. He reigned for 57 years acquiring the paper in the meanwhile. A grandson is Chairman at this moment. The intertwining of the Taylors and Scotts in the control of the *Guardian* from 1821 to the present day is a personal story on its own, beautifully explained by Mr. Ayerst.

No one who looks at a picture of the bearded Scott bicycling to his office (he did this until he was over 80) can doubt his magnitude or the fact that he stood for some very high principles. What precisely they were Mr. Ayerst wisely refrains from telling us too explicitly. Freedom in some sense no doubt was their connecting link. But during the present century the question of whether more or less freedom involves more or less State control has divided Liberals sharply and produced inevitable ambiguities in the *Guardian* mind.

1931, the year of crisis, is, in retrospect, seen to have been crucial. 'In two months Ted Scott'—Editor from 1929 till his early death in 1932—'had taken the paper from a position where a continued drift to the Right might have been expected back to the empty place on the Left where it was needed'. Since that time the *Guardian* has proved an invaluable if not always appreciated friend to most of what has been best in official Labour thinking. More recently there have been signs of a special concern for permissiveness (in sexual matters for example) as a current aspect of the age-long struggle for freedom. What C. P. Scott, or C. E. Montague or J. L. Hammond (the last two rather than the first, my heroes) would have made of these latest attitudes cannot readily be discovered here. It is interesting, however, to note that quite early in the day (page 50—1823) the *Guardian* gradually 'became a paper with which many of its most careful readers disagreed'. There is a reference to a 'persistent dialogue with its readers' which will presumably continue to the mutual benefit. Be that as it may the long traditions seem certain to continue. They will be expressed not so much in abstract slogans or even concrete policies as in a spirit of search for truth and of argument which underlies the apparent dogmatism and even makes it lovable.

LONGFORD

SIR LEWIS NAMIER

Lewis Namier — A Biography by Julia Namier. Oxford University Press. £4.25.

Lady Namier (Julia de Beausobre), to whom Sir Lewis Namier was married during the last thirteen years of his life, though they first met five years earlier, has written a remarkably human book. It is, therefore, only right to say a word about the remarkable author herself. Born a Russian, her family's 'lands' were at the easternised end of the vast stretch of steppes of which Lewis Namier knew well the western end. There was, therefore, a sort of geographical link. She was, however, a Christian married to a diplomat who was also Christian. About a year after their marriage, both were arrested; he was shot while still in custody in Moscow. Some twelve months later she left Russia for good, after two years of horror and hunger spent first in a Moscow prison and next in a concentration camp to the east of Moscow. She was released and miraculously helped to come to England. Her experience has been immortalised in a book *The Woman Who Could Not Die*, written in beautiful English and published by Gollancz in 1948, with an introduction by Rebecca West.

It was this unusual human being who was married to Lewis Namier by a Russian Priest in a Chapel off the Fulham Road on June 4, 1947, after he had been baptised by the Dean of Westminster in St. Faith's Chapel on April 15.

In the case of this biography it matters very much who is the author, however deeply one admires Lewis Namier (and I hold him in the highest esteem, both as tutor and friend), because this book is a great human document. Just imagine his life being written by one of the many young historians he inspired, even A. J. P. Taylor; the result might well have been insufferable. Too many people were inclined to regard Namier himself as a bore—I understand such people and know why they so regarded him. But Julia Namier, because she was a Russian Christian and the descendant of a 'landed' family, understood her husband's background; the buffetings he experienced for the first eighteen years of his life in Eastern Europe, the difficulties of a Jew born into a land-owning family part Judiac and part Christian, adapting himself to an entirely new mental and national landscape.

We all know the bare facts, Lewis Namier was not only a great, but an architectural, historian; he carved out new periods of time and by piling stone upon stone, he created new edifices such as: *The Structure of Politics at the Age of George III (1929)* and *England in the Age of the American Revolution* and *The History of Parliament*. These monumental works gave him a name, a knighthood (1952) in a new country and finally in his dying year, thanks to Mr. Harold Macmillan, a D.C.L. from his beloved Oxford. His numerous articles and memorial lectures (Ford, Romanes, etc.) have been published in half-a-dozen books, such as *In the Margin of History, Conflicts, Diplomatic Prelude*, etc. Lewis Namier, as a historian, combined psychological insight and realism. A student of Marx and Freud, he applied his penetrating insight into the motives and 'interests' of people in the eighteenth century. His superb books altered the whole approach to history.

The unique significance of Lady Namier's biography is that she not only faithfully recounts the first eighteen years of her husband's life, relying on his meticulous memory, she also shows at first hand a scholar at work, his battle against ill health, his trials and triumphs, his circle of friends including more especially A. L. Smith (Master of Balliol), Baffy Dugdale, C. G. Stone, the Very Rev. Norman Maclean and many others, including of course Chaim Weizmann.

His connection with Zionism was for the most part due to his friendship with the Weizmanns and his admiration for Weizmann's political method, piling good argument on good argument, just as he himself wrote history. His other friends were Leonard Stein, Colonel Kisch, Josh Wedgwood and through Baffy Dugdale many of her circle, including 'uncle Balfour Declaration'. He could not bear Lord Passfield, better known as Sidney Webb, and his White Paper. Once he said to me in the train from Oxford to London: 'What does it matter if Passfield has compromised, God has promised'. Namier's links with Zionism were in one sense an interlude, though he cared deeply about the future of Israel. After his baptism and marriage Weizmann never spoke to him again. In fact, he visited Israel together with his wife in 1952 as a member of the Board of Editors for the Weizmann Papers.

It must be remembered that Namier was nearly always 'hard up' and that the Zionists utilised his talents with little remuneration. The greatest financial relief in his life was the appointment as Professor of History at Manchester in 1931; but this was after being for two years Political Secretary to the Jewish Agency in London and much loyal spadework for Chaim Weizmann. Later in 1939 he took part as Liaison Officer seconded by his University at the request of the Foreign Office, in the Tripartite Conference in St. James's

Palace, between the Government, Arabs and Jews. Namier considered it his absolute duty to work for the Jewish cause, though he was never happy with the lesser men on the Executive, among whom he towered with his superb intellectual gifts and also his past experience at the Foreign Office. He worked hard for the refugee German scholars and scientists and helped with Palestine House, where he met Wyndham Deedes, 'another older man whom L. thought typical of the England he loved'—so writes the biographer. Namier was a man of the right, a lover alike of tradition and of individual freedom; he not only adopted England as his country, he diagnosed more acutely than most historians the secret roots of our institutions and our staying-power. We owe Lady Namier an unpayable debt for this book.

KENNETH LINDSAY

ENGLAND AND THE JEWS

The English and Immigration 1880-1910. John A. Garrard. Oxford University Press: Institute of Race Relations.

It is always difficult for an historian to make his studies 'relevant' to modern conditions without taking the risk of making what he writes something else than history. If the historian is willing to take this chance it is far better to make it an open choice, to write history and present the evidence for what he believes to be parallels: to let the intelligent reader decide for himself the value of comparative studies. At their worst comparative studies lead to crude simplifications; at their best they allow for new insights and understanding of present problems. Mr. Garrard's work falls into the latter category for it is, primarily, history and is well researched and well written. It is, secondly, a study in comparison: comparing English reaction to Jewish immigration in the late Victorian and Edwardian eras with the public's reaction to Commonwealth immigration into post-World War II Britain.

The author has deftly handled the delicate problems involved in comparative studies. His comparison is on three levels. Firstly, relying on contemporary newspapers, he portrays public reaction, both within and without Parliament, to Jewish immigrants, for ultimately the problem of immigration resolves itself into the problem of the immigrants. This was easily, if not purposefully, forgotten in the 1890's as well as in the 1970's. Having presented the case, the author allows the parallels to be seen. For example, there is the portrayal by anti-immigrant speakers of an England of green and pleasant fields being invaded by people pronounced to be 'un-English'. 'English' of course is never defined and is always assumed to be a static phenomenon. Secondly, Mr. Garrard inserts footnotes which help the reader recall more easily contemporary incidents which substantiate the parallels; the rhetorically violent language of Enoch Powell in 1968 is compared with that of Mrs. Ayres, a midwife, speaking before the 1903 Royal Commission on Immigration. And finally, there is the conclusion which attempts a summary of the obvious and implied similarities, especially as the events of both eras affected the 'left', both Liberal and Labour.

What is of importance to the non-historian in Mr. Garrard's study is that although the immigrants of the Victorian and Edwardian eras are quite different in so many aspects (number, cultural background, geographic locality, etc.) from today, as is of course the British public, yet the similarities of reaction by the latter are still so very striking. Especially of note is the emphasis made on the dichotomy faced in this country between abstraction

and reality. Toleration and individual liberty are abstractions, are part of the liberal Englishman's heritage and are easily lived with; Pakistani bus-conductors are realities. What is also of note is that in the 1970's as in the 1890's, there is both 'public opinion' and more importantly, perhaps, the interpretation of that opinion with the latter forming if not creating the former. As in the case of the Jew so in the case of the Pakistanis it can be said that Englishmen tolerate types, not people.

JAMES MUNSON

AN APPRECIATION OF GREAT PIANISTS

Great Pianists of Our Time. Joachim Kaiser. Allen and Unwin, £3.25.

Those programmes on the wireless where a music critic compares interpretations of piano masterpieces through the recordings of great pianists are perennially fascinating. So too can be a book on pianists of days gone by, shedding light on their lives, techniques and eccentricities. At first sight then it may seem odd that this book is somewhat lacking in interest: after all, it deals comparatively with interpretations by today's great pianists and gives us details of their lives, techniques and eccentricities. Yet for all that it is a curiously flat book, almost a catalogue of those whom the author considers great, what he has heard them play, either in the concert hall or on record, and what he considers to be their strengths and failings. Inevitably then it is a subjective work, and one will rely largely upon the author to prevent interest from flagging.

That he fails to do so springs not only from a heavily didactic style, further deadened by a ponderous translation, nor merely from the fact that it was first published in Germany in 1965 and has not been brought up to date, but fundamentally from the author's very approach to his subject. For any of us who love music in general and piano playing in particular, will have our own views as to how a certain pianist played a certain concerto or sonata. If we have heard it in the concert hall we will eagerly scan the next morning's papers to see how the 'critic' felt about it, so as to agree or explode, as we see fit. Correspondingly, before, or even after, buying a gramophone record, we may study the columns of a record magazine for guidance. But does one really require over 200 pages of Mr. Kaiser's views in general at one sitting? It is to be noted that the book sprang from a series of talks on West German Radio, and each chapter taken separately as an Interval Talk may well have been more useful and stimulating.

There is a worthwhile opening chapter on the contrasts and similarities between concert performances and gramophone recordings, and three final chapters on Chopin, Liszt, and Intellectuality and Spontaneity, which are really used to catch up on such pianists as Alfred Brendel, John Ogdon and Shura Cherkassky who have not already merited a chapter to themselves. In between we run from Rubinstein, Backhaus and Horowitz, through Richter, Gilels and Michelangeli, to promising newcomers, here in the persons of Byron Janis, Van Cliburn and Martha Argerich. Odd, one may feel, that Vladimir Ashkenazy is mentioned only fleetingly, Daniel Barenboim not at all, and that the chapter on Liszt has no reference to the playing of Gyorgy Cziffra, perhaps the most exciting Liszt interpreter of our day. But then of course one remembers that the book is now over six years old, and thus, within its own terms of reference, already out of date.

This brings me back to the original problem. A book of this kind cannot really succeed because it does date so easily, and thus is bound to prove frustrating to read. A general work on piano playing, with some examples, is wholly different, as is a book which helps us to appreciate those musicians whom we never heard. But well produced as Mr. Kaiser's book is, well illustrated both musically and photographically, and despite its comprehensive, if sometimes inaccurate, discography, I cannot believe that it will appeal strongly to any but the most statistically minded music lover; and that surely is a contradiction in terms.

DAVID FINGLETON

FIVE VICTORIAN WOMEN NOVELISTS

The Singular Anomaly. Vineta Colby. University of London Press. £4.40.

The singular anomaly of the title is the 'lady novelist'—thus described in *The Mikado,* on Ko-Ko's 'Little List'. But here, Mrs. Colby deals with a plurality of singular anomalies—to wit, Eliza Lynn Linton, Olive Schreiner, Mrs. Humphry Ward, John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Pearl Craigie), and Vernon Lee (Violet Paget). Denied the outlet of the professions—the law, the church, politics, the university lecture platform—these singularly intelligent women all made use of the novel as a means for the dissemination of ethical and didactic notions for which, in Victorian and Edwardian England, they could discover no other available medium.

The purpose of Mrs. Colby's book is 'to study the novel of the period not as a work of art, but as a vehicle for the expression . . . of ideas'. The fact that she has selected women novelists, instead of such identical practitioners as Grant Allen, Walter Besant, George Gissing, Henry Harland and Walter Pater, signifies, she says, no more than that it is necessary to impose some limits upon the scope of one's work.

What the selected five women novelists have in common, apart from a reverence only just this side of idolatry for George Eliot, is that they were primarily intellectuals rather than artists. They were, certainly saw themselves as, social, moral, philosophical, or religious propagandists, and they all, in Mrs. Colby's felicitous phrase, 'wrote with their brains'. Each confronted a particular problem of the time. Each rejected the Church of England Established, and replaced it with a personally formulated substitute faith, either secular or religious.

For Eliza Lynn Linton that substitute was a hearty social altruism and meliorism; for Olive Schreiner it was a vision of revolutionary rebirth of the human spirit; for Mrs. Humphry Ward, philanthropy and social welfare work; for John Oliver Hobbes it was the older church of Rome; and for Vernon Lee it was the religion of art. For all of them, the novel was the way—albeit perhaps a frivolous-seeming way—to a very serious end . . . and so they set to with the prophet's crusading sense of mission and produced the 'problem novel', the 'issue novel', the 'novel with a purpose', and the 'novel of ideas'.

Mrs. Colby's book analyses the ideas which impelled them, the methods by which those ideas were conveyed, and the lives and motives of their exponents. What she writes is not, therefore, simply literary history, or literary criticism, but it is also a documentation of the social and intellectual dilemmas of the nineteenth century, for it was these besetting and anxious problems of their contemporary climate that provided these women novelists with the selected texts of their most conscientiously orientated novels.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND Dr. FROMM

The Crisis of Psychoanalysis. Erich Fromm. Jonathan Cape, £2.95.

Dr. Fromm has always been one of the clearest and most penetrating exponents and critics of psychoanalysis—of Freud and Jung, for example, he remarks unforgettably, 'As they halted on their way in order to talk about the unconscious, they fell under the illusion that they were proceeding in the same direction.' Like all influential thinkers, he has a touch of the visionary; now in his eighth decade, he sees that 'Psychoanalysis can help people to spot the death lovers behind their mask of lofty ideologies.'

His new, introductory essay, in this collection of papers which state and explore his important views on the interrelation between psychological and sociological factors, is quietly caustic about the self-defending devices of analyst and patient—R. D. Laing's 'collusion'—that 'positivistic conformism', as against his dream of a revised psychoanalysis which 'will be critical of all social arrangements that warp or deform man, and will be concerned with the processes that could lead to the adaptation of society to the needs of man' rather than the converse. If only, in this book, he had elaborated his tantalising statement that 'Specifically, psychoanalysis will study the "pathology of normalcy", the chronic, low-grade schizophrenia which is generated in the cybernated, technological society of today and tomorrow.'

A mature essay on Marx's humanistic psychology, which, indeed, puts to shame much 'amateurish and confusing' discussion which is prevalent today, is supported by the first English translations of his early papers on social psychology. As is well known, his critique of Freud's 'anthropology'—formulated entirely without malice—has been disastrously disturbing to the orthodox. 'For Freud only the male is really a full human being . . . this strange theory . . . this Victorian idea of woman . . . was an expression of the extreme patriarchal assumption of man's natural superiority over the woman.' Dr. Fromm looks at Freud's concept of the Oedipus complex, in the celebrated case of little Hans and his horse-phobia, based, according to Freud, on deep hostility towards his father, and argues, instead, that Freud, influenced by his bias in favour of male superiority, interpreted the clinical material in a one-sided way, disregarding Hans' fear of his *mother* and of her actual, overt castration-threats.

Indeed, these essays contain much work on the trend towards matriarchal dominance in contemporary society, greatly inspired by Bachofen's theories of *Mother Right* (1861). He sees, however, most pertinently, that the modern mere negation of patriarchalism, with the young's passive-receptive attitude, and need for immediate satisfaction of desires, is a straight regression to an infantile pattern. Characteristically, he states the visionary solution of a new synthesis of the opposites. Dr. Fromm's latest contribution to modern thought must be widely appreciated.

MOLLY TIBBS

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

China: the Revolution Continued (Chatto & Windus, £2.25). It is virtually impossible to assess the overall importance of this book by the Swedes Jan Myrdal and Gun Kessle. In 1962, Mr. Myrdal visited Liu Ling, a remote Chinese village in the Yenan 'in a poor and economically backward area' and published his impressions in *Report from a Chinese Village*. In 1969 they

revisited the village for two weeks, and this new volume is their report on the changes of seven years. There is a very large number of photographs of the village activities and villagers taken by Gun Kessle. They found a big advance in living conditions, economic development and communal life. This is almost entirely attributed to the young Red Guards and the Cultural Revolution. Apart from visual impressions, much of the book is based upon interviews and meetings in the village. All personal and communal behaviour is governed by the *Thoughts of Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, which are liberally quoted throughout the book. Mr. Myrdal claims that administration has been greatly simplified and the villagers are given a very wide measure of control over local affairs, including economic and social questions, through village meetings. 'The poor and lower middle peasants exercise a broad democracy.' The people 'are working for world revolution'. This is not an objective impartial description and analysis. 'Of course,' writes Mr. Myrdal, 'I am biased in favour of China and the cultural revolution'. He certainly appears to view the scene through rose tinted spectacles, over a very short visit. Assuming this to be a fair account of Liu Ling, what about life in the vast number of villages in the plains? The author would probably reply that the influence of the *Thoughts of Chairman Mao* is so pervading over the whole of China that his experience of Liu Ling must be typical. No doubt the future will tell.

The Royal Whore (Hutchinson, £2.50). Mr. Allen Andrews has written a useful biography of Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine and finally Duchess of Cleveland in her own right. It is a sordid story of Charles II's first official mistress, who was born in 1640 and lived to 1709. For years she dominated the profligate Court, and after the king tired of her physically she spread her favours among many, including the first Duke of Marlborough in his youth. She amassed vast sums of money and pensions for herself and her numerous children from public funds but spent profusely. What was her political influence? She certainly meddled in public affairs, including the dismissal of her great enemy, Lord Clarendon. 'Was the power of the Great Lady greater than has been later estimated?' Mr. Andrews does not produce any serious grounds for thinking so. This is a very readable book and serves to stress the appalling squalor, splendour, greed and profligacy of the Restoration Court.

Northern Ireland 1921-1971 (H.M. Stationery Office, £1). This seems hardly the time to celebrate the jubilee of the province of Northern Ireland, yet this short history commissioned by the Ulster government helps to place in perspective much of the real achievements in the last half century. The author, Hugh Shearman, has been given complete freedom to express his views, and he certainly has done his best to be detached and objective. Apart from the great religious and political divisions, these years have been of great progress in many fields. Mr. Shearman summarises when he writes: 'Life in the province has been transformed. It leads the United Kingdom in post-war house building and in provision of new schools and hospitals, in preservation and protection of natural amenities, in mileage of roads, including trunk roads and motorway' The real story of Ulster, he writes, one of 'splendid achievement'. Th province has 'moved out of its economic past' with enormous expansion in industry and agriculture. Out of 191 pages in this large paperback, 140 are devoted to photographs old and recent, of places, people and events relevant to the last fifty years.

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Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London NW10 0DD

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Printed by H G LEATES LTD, 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 37 Union Street, London, S E.1. Tel. 01-407 0497. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers.

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £3.90, U.S.A. and Canada $13.50

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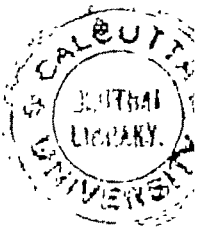
Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

October 1971 Vol. 219 No. 1269



EAST WEST

by Vincent Ryder

THE slow and halting progress towards a big East-West conference on European security made another lurch forward with the initialling by Ambassadors of the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain and France of a draft agreement on Berlin. Further difficult negotiations are in store before the agreement takes effect but, for better or worse, there is a real prospect of a security conference next year.

Opinion in N.A.T.O. is divided between those who see an opportunity and those who suspect a trap. It is useful to look back at the beginnings of the conference idea to see how N.A.T.O. and the Warsaw Pact have reached this stage.

For years the Soviet Union and its allies hawked the idea in Western Europe of an all-European conference on the future security of the continent. The technique betrayed the obvious purpose of the move. It was largely a propaganda ploy to create a split between the West European allies and the United States. As such, it deserved, and was given, scant respect.

Then early in 1969 the proposal was cleaned up and launched as a serious diplomatic effort by the full Warsaw Pact, this time with the propaganda machinery muted and with Soviet diplomats working earnestly through discreet channels to try to persuade the West that their government was serious about creating a detente in Europe.

N.A.T.O. foreign ministers meeting in Washington in April, 1969 were mixed in their reactions. The invasion of Czechoslovakia was a fresh memory but President Nixon was talking of a new era of negotiation, instead of confrontation, and public opinion in the West seemed in a mood for rapprochement.

Speculation on Soviet motives ranged widely; genuine desire for a detente that would allow economic resources to be turned to meeting a rising demand for a higher standard of living in the Soviet Union, the need for security on the European flank before confronting China, an effort to establish East Germany as an accepted power in international

affairs and, even, merely a move to recoup from the disgrace of the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

The N.A.T.O. foreign ministers agreed on a temporising response; there must be some indication by the Warsaw Pact of the topics to be discussed at a conference, the West must have time to sort out its own ideas and there must be a firm assurance that the United States and Canada could take part.

In October, 1969 Herr Brandt became West German Chancellor and enunciated his Ostpolitik, giving new impetus to the idea of detente in Europe. A month later the Warsaw Pact governments proposed an agenda for the security conference, suggesting it should be held in Helsinki in the first half of 1970. The agenda was short, if not simple:

1. Renunciation of the use of force, or threat of its use, among States in Europe.

2. Expansion of trade, economic, scientific and technical relations 'on the principle of equal rights' — a phrase that reinforced suspicions that East Germany's status was in the forefront of Moscow's thoughts.

N.A.T.O. foreign ministers met in December. The United States and Britain were by now nervous that, taking Herr Brandt's lead, the alliance might gallop into negotiations with the East and wind up with Moscow's hold on Eastern Europe consolidated and their own security undermined.

Mr. Rogers, American Secretary of State, described the Warsaw Pact's proposed conference agenda as 'nebulous and imprecise' and warned: 'We must be careful not to confuse the process of negotiations with real progress towards agreements, and we must not lull ourselves into a false sense of detente. . . . We are opposed in practice to an unrealistic and premature exercise which could lead to disappointment and, quite possibly, a deterioration in East-West relations.'

After some argument, the N.A.T.O. foreign ministers agreed that Soviet intentions should be tested. There must be serious negotiations with West Germany on their bilateral relations, with America on strategic arms limitation and with America, Britain and France on improving conditions in and around Berlin. The allies also emphasised that the Warsaw Pact had not responded to previous offers to negotiate on 'mutual and balanced force reductions'.

Unabashed, Moscow announced in January, 1970 that it agreed to the United States and Canada taking part in a security conference. By the time N.A.T.O. foreign ministers met again in May, 1970 the Soviet Union was engaged in all the required negotiations, except those on force reductions.

There was now considerable pressure within the alliance for definite moves towards a security conference. Another compromise was reached. It was agreed that the allies should hold exploratory talks through usual diplomatic channels with the Warsaw Pact governments with a view to organising a security conference.

Tepid approval was given to a British suggestion that a permanent East-West negotiating group, along the lines of the disarmament commission

in Geneva, would be more practical and prudent than an attempt to resolve complicated issues in a big conference.

The allies emphasised the importance of progress towards a Berlin agreement and a start on negotiating troop reductions as evidence of Soviet goodwill. It was generally thought that the East would find all this hard to swallow but, albeit with an audible gulp, the Warsaw Pact governments swallowed it.

They came back with a formula obviously drafted to meet N.A.T.O.'s conditions, though cloaked in some ambiguity. They said there should be 'discussions of the question concerning the reduction of foreign armed forces on the territories of European States'.

Exploratory talks on a conference were agreed and the Warsaw Pact governments adopted the British idea of a permanent negotiating group, though apparently wanting it to be instituted after a big conference and certainly not as a substitute.

The December, 1970 meeting of N.A.T.O. foreign ministers found even those previously keen on a security conference disconcerted by the Soviet Union's apparent reluctance to come to terms on Berlin and by East German interference with access routes from the West. There was some circumstantial evidence that Moscow was having difficulty in getting its East German ally to toe the line but there was firmer evidence that the Soviet Union was in an expansionist mood in the Mediterranean, the Middle East and the Indian Ocean.

In a firm move, the allies said they were ready to go ahead towards a security conference but would make no new moves until the Soviet Union reached agreement with the United States, Britain and France on improving conditions in and around Berlin.

There were signs this spring that the Soviet Union was again giving top priority to clearing the way for a security conference. Negotiations on Berlin speeded up and Soviet leaders publicly urged negotiations on mutual reductions in troops.

N.A.T.O. foreign ministers in June looked forward hopefully to a Berlin agreement, arranged for their deputies to meet in October to discuss tactics in negotiating troop reductions and decided to appoint a representative to visit Moscow and other East European capitals later this year to discuss the time, place, agenda and other arrangements for a security conference.

The four powers involved in the Berlin negotiations have since reached agreement, though its final confirmation is still some way off. It involves some concessions by both West and East. Given the geographic advantage of the Soviet Union and its East German ally the concessions on Moscow's part are of real significance.

So far as can be forseen there will now be fairly brisk progress towards the staging of a security conference attended by the foreign ministers of N.A.T.O., the Warsaw Pact and the European neutrals. After these years of crabwise progress there is still no consensus within the West, let

alone between West and East, on the underlying purpose or the probable outcome.

A thawing of East-West relations in Europe, after 25 years of tension, has a strong appeal but there remains the question of who would benefit most from the steady dismantling of the political and military structures that have preserved security through a balance of power. It is far from clear, in fact, whether the dismantling would be as mutual as some believe or whether, after a few years, the West would find it had made one-sided concessions.

Generous-sounding speeches and promises to negotiate in good faith are to be taken with a pinch of salt when such critical issues as the basic security of nations are at stake. The West is still groping for a reliable assessment of the Soviet Union's real motives and in what order it now lists its national interests.

There may be a desire in Moscow to reach detente on the assumption that it will be easier now than in a few years' time, when an enlarged Common Market may have developed the economic and political structure that would make it a powerful rival with a special attraction for countries of Eastern Europe.

The re-emergence of China on to the world scene and the evident American determination to come to terms with Peking may have persuaded Moscow that it must make a settlement in Europe and concentrate on 'containing' China.

Negotiated troop reductions in Europe could reduce the strain on the Soviet economy. The negotiations, if they ever get under way, will be inordinately difficult and the test of the Soviet Union's earnestness will be its readiness to concede the West's claim that the Warsaw Pact should make bigger cuts than N.A.T.O. because it has more forces and can reinforce more quickly than the United States.

At the same time it must be as evident in Moscow as anywhere else that there are great political pressures in Washington to withdraw substantial numbers of American troops and that the other N.A.T.O. allies are unable or unwilling to provide adequate replacements. Moscow may well see the prospect of a cheap success by providing the colour of political legitimacy to the American desire to withdraw.

From West Europe's point of view, a negotiated detente offers the fairly short-term gains of relieving a defence burden the allies are reluctant to shoulder, and providing a context in which American troop withdrawals would be less of a danger to security.

In the longer term there is the possibility of the countries of Eastern Europe winning more political and economic freedom, thus providing a less troublesome flank while Western Europe is establishing a united approach to world affairs and, just possibly, floating gradually out of Moscow's orbit and into that of Western Europe.

[Vincent Ryder is Diplomatic Correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*.]

LUCKY UGANDA—GOOD PROSPECTS FOR MORE BEER AND FISH

by Anthony Sylvester

THERE is always something lasting about one's first impression of a country. My impression of Uganda, as I was being driven from the airport at Entebbe some 20 miles to Kampala was very favourable indeed. How different this was from the place I had just been to, Juba, in southern Sudan. Although Uganda too was supposed to be in the grip of political troubles, banditry and guerrilla warfare, following General Idi Amin's successful coup in the previous January, none of these were in any way outwardly apparent to me. What I did notice was the very good road on which I was travelling, the pleasant country of all conceivable shades of green, decently dressed and good-humoured people, solid houses and attractive shops. This first impression was later confirmed when I had the opportunity to travel the length and breadth of the country and stay in several of the fine hotels that again make Uganda rather special for African conditions. Did not Winston Churchill think, after a visit there back in 1908, that Uganda would eventually become the richest African country?

The high standards of Uganda may well be the result of a happy combination of human factors that were brought to bear on the region in the past. There has been a long tradition of responsible government, at any rate among the Baganda tribe. Skilled and talented men from India, or Asians, who still command much influence in the business and industrial life of the country played an important part. Perhaps the type of British administrator or other European person that has been active in Uganda was superior to that in other parts of the world? What is certain is that there are no great natural resources. True, there is copper. In 1969 the output amounted to just under 16.5 million metric tons. But there is not much else in the way of riches in the soil. The economy has been rather too dependent on two leading cash crops, coffee and cotton, which make up nearly three-quarters of Uganda's exports.

For some years now the authorities in Kampala — not unlike elsewhere in former colonies — have been looking for ways to lessen dependence on a narrow range of commodities. This was part of the reason why livestock raising and freshwater fisheries (Uganda is landlocked) have been given priority in current economic planning. But the decision was principally made in order to improve the national diet which is critically deficient in animal protein. An average Ugandan only eats 16.1 grammes of animal protein a day, as against 70 grammes that expert opinion regards as desirable.

This again is rather like elsewhere in Africa, if slightly better. But Uganda has now quite exceptional opportunities, in beef raising and fisheries in particular, to make her people much more prosperous than they are today. Indeed, some considerable progress has already been

made in recent years, the number of cattle having increased very appreciably and the catch of fish about doubled in the five-year period which has just been completed.

Research and experiment programmes carried out with the help of the United Nations Development Programme and Food and Agriculture Organisation are opening up new opportunities, notably with regard to beef ranching in northern Uganda and the development of modern fisheries on Lake Victoria. In the latter case, the two other countries sharing the lake with Uganda, Kenya and Tanzania will equally benefit.

Mr. M. A. Barret, London-born F.A.O. Project Manager with many years of experience in animal husbandry in Kenya, looked very confident when I visited him on his 15,500-acre estate, the Acholi Ranch, near Gulu in the North. After about three years of trials and research his team of international experts now feel they have broadly found the answers to the main problems of the dry season which makes ranching in northern Uganda rather a special proposition. In five months, between November and April, rainfall will drop to less than 60 mm a month on average, in a region that is only 3 degrees away from the Equator, at an altitude of about 900 metres.

The question boils down to what animals to use and what to feed them on. Mr. Barret's optimism is based on what appears to be a satisfactory answer to this twin problem.

The Project, to which the U.N.D.P. has contributed nearly 1.4 million U.S. dollars, has been experimenting with imported European cattle and African animals to determine the suitability of individual breeds for local conditions. One of the most encouraging outcomes of these trials has been the very high resistance shown to local conditions by nearly all the imported exotic bulls, even during the recent exceptional drought. An animal is now being cross-bred to combine the unique mothering quality of the Friesian with the high growth rate of the Charolais and the good heat resistance of the Kenyan Boran, whose fame has already travelled beyond the Black Continent. The Acholi Ranch will remain a source of good stock to neighbouring ranchers, even when the present Project is completed in 1972 and the F.A.O. experts have dispersed to their respective, far-flung destinations.

Scarcely less exciting have been the trials with new ways of grassland management. Mr. David Field, a young British expert, was telling me with evident delight of the results he had obtained with intensive grazing. He was able to raise one full-size animal on less than four acres, which no one had thought possible in the region, as heavy grazing encouraged the growth of more nutrient grass and kept down the inferior varieties. While changing in this and other ways, the botanical composition of the field is certainly necessary in Uganda where natural pasture, dominated by elephant grass, is inferior. However, the benefits of the method will not extend long into the dry season. It is vitally important to provide supplementary feeding for the cattle. One way to achieve this is to feed cattle with silage, such as that made of hybrid maize and sorghum, or by using

urea and mollasses, the latter being a convenient free by-product of sugar factories in Uganda. In this way, steady growth of the weight of the animal in the wet season can be maintained right through the year.

Beef raising is a relatively simple industry, requiring far less capital investment or effort and skill than mixed farming. That is why the Uganda Government opted for the ranching business, at any rate for the time being, when the question had arisen what to do with the huge area of virgin land that became available for farm development after the eradication of the tse-tse fly. Africa, as distinct from other critical areas of development in the world, is underpopulated. But it is disease-ridden, in respect of its human as well as animal population. If progress in controlling animal disease keeps reasonable pace with advances elsewhere, including the problem of the growing number of mouths to feed, Africa has little cause to worry.

In northern Uganda alone, nearly 10 thousand square miles of land has been freed from tse-tse. The present Government plan is to set up 200 ranches in the North by 1975 with 3,000 acres each, but this will only have covered an area of 600,000 acres, although it will raise the country's output of beef by 20 per cent.

With the World Bank having provided a loan of U.S.$3 million, and another for 10 million on the way, there should be no shortage of capital to develop the ranching industry in the North. The one constraint on its rapid progress is the human factor.

There has been little tradition of ranching in Uganda; what there has been was in the South-West rather than in the North. The prevailing system of absentee-landlordship can hardly be conducive to good management. There is a training establishment for ranching experts at the Acholi Ranch. Yet this was perhaps the least impressive aspect of the scheme that I saw. Shortage of good ranchers is something that time only can solve, and will, no doubt. But, should pragmatism and pro-European feelings continue to prevail in the Kampala Government, white settlers may conceivably be attracted. They have certainly done a great deal for Kenya, which is something that is not only acknowledged now in Nairobi but has made a profound impression on the more moderate opinion in other African countries.

The problem of human talent and skill is also one that worries Mr. Anders Sorensen, Danish manager of the Dairy Training Institute at Entebbe. Here again the Danish experts, commissioned by the Food and Agriculture Organisation, have been agreeably surprised to find that they have been able to transplant to the tropical conditions of Lake Victoria an entire dairy business establishment, together with a model farm of Jersey cows and the latest equipment to handle and process milk. The cows at the model farm are yielding only about ten per cent less milk than they would have done in Denmark.

To the local Ugandan farmers, this small wonderland of modern expertise and technology may seem like a contemporary version of one of Anderson's fairy tales. I was told that the milk these farmers delivered

to the Institute was every bit as good as any other, provided that it arrived on time. Yet, what these local farmers can get out of the udders of their cows is only about one-fifth of what Mr. Sorensen receives from his Jerseys. The fact is that the Project is actually making financial profit, if no account is taken of the salaries paid to the experts, by selling its products to the neighbourhood.

Although cow's milk is hardly familiar as food to most people in the Entebbe region, it is readily acceptable when offered. With so much improvement in the standard of living, more and more Africans can afford to buy milk and dairy products, and this progress might play a vital part in the Government's plan to raise the intake of animal protein in the national diet. A pint of milk a day will give just about as much animal protein as an average Ugandan normally gets from all sources.

But the apparent miracle that the Danes have produced at Entebbe has, in fact, a long history behind it of farm work and traditions. African boys from 18 countries of the continent are trained at the Institute in modern dairy practices and technology. Many are sent for specialisation in Denmark.

'But,' said Mr. Sorensen, who told me he himself was a farmer's boy from Jutland, after I had been with him through his establishment, 'If I were running a dairy business, I doubt whether I would employ many of the people that have attended our courses.' This is no argument in support of a gloomy and irrelevant racial theory. It is one of the facts of life that students of overseas development must face, and people who are being developed should accept as a challenge.

What struck me about Lake Victoria, which is as big as Ireland and as pretty as any lake in the world, was that it was almost entirely without any human activity. What delights in nautical pursuits and water sports might have been developed for the benefit of the tourist (with much harm, no doubt, to the present romantic scene). One of the reasons for the lack of life on the lake is of course bilharzia, although I was assured that the incidence of the disease was much exaggerated by self-styled experts. But then, what pleasure it was for me to sail up and down the lake in the *Ibis*, a 42-ton research vessel, and catch such excellent fish as Tilapia and Bagrus, later prepared for the guests and crew by an expert cook on board.

For nearly five years now the *Ibis*, furnished with the latest echo sounding, sonar and other electronic equipment, has been probing into the hidden riches of the lake. Altogether about 5,000 miles of the bottom have been dragged. Never before has an investigation of this kind been undertaken, as cost would have been prohibitive. But the United Nations Development Programme and the three neighbouring countries have pooled resources to accomplish a vital first step in the modern development of fishery resources in Lake Victoria, namely an assessment of fish stocks and species. Although gill-netting of Tilapia has been in practice for over 65 years and more primitive methods much longer, most of this has been done within ten yards of the shore.

Yet the skipper of the *Ibis,* F.A.O. master fisherman Mr. Illaguson, a tall, blue-eyed man from Iceland, told me that a very conservative estimate based on the collected data suggested the presence of at least 600,000 tons of fish in the lake. He thought that, with the escape rate which the present system of trawling allowed, the amount might be well double at least. A more accurate assessment is expected in the near future when purse-seining — with nets that close at the top like purses and take in an entire area of the water — is used.

Much of the fish in Lake Victoria, perhaps more than two-thirds of the total, is Haplochromis, an inferior, bony, sardine-like species. Even this can be sold locally where the demand for freshwater fish has been growing very fast. Another idea is to make fishmeal of Haplochromis. Yet, if it is true, as experts say it is, that something like 200,000 tons of fish could be caught annually on present estimates, substantial quantities of the bigger and more tasteful varieties will also be hauled in.

But to maintain large catches at economic cost a great deal of money will have to be invested in suitable mechanised boats: and fishing gear, quite apart from building new storage and processing facilities on shore, is at present inadequate.

It is the local boat-building expertise, rather than fishing and navigational skills, that may prove less easy to acquire.

A prototype vessel, of about 41 ft. in length and made almost entirely of ferro-concrete, is almost ready for launching at Entebbe. It has been constructed by a Scandinavian expert on the basis of specifications made at the F.A.O. headquarters in Rome who have been particularly active in promoting the idea of ferro-concrete fishing boats all over the world. The boats are light, simple to navigate, durable, very cheap and easy to construct.

By next January this and two other vessels of similar size will be put to work as the first full-scale trials in mechanised, commercial fishing in distant waters on lake Victoria begin. But the Government in Kampala has been considering having up to ten such boats operating in the near future.

Smaller boats will still retain their importance. Such boats will be made of wood, according to boat-building courses given to African students at the Fishery Training Institute at Entebbe. Other courses, of two years each, take students some way towards mastering the techniques of trawling and handling the fish on boat and on shore. But when the students emerge from these courses, available since 1967, their knowledge and expertise stop well short of the standard of 'master fisherman'. Manpower for the more skilled jobs in Lake Victoria fishing may remain a problem.

Beyond that, the Lake Victoria fishery projects have been under constant strain, as communications are now broken off between Uganda and Tanzania. The East African Community has been one of the more promising ventures on the Black Continent. The riches of Lake Victoria will be put to good use only when the right kinds of priorities prevail in all the three countries that share its waters.

THE CENTURY OF FREEDOM

by Nicholas Roderey

WE are witnessing an extraordinary spectacle on the political stage of this day. Representatives of dictatorships are preaching to us the doctrine of liberty. They are loudly proclaiming themselves champions of all the peoples that are not free. Yet there is hardly a nation left in the world that is not free, in the world that is, outside their own borders. Neither dictatorships in black Africa, nor independence in Rhodesia can alter that fact.

It took the European nations several centuries to gain their liberty, to free themselves from political domination and from economic exploitation. That freedom cost them several wars and revolutions. In the end, and in this century, the exploited and the oppressed, the working classes and most of the colonial peoples also acquired or received their freedom. They have won their liberty, and they did so merely to find that it was not enough. They will find out more and more how insufficient liberty is.

What have the newly emancipated workers and subjects done with their liberty? They have done very little with it. They have not performed great deeds, they have not built the good society with it. They have apparently wasted it and frequently lost it. Formerly exploited by capitalists, they are increasingly falling under dictatorships, as are the colonial peoples, formerly ruled by colonialists. There are dictatorships in formerly democratic countries. There are others in formerly colonial territories.

Men are learning, in this century, that liberty is not enough, it is not enough to make a good life. They are learning it in democracies and in dictatorships. They are discovering that freedom can neither satisfy them nor save them. If they are lucky, they will learn that they need opportunity as well, and learn it in this century. If they are not so lucky, they will learn it in the next, or their children will.

The cry for opportunity is as old as the cry for liberty. Philosophers argued for it in ancient Greece. Prophets pleaded for it in ancient Judaea. Reformers worked for it, rebels died for it. The peoples fought and suffered for it.

The twentieth century, with a growing number of its countless loudspeakers, is beginning to ring with the cry for opportunity. This, however, is a century of liberty, of the masses, of the common man, so we are told. Most of those loudspeakers blare out the battle cries of liberty. They must all take up the cry for opportunity, for full opportunity, the opportunity of the uncommon man and of the common man. Otherwise they will prattle only propaganda, and, in the end, may have no voice left.

Those who pleaded for opportunity, or demanded it in former centuries spoke for the few, for religious zealots and philosopher kings, for thinkers and artists, rebels and revolutionaries. For that reason they failed. And they

failed also for another reason. They could not establish opportunity among slaves and serfs, among men who were not free. Men can even now build opportunity only on freedom. They cannot do so before they have laid its foundations in freedom. No contenders can win opportunity before others have won liberty. They can give none to men who do not already possess liberty.

When men have attained freedom, then those who enjoy it will ask for opportunity. They will fight for it, wreck ancient institutions, even smash society for it. Otherwise they will fail, and society will stagnate, its vigour decline, its institutions decay. Those men will find that liberty is insufficient, for it comprises the freedom also to enslave men.

Opportunity precludes slavery and servitude. The opportunity of the gifted may prove no more than a mixture of freedom and serfdom. The opportunity of all produces the ideal republic and the kingdom of God in one society.

To give every man opportunity, society has to work for every man, and it has to fight for every man. It has to give him all the chances he needs, but also all the tools, all the encouragement and all the education. It has to give him not only the chance but also the means of achievement.

Opportunity signifies the gift of the riches of the whole world to all men. Opportunity was impossible to attain before the riches existed to be given to all men. It is indispenable when such wealth does exist. It was impossible to acquire in societies which possessed little or no material power over the world. It becomes indispensable, on pain of self-destruction, in a society which possesses enough power to change itself. It was impossible to establish in a society which had no knowledge of its own nature. It is indispensable, on pain of genetic decay, in a society which has experience of dictatorship and servitude, of too much population and too little selection.

Those who possess authority in society have it as their duty to speed this process of giving opportunity. The process has continued for several centuries, and it has advanced too slowly. Every man has gained a share of liberty, yet not of opportunity. The number of those who conquer opportunity in this century is nevertheless increasing. The world is moving towards opportunity. In that fact lies the hope of society, and its duty. Society has the duty to extend opportunity to the gifted, wherever they may live or work, and then to all men. It can do so automatically if it discovers their gifts, since all men have some gifts.

Those who fought for freedom seldom said for what end they required it, only from what state they sought to free men. Accordingly the world now does not know what to do with its freedom. The fighters for freedom ought to profess now that they need liberty to build opportunity on it. They must seek to erect on liberty the opportunity not only to escape from oppression and poverty, men can do that through liberty, but the opportunity to gain power, the power to create a better world and society, to live longer in the one and to fulfil their lives in the other.

Men want opportunity to fulfil their dreams and desires, and those of all the generations that could never fulfil theirs. The fighters for opportu-

nity want to fulfil the dreams and desires of all who worked and fought, lived and died so that men might live better. They want to realise the hopes of the martyrs and reach the goals of the reformers of past ages. This day gives them a chance that their precursors did not possess. Men have to fight for opportunity, they cannot do otherwise, since they already have a little and can gain more. In a century of liberty men must inevitably fight for liberty, in one of opportunity for opportunity.

When men are no longer poor they become free. When a society becomes affluent, it becomes a free society. When men have liberty they must inevitably fight for opportunity. They fight not merely for the chance to attain their ambition, but for the means of reaching their goal. Society alone can give them such means, give them education, encouragement and implements, justice and equity. It alone can give them opportunity.

If society does not give men opportunity it will not remain free. It will lose its drive, and will decline. It will find no purpose, and will regress. It will not control science, but science will control it. It will not elevate the aspiring and the able, but these will enslave it.

Opportunity, in the end, is what people want. The question, what is opportunity, can be answered only for a particular age. Opportunity is what people want in that age. For this century one has to ask, what do people want when they have attained freedom and have achieved some affluence? They obviously want suitable work, which is meaningful work, and they want secure work. They want a purpose for which they can work, and an ideal for which they can strive. These needs and strifes mark the age.

MODERN TECHNOLOGY FOR THE DISABLED

by Lewis Carter-Jones, M.P.

IN recent years, Man has overcome a vast number of problems which had previously seemed insoluble. Unfortunately, education has not kept pace with technology. We have failed to overcome the primitive attitude which many people share towards those in our society who are in some way physically handicapped. We tuck the disabled away in a corner, perhaps alone or with dedicated friends and relatives, whose lives are thereafter dominated day and night by their needs. Few people realise that there is an alternative. Yet, when a person is severely disabled and nothing can be done medically, it is still possible, by means of modern technology, to exploit the ability, however slight, that the individual has left, to enable him to lead a reasonably normal life in the circumstances.

Modern technology has immeasurably extended Man's horizons. Whilst admiring the marvels of Space flights and supersonic travel, however, it is sobering to think what a comparatively small sum of money would be needed to assist in developing technology for the assistance of disabled people. The disabled have been put out of sight and therefore, we hope, out of mind. It is hard for those of us who are sound in wind and limb to see the disabled as people in their own right with individual personalities. We often fail to have normal relationships with them, because of our embarrassment; this is probably largely due to the superstitious fear which links physical abnormality with mental deficiency. But modern medicine is saving more lives, so that people who would once have died in serious accidents now survive as cripples: and modern drugs allay the effects of many once fatal diseases. In the embarrassment revealed in the fussy, over-protective attitude which we often show towards the disabled, we forget that they still have the same basic emotions and therefore the same needs and desires as other people; mobility to meet their fellows, the ability to communicate, and the self-respect which goes with the possibility of exercising some control over their environment and, wherever possible, to be financially self-supporting. The old still need a sense of independence, and the young still need to be educated. Just because a person is deprived of his physical life, it does not mean that his mental powers are any less than anybody else's: on the contrary, they may be much greater. But unless the disabled can escape from the restrictions of their useless bodies, by being able to do simple things for themselves in a home environment which they share with their loved ones, and by being able to communicate with others, there is no way of realising this.

Mrs. Barbara Pitchford lives in a comfortable house in Sussex with her family of four children. She runs her home with the help of a housekeeper and also has a part-time typing job. Yet she is paralysed from the waist up and unable to walk: at night she breathes with the aid of a respirator. For more than a year after she contracted Polio, Mrs. Pitchford lay on her back, unable to do anything. Life began again for her one day in 1966 when

she was supplied with a 'Possum' machine, which enabled her to have remote on-and-off control over up to eleven electrical devices such as light, heat and radio. There is also a bell to summon help in an emergency, a non-emergency buzzer, an automatic intercom, and door-unlocking device so that visitors can be admitted, and a self-dialling telephone. To select any of these functions, which are displayed on a panel, Mrs. Pitchford applies light pressure to a foot-switch. This starts a light moving around the panel: when the required function is reached, the pressure is released: it's as simple as that. With the remaining feeble movement of only seven fingers, she also controls one of the range of Possum typewriter systems which enables her to do her job.

This equipment has made a world of difference to Mrs. Pitchford and other seriously disabled people. At last they can do something for themselves without the humiliation of total dependence on others. How many people are aware that equipment of this kind has existed for ten years, and that the environmental controller has been available free of charge, under the National Health Service, since 1966? Yet only 204 of these units have been supplied so far; and this, despite their obvious ability to transform the lives of disabled people, giving them a measure of independence at home, the power to communicate and therefore to be educated and possibly earn their own living. The basic environmental controller and the range of typewriter controls can all be operated, either by activating microswitches with any part of the body in which there remains even a flicker of voluntary movement or, where there is no movement at all, by gentle suction or pressure down a tube from a pipe-stem mouthpiece. Even when operating a typewriter by mouth in this way, it is possible for a person to attain a commercial typing speed: this means that, together with tape-recorders and calculating machines controlled in a similar way, children can be educated and adults can earn a living.

David Hyde used to be a director of a carpet factory; now he is a senior administrator with the firm, Possum Controls, in Aylesbury, which manufactures these control systems for the disabled. Mr. Hyde runs the office and deals with enquiries by telephone and letter—he types at 30 w.p.m. He also demonstrates the equipment at exhibitions all over the world. After a day in the office, he returns home to the comfortable bungalow which he shares with his mother. He has many friends and enjoys social occasions; a drink in a pub, an evening of folk singing, or a visit to the theatre. It is hard to think of this man as a severely disabled person, yet he is a Quadraplegic, having broken his neck at the age of fifteen while playing Rugger for his school. He can move his head and move his left arm up and down slowly—and that is all. But with the help of the Possum systems and a specially adapted wheelchair he can have a degree of independence in his home and is able to earn his living on a level with the most able-bodied of his colleagues. This is another example of the fact that in nearly every case what disabled people want and need is not our passive sympathy but our active help. We must also remember that, where practical assistance can be given, the quality of life is improved, not only for the disabled but also

for the friends and relations who have to devote so much of their time to others.

One cannot help speculating on the number of severely disabled persons who have been nursed with loving care by devoted parents and dedicated doctors and nurses over the last ten years who could have been helped so much more to gain self-respect through the opportunities for some measure of independence that equipment like Possum can give. One couple who have felt the impact of Possum on their lives are Mr. and Mrs. John Mangan. Mr. Mangan was a practising Orthopaedic surgeon when the first signs of Multiple Sclerosis became apparent some years ago. When he eventually had to give up work, it meant the end of independence, not only for him, but also for his wife who was afraid to go out and leave him alone and helpless with no means of communication. The installation of his Possum unit, with the self-dialling facility, has meant new freedom for them both.

A recently published Government report on 'The Handicapped and Impaired in Great Britain', by Amelia Harris, has shown clearly that the number of handicapped people in the country has been seriously underestimated. Despite the provisions of the Alf Morris Act, in force for over a year now, there is still a disturbing disparity between the achievements of different Local Authorities in the provision of equipment and general facilities for the disabled. Yet, not only is such provision desirable from the humanitarian point of view, but it makes sound economic sense, bearing in mind that it costs about £150 a week for the State to look after a disabled person in an Intensive Care Unit. So why in so many areas is so little being done? Is the problem perhaps one of communication? The General Practitioner is often the person best-placed to discover and assess cases of severe disability in a particular area. But of 50 doctors to whom I spoke recently only three or four had even heard of Possum equipment.

Other independent inquiries have produced similar results. None of the doctors interviewed seemed aware of what technology, as distinct from medicine, could do for the disabled. Why should this be? There must be something seriously wrong when a well-tried and proven method of helping the disabled remains largely unknown to those most closely concerned with its application. So who is to blame? Certainly not the Civil Service, who have always been most encouraging and helpful in this field. Perhaps the fault lies with the medical profession, many of whom seem rather suspicious of the intrusion by technologists into what has hitherto been considered a field of purely medical concern. But surely any such feeling should and must be overcome when the benefits of the various systems are fully appreciated and understood.

An article in the *British Medical Journal* of May, 1971, illustrated that the problem is at least recognised within the profession. It stresses that there are gaps in medical care, arising for a number of reasons, including ineffective utilisation of services. This can be due to either a lack of recognition of the patient's needs or to a failure of delivery of medical care. 'The latter may result from lack of communication either between patient and

doctor or between other parts of the service . . . and lack of co-operation.' The report also expresses concern over the treatment of the elderly. While sanctioning the need for extra geriatric beds, the report states strongly: 'nevertheless, we believe that the accent should be on facilities to keep elderly patients out of hospitals'. With the aid of technology—Possum equipment built into purpose-built bungalows and flats, for example—this could certainly be achieved and would make life far happier for the elderly and impaired. But what about the young?

If one accepts that it is part of the duty of a civilised society that the stronger members should look after the weaker, then if a physically impaired child survives and is reasonably intelligent, he or she can be an economic and social asset to the country and should be treated as such. As a child, Dick Boydell, a severe athetoid spastic, could not communicate with anyone except his parents, who struggled hard to decipher his badly impaired speech. His mother, convinced that her son was intelligent, devoted herself to teaching him to read. But all the time she had no way of knowing how much or how little use it all was. Then, at the age of 30. Possum entered Dick's life. With the use of a typewriter system controlled by his toe, he achieved his first real communication. He started to write, to the amazement of all those who had told his mother she was wasting her time as her son was ineducable; for the first letter he wrote was completely literate—not a single spelling mistake—and expressed a warm and intelligent personality. From then onwards, Dick Boydell went from strength to strength, received a good education and finally took a computer programming test in which he gained 100 per cent! He was immediately offered a job as a programmer with Fords.

How easy it is for those of us who are able-bodied to take for granted the freedom of movement which we enjoy! We have never had the experience of falling out of the chair on which we are sitting and having to spend the rest of the day lying on the floor until someone happens to call. But there are still about 8,000 disabled people living entirely alone. There are 200,000 disabled living in houses with outside toilets only, and for this there is no excuse. The advances in the technology of chemical lavatories have made it possible to provide a perfectly good toilet for a very small sum of money.

Society must come to terms with modern technology. It has been said of man that he differs from the other animals in that he knows the difference between things as they are and things as they ought to be. We all know how things ought to be with the disabled: our embarrassment towards them reveals our feeling of guilt because we all too often ignore their real problems. If those who have the most power to do good in this field, particularly the medical profession and Local Authorities, would take imaginative and positive action, then the quality of life would improve for all of us.

[Lewis Carter-Jones is Member of Parliament for Eccles.]

ICELAND BEFORE AND AFTER THE ELECTION
by George Soloveytchik

THE spotlight seldom shines upon Iceland. Yet it is a fascinating country. With a population of only 205,000, Iceland belongs to the United Nations and most of its specialised agencies; to N.A.T.O. to the O.E.C.D., to E.F.T.A., to the Nordic Council, the Council of Europe and a variety of other organisations. Yet the Foreign Office in Reykjavik has only 12 people while the 11 Icelandic Ambassadors stationed abroad represent their country in 55 foreign countries. But, because of Iceland's strategic importance, a very large number of countries have their full-time Ambassadors in Reykjavik. And the U.S.A. also has a naval air base there.

June, 1971, will remain a memorable month in Iceland's history since three important developments occurred almost simultaneously and are, moreover, very much intertwined. On Sunday, June 13, parliamentary elections took place which brought to an end the government, originally formed by the late Olafur Thors in November, 1959, which was a coalition of the Independence Party (moderate conservatives) and the Social Democratic Party. The second important issue was—and still is—that Icelandic fishing rights have suddenly once more become an international problem. For Iceland, this is a matter of life and death in the most literal sense of the word: fishing is the nation's main industry and, until the middle 1960s, 95 per cent of Iceland's total exports consisted of fish and fish products. Thanks to the recent establishment of a few new industries, fishing has now dropped to some 80 per cent of total exports; its importance therefore remains overwhelming. The handling of Iceland's fishing rights in the future was one of the main electoral issues.

The third vital question is the future of E.F.T.A. now that—after the Paris, Luxembourg and Brussels meetings—the likelihood of Great Britain, Denmark and Norway joining the Common Market looks imminent. What will happen to the rump of E.F.T.A. if these countries abandon it, or what the position of Iceland will be in the new regrouping of Europe's economic powers, is a matter of very great concern to the government in Reykjavik.

Iceland only became a member of E.F.T.A. on March 1, 1970, after much hesitation but with great hopes of substantial economic benefits from this new step in international cooperation. During the year that followed, the decision to join proved to have been a wise one indeed. In any case, this fairly innocuous step did not seem to threaten any immediate complications. But the government of Iceland was aware from the start that the position could change completely if Great Britain, Denmark and Norway made any progress in their endeavour to join the Six.

Moreover, the much vaunted inter-Scandinavian cooperation had been proceeding apace in a very satisfactory way and, although nothing came of the project to start an organisation called 'Nordek', which would have been a kind of Nordic equivalent of Benelux, much of the preparatory work had proved to be of great practical value. For instance, an

agreement had been signed in Reykjavik on December 1, 1969, to start a 'Nordic Industrialisation Fund for Iceland' with a total capital of $14 million. Sweden was to subscribe $5.4 million, Denmark, Finland and Norway each $2.7 million, and Iceland was to put up a token subscription of $0.5 million. This agreement came into effect when Iceland became a member of E.F.T.A., three months later. The main purpose of the fund is financing remunerative investments in manufacturing and underwriting loans provided from other sources. Activities began almost at once and, during the first year, some $3.5 million were used—a considerable sum by Icelandic standards. All Scandinavian countries are extremely worried lest future developments should hamper their successful cooperation.

The Icelandic position was clearly set out by Mr. G. Gislason, the Minister of Commerce of the then government, when he addressed the Ministers of the Six on November 24, 1970, as follows:

> 'Should Britain, Denmark and Norway become members of the European Communities, various disadvantages for the commercial interests of the Icelanders would follow, if no alternative measures were taken. We would lose our duty-free access to the markets of these countries for our industrial goods, which would hamper the necessary development of more diversified export industries utilising available cheap electricity and educated manpower. Icelandic export production would also, in other fields, be faced with new problems. It is precisely the countries in the enlarged E.E.C. that have always been Iceland's chief trading-partners, and their share of total imports has been about 55 per cent and their share of total exports about 40 per cent. From the countries comprising E.E.C. and E.F.T.A., the Icelanders buy about 68 per cent of their total imports while 52 per cent of their exports go to these lands. Iceland's trade with the E.E.C. countries shows a considerable deficit with 27 per cent of all imports, against only 16 per cent exports.
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> 'With the proposed enlargement of the E.E.C., a totally new situation would be created for Icelandic trade and economic affairs. Having only recently become a member of E.F.T.A., Iceland has just begun its adjustment to European free trade. Membership of E.F.T.A. was designed, not only to ensure a more favourable position for traditional exports, but also to create conditions and climate for greater diversification, so that Iceland would no longer be so dependent on a single industry—the fishing industry—as in the past. It is vital to us that this policy of industrialisation be carried out. By negotiations with the E.E.C. on problems that may arise, we Icelanders hope that the development begun by our accession to E.F.T.A. may be furthered and strengthened through the extension of this collaboration to more nations. It is a matter of great importance to us that the development of our trade with the nations of Western Europe should continue. New tariffs on Icelandic industrial goods could undermine Iceland's newly initiated programme of industrial development, to which great hopes are attached. The admittance to the E.E.C. of the largest fish-producing nations in Europe could also restrict the markets for Icelandic fish products in the enlarged Common Market to such degree as to cause difficulties to the people of Iceland.
>
> 'It is therefore in the vital interests of the Icelanders that a solution be found to the problems which an enlargement of the E.E.C. will bring. It is our opinion that the finding of such a solution is also important for the E.E.C., not only because the Community has direct trading interests in Iceland—though these cannot be considered large from a financial point of view, but also because the geographical position of the country, the history of the nation and its culture make the link between Europe and Iceland an important one. However, it is the view of the Icelandic Government that a solution is to be found in terms

> of Iceland's membership of the E.E.C. All parties in our parliament are agreed on this point. Iceland's unique position as the smallest independent state in Europe—a state, moreover, that bases its livelihood for the most part on its fisheries—is quite clear, and explains why membership in the E.E.C. is not under consideration.'

Iceland is a large island of volcanic origin, with a territory of 40,000 square miles, situated in the North Atlantic close to the Arctic Circle and about half-way between Europe and the U.S.A. By far the greater part of the island is uninhabitable. The volcanos and glaciers; rocks and mountains; the picturesque, enormous waterfalls; the numerous rivers (whose powerful current prevents them from being navigable) and lakes full of salmon and trout; the endless lava fields and valleys, many of which are barren, make permanent dwelling or regular exploitation quite impossible. There are no forests in Iceland and the recent forestation attempts have given meagre results so far. The climate varies a great deal but, although the winters are long and cold, the Gulf Stream and the thermic heat caused by the volcanic nature of the land go far to modify the temperature.

The island is full of hot springs and of geysers spouting boiling water into the air at frequent intervals. Altogether there are more than 1,500 thermal springs. Their total flow is estimated at 1,500 litres per second and so far only a small part of this has been harnessed for heating purposes in the cities. There are also plenty of so-called 'steam vents' spouting steam—not water—which is computed at 500 tons per hour. Together with the water power which is only gradually being utilised for hydro-electrical purposes, Iceland possesses truly inexhaustible reserves of water, hot or cold.

Iceland is a very ancient nation which is nonetheless a young modern democratic republic, established during the war when, in 1944, the last remaining constitutional ties with Denmark were severed. The first settlers who established themselves permanently on the island in 874 came mostly from Western Norway. Anthropologists estimate that the Icelandic nation is now roughly 60 per cent Nordic and 40 per cent Celtic. There are no other known admixtures.

Icelandic waters are exceptionally rich in fish of many varieties, particularly cod and herring. There is also plenty of haddock, halibut, plaice, capelin, as well as an abundance of lobster and shrimps. Herring, which is of great importance as a food product, is also in much demand for fish meal and fish oil. Yet the Icelanders are greatly worried since they consider that their waters have been over-fished, especially by foreigners, and they would therefore like to extend their limits from the present twelve miles to fifty miles. How this should be achieved was much discussed before and during the recent elections. The outgoing government wanted to open negotiations while the more radical politicians are in favour of a unilateral declaration. All this came at an awkward moment since fishing rights are also in the forefront of Common Market negotiations. In this matter, Iceland cannot be easily dismissed as a small nation. In 1966, before a two-year set-back which has been followed by great expansion,

Iceland ranked 11th of all fishing nations, with a record catch of 1,240,000 metric tons or approximately 250 tons per fisherman. In fishery products, Iceland was fourth in volume and fifth in value during the peak year.

Utilisation of the catch takes many forms. It is sold dried, cured, salted, on ice, frozen, deep frozen, canned or otherwise preserved; it is turned into oil or fish meal and it also serves as the basis of several other industries. There are now more than 80 super-modern freezing plants, 62 fish meal plants and a variety of factories for other forms of processing. Some 13 per cent to 15 per cent of the population are directly employed by the fishing and fish processing industries to whom must be added the merchants, the transporters, exporters, co-ops, insurers, the banks and a host of others. Small wonder that the preservation and consolidation of this principal pillar of support of Iceland's economy should be a matter of interest to the whole nation. But it is also clear that this economy is too dependent on the sea as the main source of national income, all the more so since the caprices of nature and the climate, as well as of the fish, are unpredictable.

So are some of the markets. Iceland sells her fish and fish products all over the world. The U.S.A., Great Britain, Germany, the U.S.S.R., the Scandinavian countries, Italy, Spain and South America are the principal buyers. Nigeria used to be an excellent outlet for Icelandic fish but this came to a complete halt during the war with Biafra. To-day, Iceland is most anxious to resume her lucrative trade with Nigeria and, in all probability, a representative will be sent there from Reykjavik.

All this is a little precarious, especially for so small a nation which through skill and hard work has achieved a high standard of living to which it rightly attaches much importance. Hence the urge for diversification which means industrialisation as well as the improvement and extension of Iceland's second largest source of national income, agriculture.

About 12 per cent of the population ekes out a modest livelihood from it. Yet its social importance is great since the people have their roots in the country and generation after generation has been accustomed to till the land of its fathers. Not more than 20 per cent of Iceland's total area can be used for agriculture, of which only one quarter is under cultivation and the rest is used for livestock breeding (mainly sheep, of which there are some 800,000) or remains undeveloped. Mutton and lamb are the staple diet of the nation. Moreover, there is a fairly remunerative and largely artisan industry for the utilisation of sheep skins and lambswool. Until fairly recently, horses and ponies were used mainly for domestic transport, since Iceland has no railways and an inadequate network of rather poor roads. Cattle are mainly used for dairy purposes and there is also a small poultry industry. By and large, Iceland is self sufficient in meat, dairy products and eggs. But cereals and cereal products, vegetables, sugar and coffee have to be imported. Excellent chocolate is made, thanks to the high quality of Icelandic milk. The crops are just adequate for domestic consumption and for cattle fodder.

There is a National Research Council in Iceland which numbers amongst its tasks the sponsoring of 'studies of the utilisation of Iceland's natural resources for new industries'. Various other institutions and government departments are similarly engaged.

The vast accumulations of rock lava may contain valuable minerals, although so far only deposits of diatomaceous earth (silica), perlite, pumice and scoria (volcanic cinders) have been found. It is equally conceivable that the earth harbours oil reserves on a scale as yet undreamed of. The researchers assume that it is possible to produce heavy water with the help of natural steam.

One project of great importance has been rapidly completed and is now in full operation. This is the aluminium smelting plant which has been built at Straumsvik, near the capital. According to a report by Mr. Bjarni B. Jonsson, Chairman of the Economic Society of Iceland, this project, 'representing a total investment of about $100 million, is expected to bring substantial benefits to the Icelandic economy both in the form of cheap power for the domestic market and stable export earnings. More important still is the fact that it represents a breakthrough in the development of the power potential and thus knocks down the psychological barriers in this field'. The aluminium plant was put up by and belongs to the famous Swiss Company, *Alusuisse*. Iceland provided the hydro-electrical power station, the Swiss group provided the expertise and some of the money, and the World Bank helped with the rest of the financing. The initial smelter capacity of 30,000 tons per year has already been exceeded. A somewhat smaller venture to exploit the Diatomite deposits, aiming at 30,000 metric tons a year, is being developed under Icelandic and American auspices.

The Icelanders constitute a homogeneous and closely knit community where there is little or no room for foreigners. According to the 1960 census, there were only 2,539 or 1.4 per cent foreign residents in Iceland, of whom 1,256 were Danes, 208 Norwegians and 335 Germans. Foreign capital and foreign residents tend to unbalance both the nation and the economy. It must be admitted that, although the Icelanders rapidly learn new skills and adapt to hitherto unaccustomed occupations very well, there are not enough of them to constitute an industrial working class of the kind required for a rapidly expanding economy. Thus, only plants requiring a small number of workers and staff are practicable.

Tourism and the establishment of several spas are making good progress. Last year there were 60,000 foreign tourists and by 1972 the authorities hope to reach the figure of 100,000. Reykjavik is also deservedly becoming a popular centre for international conferences.

Churchill once described the Althing (Parliament) as 'the grandfather of parliaments'. This parliament has 60 members, elected every four years under a system of universal suffrage and is divided into two chambers: the Upper (20 members) and the Lower (40 members) which on certain occasions sit together as the United Althing.

The President of the Republic is elected every four years. The present

Head of State is Dr. Kristjan Eldjarn, a scholar and archaeologist who was formerly Director of the National Museum. The government consists of seven members: The Prime Minister; the Minister of Fisheries, Health and Social Insurance; the Minister of Foreign Affairs; the Minister of Education and Commerce; the Minister of Agriculture and Communications; the Minister of Justice and Ecclesiastic and Industrial Affairs; and the Minister of Finance. There is no particular political élite whence they are recruited.

Education is compulsory and free. There is no military training, since Iceland has never had any armed forces of her own. Women are very active in public life and in all the professions, especially medicine, teaching and administration. Their social position has greatly changed over the centuries. Gone are the days when adultery was punished by drowning in cold waterfalls. Married life is solid; the birth rate is high and the death rate low, so that the population has doubled since 1928.

After centuries of poverty and stagnation, prosperity developed rapidly. However, there have been marked interruptions of this process and in 1967-1968 a severe depression was followed by a crisis in the fishing industry. Twice, currency has had to be devalued, the present rate being 210 kronur for one pound sterling and 88 kronur to one dollar. Despite the spectacular recovery of 1969-1971 (thanks largely to much increased fishing catches and high selling prices) and the accumulation of substantial reserves—now over $60 million compared with $38 million a year previously—the economic situation is unsatisfactory. Inflation is growing although a price and wage freeze was imposed by the government last autumn. All this has contributed to the latest election results, when the twelve years' coalition (renewed twice) lost its narrow majority of two seats.

After one whole month of bitter haggling, a left-wing coalition—with a majority of four seats—was formed under Mr. Olafur Johannesson, leader of the Progressive Party. It consists of three members of his own party and four members of the Communist (or pro-Communist) People's Alliance whose leader is Mr. Hannibal Valdimarsson.

The new government promptly put forward a strongly leftist programme. It does not want to negotiate about fishing rights but wants to declare unilaterally, and in defiance of existing treaties, an extension to seventy miles or more. An international fishing conference under U.N.O. is scheduled for 1973 and the Icelanders wish to present this conference with a *fait accompli*.

While ready to remain a member of N.A.T.O. the new government is anxious to negotiate the closing down of the American base at Keflavik. If this were to happen, it would be a great advantage to the Soviets and would change the whole strategic position in the North Atlantic area.

ERSKINE MAY'S PRIVATE JOURNAL, 1857-1882: DIARY OF A GREAT PARLIAMENTARIAN

By David Menhennet

IN his Preface to the eighteenth edition of Sir Thomas Erskine May's *Treatise on the Law, Privileges, Proceedings and Usage of Parliament*, published in April of this year, the present Clerk of the House of Commons points out that the nine editions of this standard work prepared by Erskine May himself between 1844 and 1883 have long since been superseded. Sir Barnett Cocks goes on to emphasise that 'Erskine May', whilst it is still sometimes appealed to in debate as an authority on parliamentary procedure with a separate existence in its own right, is today 'no more than a convenient appellation for the contemporary work and corporate memory of Clerks in both Houses of Parliament'. It was in fact Sir Gilbert Campion who, in 1946, first broke away from tradition by radically and comprehensively revising a classical text, which had by then retained its authority unchallenged for more than a century. Campion felt it his duty, in the fourteenth edition, to expound a developing system, to describe parliamentary procedure in its modern working context, rather than to preserve the *ipsissima dicta* of his predecessors:

> 'For the results of a century of rapid political change had so altered the balance of procedure . . . to the extent, in some places, that the original text was in danger of becoming a historical introduction to the footnotes.'

Despite these inevitable changes, however, the popular description of succeeding editions of the work as 'Erskine May' denotes more than a formal tribute to the original author. Enough of the contents and design of the first nine editions have survived to justify the claim that May himself remains a principal inspiration of the treatise, and to confirm the immediate acclaim which, in 1844, greeted the first appearance of this work by the then Assistant Librarian of the House of Commons.

For Erskine May, who was to become one of this country's first great, self-made public servants, and who brought a new importance as well as immense personal prestige to the office of Clerk of the House of Commons when he subsequently attained to that position, began his career and acquired his early parliamentary and political education in the recently founded House of Commons Library. The Librarian in 1831, when May first took up his duties at the tender age of 16, was Thomas Vardon: a loyal and gifted servant of Parliament who was to guide the Library through many years of difficult and significant development. It seems a little strange, in retrospect, to think of May hurrying to find books and papers, and digging out assorted facts and figures, on behalf of Members of Parliament; however, this must have been a constant feature of his 15-year stay in the Commons Library. Without doubt, this sort of commitment provided May with a vigorous practical introduction to the history and procedure of Parliament. He later shared with Vardon the work of re-indexing the volumes of the Commons Journal for the period 1547-1714: a task at once

important, laborious and delicate, and one which must have enhanced the range and depth of his parliamentary knowledge.

Erskine May left the Library in 1846 to become first, Examiner of Petitions for Private Bills, and then Taxing Master for both Houses of Parliament: posts in the Speaker's Department which he held concurrently until 1856, when he moved to the Clerk's Department. However, in view of his early parliamentary career, it was a happy chance that enabled the Library of the House of Commons to acquire, in March 1957, two of May's original manuscript notebooks, entirely in his own handwriting. The first of these bears the inscription 'The Manuscript Magazine, Vol. 1 . . . Edited by Thomas Erskine May'. It covers the period August 8, 1834, to December 31, 1835, with a Postscript for January 1836, and it consists almost entirely of extracts from books which May was systematically reading during that period together with his own thoughts and opinions on the quoted texts. A few scattered, personal diary entries are to be found in this volume. For example, on January 1, 1836 May proudly records that, whereas in 1834 he had read 59 books, in 1835 the tally had risen to 100; and he goes on to express the hope that 'I shall continue to increase in this proportion, annually'!

The second manuscript volume (inscribed, on the fly-leaf, 'T. Erskine May. January 1, 1848.') is of greater interest. In addition to preliminary pages of 'Historical Memoranda and Extracts', and a few pieces of rather uninspired occasional verse by the great man, it contains, on pages 47-352, May's private *Journal* for 1857-1882. This period covers virtually the whole of his service at the Table of the House of Commons, first as Clerk Assistant (1856-71), and then as Clerk of the House (1871-86). The *Journal* is essentially a private diary of a hasty and occasional kind—there are long gaps between many of the entries, for example—which the writer no doubt kept primarily for his own interest and for the edification of his immediate family circle. It is not a regular, precise record of daily events. As May himself points out at the beginning of his long entry for February 5, 1871:

> 'A journal is more often the pastime of the man of leisure than of the man of business, and my life has been one of constant occupation. Neither has the keeping of a journal ever been my habit, or purpose.'

Nevertheless, the as yet unpublished *Journal* is of considerable parliamentary and biographical interest, and it also possesses some general historical and political importance. In the former respect, there are many fascinating glimpses of the behind-the-scenes life of a high-ranking servant of the House of Commons. May's very first entry, for the year 1857, records the impending retirement of his 'dear old friend' to whom he owed his official advancement to the Table, Speaker Charles Shaw-Lefevre:

> 'It had been first proposed to confer a Barony upon him, with the Grand Cross of the Bath; upon which, by his desire, I prepared a memorandum of his eminent services and of the signal improvements he had effected in the proceedings of the House. This he forwarded to Lord Palmerston in a letter stating that it had been written by me and acknowledging in a very handsome manner the assistance he had received from me in carrying into effect all the improvements referred to in the Memorandum. The next day he was informed that he would be created a Viscount.'

The satisfaction of this happily concluded episode is succeeded by misgivings concerning the writer's relations with the new Speaker, Denison: the latter had been a member of most of the Select Committees on public and private business before which May had hitherto been examined, and 'had generally opposed my views'. All ended happily, however, for the Clerk Assistant's working relationship with Denison was to prove 'entirely confidential and most friendly'.

In 1863, the year in which the fifth, enlarged edition of his *Treatise* was published, Erskine May was in Italy—attending the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Senate, and listening to the debate on the acceptance of Garibaldi's resignation of his seat in the Chamber of Deputies. And so to Paris, where indifference and disorder struck him as the prevailing conditions of the French Chamber of Deputies:

> 'M. Thiers in appearance and manner was so ridiculous that when he rose in anger he was the very caricature of an irate Frenchman.'

May's increasingly authoritative involvement in the procedure and machinery of his own House of Commons emerges forcibly from many passages of his *Journal*, and culminates in his appointment as Clerk of the House:

> House of Commons
> February 3, 1871
>
> 'My dear Mr. Gladstone,
>
> I scarcely know how to express my sense of all your kindness and consideration in reference to my appointment. It is a particular satisfaction to me to have received it at your hands; and the manner in which the favour has been conferred has made it doubly gratifying. I must be permitted to add that I hope it will long be my pleasure to witness, from my Chair at the Table, your continued triumphs as Leader of the House of Commons.
>
> Believe me
> Yours sincerely
> T. Erskine May.'

But May felt obliged to confide, to the pages of his private *Journal*, how late in life this high office had fallen to him. Twenty years earlier, Shaw-Lefevre had wanted to secure him in that post, but Lord John Russell had promised the Clerkship to Sir Denis Le Marchant. The latter held his appointment much longer than had been anticipated, and 'has only retired at the age of 76!'. However, there were consolations:

> 'It is always better to be first than second; my authority will be increased; I shall have some patronage, which promises to be the plague of my life; and I shall be spared the intolerable drudgery of keeping the minute books for the "Votes and Proceedings", which have sometimes worn my fingers to the very stumps, and made the nerves of my head throb through the night.'

The *Journal* continues to record, albeit spasmodically, the changing patterns of successive Victorian Parliaments. Towards the end May records brief descriptions of the 'wilful and persistent obstruction' and of the 'disorderly and contumaceous' conduct of the Irish party in the House, and of Speaker Brand's celebrated action, on February 2, 1881, in closing the debate on the Protection of Person and Property (Ireland) Bill, although many Members still wished to speak. More troubles were in store for the Speaker and his Clerk, however. On the following day:

> 'A new form of resistance to the authority of the House was now adopted by the Irish Members. They refused to take part in the Division, and remained

> in their seats while the House was cleared. Having received due notice, they were named by the Speaker as disregarding the authority of the Chair. 28 were so named. If a separate motion had been made for the suspension of each of these Members the proceedings would have occupied the whole night, so (on my suggestion) they were "severally" suspended by a single resolution. But now another difficulty had to be met. Each Member who had been already suspended had refused to withdraw until removed by superior force. How could 28 be removed without unseemly force, the intervention of the police, and even a riot? I suggested to the Speaker and Mr. Gladstone that each Member should be directed to withdraw separately; and in this manner a very great and embarrassing difficulty was successfully overcome. Never had there been so grave a scene of disorder and contumacy in the House of Commons.'

Erskine May's private *Journal* is by no means confined to the writer's parliamentary duties. We find him at work on another major undertaking, *The Constitutional History of England Since the Accession of George III, 1760-1860*, first published in two volumes 1861-63. His pleasure at finding his work favourably compared with that of Hallam, and at being elected to the Athenaeum Club 'by an unusual number of votes', was somewhat spoiled first by 'some ill-tempered and flippant comments' which appeared 'in one or two Tory prints', and secondly by criticisms to the effect that his work ought to have followed a strictly chronological sequence of events. There are, too, many interesting domestic and personal references in these manuscript pages. An account of his audience in 1863 with the Pope is rivalled, in vividness of detail, by the description of his journey to Oxford in 1874 to receive from that University the honorary degree of D.C.L. Prevented from delivering a prepared speech in Christ Church Hall after the ceremony ('Sir Garnet Wolseley returned thanks not only for himself but for all the new Doctors'!), May could not resist the temptation of setting down his intended contribution in his *Journal*. The later entries show an increasing preoccupation with the writer's serious illness. In July 1878 he underwent a dangerous operation: 'one of the very largest stones known to the profession was removed by the knife, it being far too large to be approached by lithotrity'. During his convalescence:

> 'Nothing could exceed the kindness and solicitude of my friends. The Speaker had Big Ben stopped, lest his sonorous striking should disturb me, and ordered New Palace Yard to be covered with tan to deaden the sound of carriages.'

It is not possible to do full justice, in the present short article, to the more general historical and political value of May's *Journal*. In any case this is inseparable, to a large extent, from the parliamentary and biographical interest of the document. Erskine May was closely and constantly connected with the centre of public affairs during his long period of service at the Table of the House. Successive Speakers and Prime Ministers, not to mention other eminent Members of Parliament and some famous names from the outside world, feature in these personal jottings of 'a most able, faithful, and meritorious public servant' (D.N.B.). It is worth making a special mention, however, of the fact that Erskine May—in contrast to the modern tradition of complete political impartiality amongst servants of Parliament—found it possible to reconcile the full and proper execution of his duties with an undisguised admiration for Mr. Gladstone and his

policies. When, in the 1874 General Election, the Liberals were decisively defeated, May felt obliged to confide his feelings to his private *Journal*:

> 'Alas! Alas! Was there ever such a change! I felt myself a stranger, surrounded by strangers, and it was difficult to sustain my spirits. I had been upon terms of such peculiar confidence with all the members of the late government that I felt the loss of our friendly converse very deeply.'

Throughout the *Journal*, too, one is conscious of the writer's own pleasure in witnessing at such close quarters the growing importance of the democratic principle, as embodied in an elected, increasingly representative House of Commons. He did not, however, restrict his interest in democracy to his own home ground. Round about the autumn of 1864, he began to project his painstaking study of *Democracy in Europe*, a work which was eventually published, in two volumes, in 1877. His design, as he recorded in his private *Journal* entry dated January 29, 1866, was to illustrate the connection between civilisation and liberty 'from the earliest times to the present'. Hampered at first by his onerous official duties and by his extensive social engagements (the vacation of 1865, he tells us, was spent in visits to Berkshire, Buckinghamshire and Surrey, in an exhausting tour of Germany and Switzerland, and finally in a round of shooting visits which lasted to the meeting of the House in January 1866!), and subsequently by ill health, May devoted immense care to his history of *Democracy in Europe*, which was to prove to be, in some ways, an expression of his own political faith in the salutary development of 'popular power'. Small wonder, perhaps, that he wrote in his *Journal* entry for 1877:

> 'The history was verily published at last. . . . And now the anxious labours of many years were at an end. The results are now before my friends, the critics, and the world. Whether for good or evil, this month of November 1877 must be noted as an epoch in my life.'

But May's greatest contribution in the field of 'popular power', as he understood the phrase, remains undoubtedly his service to the House of Commons, coupled with his *Treatise on the Law, Privileges, Proceedings and Usage of Parliament*. *The Times* newspaper of October 15, 1844 described the latter as 'essentially a popular work'. It was not by any means the first guide to parliamentary procedure when it appeared in 1844, but it was the first to win widespread perusal and acceptance within and without the walls of Westminister. The quotation from Wendell Phillips which introduces the latest (1971) edition of 'Erskine May' is in many ways a reflection of the original author's philosophy:

> 'When you have convinced thinking men that it is right, and humane men that it is just, you will gain your cause. Men lose half of what is gained by violence. What is gained by argument is gained forever.'

Erskine May's private *Journal* is the property of the House of Commons Library, but is presently in the care of the Clerk of Records, House of Lords. It may be consulted in the Record Office, upon written application being made. However, my colleague Mr. David Holland, Librarian of the House of Commons, has already prepared an edited typescript of Erskine May's *Journal*, and it is hoped to publish this text quite shortly in the current series of House of Commons Library Documents.

[David Menhennet is Deputy Librarian of the House of Commons.]

HIROHITO: 124th EMPEROR OF JAPAN

by Raymond Lamont Brown

NEVER before has Europe witnessed the progress of a living god. During the autumn of 1971, however, an oriental god called Hirohito will smilingly appear amongst the Belgians, the Danes, the Dutch, the Germans and the British. Once his face was too awful to be seen by commoners, but today it sells a country whose myriad pantheon of deities now inhabit computers, transistors and data research systems.

The official visit to Europe of Their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Japan is epoch making in several ways. It is the first time ever that a reigning Japanese Emperor has left Japan, and it is 50 years since Hirohito started out from Hayama on March 3, 1921, for his first trip to Europe. This first major trip was undoubtedly a traumatic event for Hirohito. When asked what had been the most memorable event in his life, while being interviewed by the Japanese press corps in 1970 at Nasu Imperial Villa in Tochigi Prefecture, the Emperor commented:

'There have been so many things including the war. But the most impressive personal experience was my European trip in 1921. The trip liberated me from the position of being "a bird in a cage" and gave me an opportunity to enjoy human freedom. It did much good to my personality.'

Born on April 29, 1901, to Crown Prince Yoshihito (who became Emperor Taisho) and Princess Sadako (the name by which she was known at the time), Hirohito, with the title of Michi-no-Miya, was very much a prisoner of two thousand years of tradition, court protocol and ritual. For when this gentle, introverted, scholarly and civilised man was born, Japan still had many feudal trappings: the Western powers exercised only extra-territorial rights in Japan, jinrikshaws were the most popular mode of travel, and prostitutes still sat for their clients' inspection in the cages of the red-light district known as Yoshiwara. Japan at that time cast more than envious eyes towards occidental achievements — steam engines, gaslamps, cameras, telegrams, newspapers, steamships, and, according to a children's popular song of 1901, hansom-cabs. Furthermore women were still considered chattels when Hirohito was a boy, and Amaterasu-o-Mikami was the allpowerful living Goddess of the Sun to whom his father, as 'Son of Heaven', was a direct descendant.

Thus Hirohito's life has spanned the whole gamut of his nation's cultural and occult existence, from the remnants of the last *samurai* and the Knights of the *Bushido,* through the fanatics of *Shinto* and *Kodo,* to the democracy and neutralism of today. But at 70 the Emperor seems to be changing. The chamberlains of his court are covertly saying that they have seen an increased self-assertion in the expression of his personal opinions. As his country grows stronger, the Emperor is taking more

upon himself as the promoter of Japan, the stimulus for which he may have derived from his patronage of Expo '70. It is now almost inevitable that, at some point in the late 1970s or early 1980s, Japan will attain a level entitling her to such descriptions as 'giant' and 'super'. In truth, one can quite plausibly advance this argument solely on the grounds of economic momentum. Hence it seems that Hirohito, as a self-styled 'human Emperor', is broadening his diplomatic horizons to make himself a more fitting and capable Head of State of a super-power. But what of the background of this leader of the emerging Japanese superstate?

As was the custom when a son and heir was born to a prince of the Japanese ruling house, Hirohito was at the age of three months separated from his parents. Many believe that the care of foster parents probably saved his life. A puny baby, Hirohito would undoubtedly have succumbed to the bouts of dysentry, fever, typhoid and smallpox which periodically swept the court. Even so, Hirohito did lose by this action the opportunity of enjoying the traditional Japanese uninhibited and free childhood in which the indulged son was expected only to respect his father. For, under the guardianship of Count Sumiyoshi Kawamura, a Vice-Admiral of the Imperial Navy, he was continually made aware of his divine position and the awesome nature of his future. In November, 1904, when he was three-and-a-half years old, Hirohito exchanged the stern Kawamura for a new guardian, Kinsaku Maruo, a further keen disciplinarian.

Although Hirohito and his brother Prince Chichibu lived in the precincts of the Crown Prince's palace, they rarely saw their father and were allowed only weekly visits to their mother. In 1905 Hirohito's education began in earnest and this led to study at Gakushuin (the Peers' School — run solely to educate the sons and daughters of the Japanese aristocracy). In April, 1914, Hirohito moved into the Takanawa pavilion in the grounds of the Akasaka palace. There a special department called the Togugogakumonsho was established for his further education under the guidance of Japan's most illustrious hero, Admiral Marquis Heihachiro Togo (victor of Tsushima, 1905). Here Hirohito studied from 7.30 a.m. to 6.00 p.m. with a short break for lunch. In the main, the curriculum was a punishing and tedious one, and the amount of study made Hirohito even more introverted, as well as grave and dogged in temperament.

In November, 1916, Hirohito was installed as Crown Prince and began to emerge as a prominent royal figure to deputise for his father, whose eccentricities were developing into madness. From time to time Hirohito rebelled 'against the established pattern of Imperial education', but he persisted with his studies and thoroughly imbibed court protocol. In February, 1918, his engagement was announced to Princess Nagako, the eldest daughter of Prince Kuniyoshi Kuni, one of the most amiable rascals among the Japanese aristocracy. After their betrothal, however, Nagako only saw her husband-to-be some nine times (and never alone) in the next seven years leading up to their marriage.

In the interim, Hirohito's hard, stoic existence continued and his peace of mind was gravely disturbed by personal and emotional conflicts. Not only was he unhappy with the rigours of the court ritual but his engagement became the cause of political in-fighting, which caused his wife-to-be much mental agony on top of the intense course of education she had to undergo. In a rather uncharacteristic Japanese way, Hirohito was distressed that Princess Nagako was subject to these pressures: but, following strict protocol, he sent her neither written nor spoken messages of sympathy.

There was, however, one very satisfying interlude during this period of mental anguish; his Grand Tour of Europe. Among other places in Britain, Hirohito visited London, Manchester, Blair Castle and Glasgow (where shipyard workers refused to bow to him, but insisted on shaking his hand), had his picture painted by Augustus John and played golf at Addington. It was his round of golf with the Prince of Wales, however, which stimulated Hirohito's later addiction to the game. On returning to Japan, Hirohito pressed for a nine-hole golf course to be laid out in the grounds of the Imperial Palace at Tokyo, thus trail-blazing Japan's present-day passion for the game. Thereafter, Hirohito visited France and Italy and thence returned to Japan, but he left an important diplomatic impression behind him.

In London, Paris and Rome he won a reputation as a gentle and thoughtful prince, and the image of Japan abroad was greatly enhanced. His behaviour had been impeccable and he made many friends. When he arrived back on September 3, 1921, at Tokyo Central Station, Hirohito was met with a tumultuous reception, which indicated that he was now accepted, at least by the general populace of Japan, with affection and not awe. This was to stand him in good stead for many years.

During 1924, Hirohito was married and by this time his father's mental condition had necessitated his becoming Prince Regent. On December 25, 1926, Emperor Taisho died and Hirohito became god-Emperor. Three days later he announced that his reign was to be called Showa — Enlightened Peace. Although Hirohito's choice of this description was sincerely meant, it was to prove ironically inept in the years to come.

In general terms, the political and economic events of Hirohito's reign from 1926 to 1945 may be summed up in three phases: World Depression and Military Adventurism on the Chinese Continent; a period of terrorism, conspiracy and assassination; and the Pacific War. Through the whole of these events, Hirohito was no more than a political pawn. Even though everything was done in his name, Hirohito was virtually powerless. He burned with 'anger and shame' at the murderous activities of the younger element in his Army. In truth Hirohito was informed about very little of what was going on, in China for instance, in his name. Certainly such atrocities as were perpetrated at Nanking were not known to Hirohito until a long time afterwards. He was against a large-scale war in the Pacific, but strangely enough he did not speak out forcefully against it.

Nevertheless it was Hirohito who brought the war to an end. At an emergency Cabinet meeting he said: 'I have given serious thought to the situation prevailing at home and abroad, and I have concluded that continuing the war can only mean destruction for the nation and a prolongation of bloodshed and cruelty in the world. I cannot bear to see my innocent people suffer any longer. Ending the war is the only way to restore world peace and to relieve the nation of the dreadful distress with which it is burdened'. At last the Showa mark of his reign had taken effect.

At one minute before noon on August 15, 1945, the Japanese people (who had been issued a special ration of electricity for the purpose) turned on their radios and heard their Emperor speak for the first time. He told them that the war was over and that they must all 'bear the unbearable' consequences of defeat. Thus Japan overnight became a neutralistic and consumer orientated country with a greater regard for progress charts and G.N.P. than territorial expansion and Empire.

Surrender of Japan and her overseas empire to the Allied Powers occurred during August-September, 1945. Thereafter the country went through a period of 'demilitarisation and democratisation' (1945-47). Under S.C.A.P. direction, a new constitution was adopted and Hirohito's position was greatly altered on the statute books. Now the Japanese people alone had sovereign power and Hirohito, stripped of his deification, became solely a 'symbol of the State', with no powers related to government and only certain ceremonial functions to perform.

Even so, by 1950 it could be stated that Hirohito was established as Emperor of Japan far more solidly than he had ever been before. Even though people no longer bowed in fear when he ventured outside the Imperial Palace grounds, as a democratic monarch Hirohito turned out to be more popular as a 'human Emperor' than he had been as a divine, mythical and autocratic god-king 'in the clouds'. The new constitution made little difference to Hirohito personally. Even though it brought votes to women, outlawed war and demolished the tyrannies of family life, Hirohito's personal routine changed little. Yet, in between signing state papers when required and performing ceremonial functions as *Ohoribata* (the Honourable One across the Moat), Hirohito now had more time to devote to his family and his first academic love, marine biology.

The Emperor's interest in marine biology dates back to his primary school days at Gakushuin. Among the many types of shrimps in Japanese territorial waters, one very rare species is of scientific importance. Called by the Japanese *shojo-ebi* (*Sympasiphea imperialis*) this creature is of flaming red colour and is an inhabitant of deep water. In 1918 this shrimp was recorded academically for the first time by Hirohito. The Emperor's speciality today in marine biology is *Hydroid* creatures and he has written five books on the subject; all of which have earned him the worldwide praise and admiration of marine biologists.

During his seventy years H.I.M. the Emperor Hirohito of Japan, K.G., F.R.S., has been unique. Always a devout scholar, Hirohito has at times

shown his reluctance as Head of State. But, since his accession to the throne, his main concern has been the welfare and peace of his nation. Never has he forgotten his message at the time of his enthronement in which he as Emperor 'regards the nation as one family and the people as his children'.

Since his trip abroad fifty years ago, the Emperor has lived a simple and healthy life. He lives in Western-style rooms and wears only Western-style clothes. He neither smokes nor drinks and follows a diet to suit his age and physical condition. An accomplished poet and biologist, the Emperor is an enthusiastic *sumo* (wrestling) fan and a keen player of *shoji* (Japanese chess). While his marine laboratory and his state affairs take up most of his time, the Emperor still budgets weekly hours for his family: on Wednesdays, for instance, Their Majesties are visited by Crown Prince Akihito, his wife Princess Michiko and their children. On Sundays it is the turn of Prince and Princess Hitachi. All who meet Hirohito are charmed by his graciousness. As the famous senior court reporter, Junji Togashi, recently said: 'I have never met a person who is as sincere and pure-hearted as His Majesty. His sense of justice is very strong, and he knows no word of deception. He detests selfishness and luxury. In fact, he is a personification of all human goodness'.

The role of the Emperor in the Japan of the future is not as tenuous as that of other monarchies seems to be. Japan and her Emperor are very much phenomena in their own right, and cannot be wholly judged by western standards. Today Hirohito seems more dedicated than ever before to be totally fit in mind and body to lead his nation into Superpower Status on a Showa (peaceful) basis. The reason for this may be found in Japanese occultism.

On April 29, 1971, the Emperor celebrated his *koki* birthday. For centuries the Japanese have followed the tradition of giving special recognition and respect to longevity and the 61st, 70th, 77th, 88th and 99th birthdays are important occult landmarks in life. The term *koki*, meaning 'rare from time immemorial', is said to be derived from a passage in the famous poem *Kyokko* by the Chinese poet Tu Pu of the Tang Dynasty (712-770 A.D.). The passage reads: 'Rarely have people attained the 70th year of age from time immemorial'. Thus 70, along with the other mystic ages, is a gift (*okurimono*) from the gods, and must be celebrated by some kind of dedication. As a thanksgiving, Hirohito seems to be dedicating his future lifespan to his country. He is greatly encouraging the fight against environmental pollution in Japan and sees Japan as the peacemaker in the Far East. All who know and love the Far East hope that His Majesty will be successful.

THE PARROT

a short story by Tony Aspler

THE arrival of the old man each day seemed to draw out some distant jungle memory in the caged birds. The aviary exploded in raucous screams as parakeets, mynahs, and cockatoos clawed across the walls of their cages and gnashed their beaks against the mesh. The sound pierced into the walls and ceiling of the room like darts. The birds knew the old man almost better than their keepers. He had visited them every morning for years. And his ritual appearance had conditioned in them a response of greed: it was a signal that one of them would gorge itself on the food he had brought.

He wore a long grey coat that brushed the ground when he stooped. The brown paper lining fastened with safety pins inside — an expedient against the winter wind — crinkled as he moved. Whisps of grey hair hung like cobwebs below the brim of a shapeless green trilby pulled low over a tired snowman's face. The hot coloured plumage of the birds accentuated the old man's pallor — a tall effigy modelled in dry leaves, smelling of dead grass.

The attendant on the gate let him in without paying now and the other keepers smiled tolerantly at him as he passed the caged lions and elephants, the deer and the mad mountain foxes without interest. At that hour in the morning he usually had the aviary to himself, but if someone should look in at the birds he would linger in the shadows until they left.

The ritual was the same every morning. He took out a brown paper bag from his pocket, held it about his head and shook it. 'Morning my beauties. Who is it today?' The crackling of the paper set off a crazy chorus of fluttering wings and scraping claws. That day the old man positioned himself in front of a large domed cage.

Its occupant, an orange and blue parrot, two-stepped along its bar, staring at him in shivering profile. He dipped into the bag and took out a grape. He bit it, removed the pips with his tongue and spat them on the floor. Holding the mangled grape in thumb and forefinger he pressed it through the mesh. The parrot hopped, nodded, ducked and with a snap of its crossed bill tore the fruit from his fingers.

The other birds fell silent and the only sound was the man spitting pips and the click of the parrot's beak as it snatched the grape. The old man swayed in a rhythmic motion in front of the cage staring at the bird, concentrating on the eye that never left his. 'Yes,' he murmured as the parrot took the grape from his fingers, 'yes.' The automatic movement of hand to mouth to cage seemed to mesmerise both man and bird and he did not hear the boy approach him.

'Mister . . . your finger's bleeding.'

The old man inspected his hand, looked down at the boy, and then back at his hand. A line of blood circled the ragged cuticle of his thumb nail.

The parrot fidgetted on its perch.

'Would you like a grape?' He held out the bag but the boy moved away.

'They like grapes. That's their favourite you know.'

'Me mam's in the snake house,' replied the boy, 'I hate snakes so I came here.'

'You like birds?' asked the old man.

'They're all right. Do they talk?'

'Of course. You have to understand them.'

'I mean English. Do they talk English?'

The man went back to feeding the parrot, pleased by the boy's attention yet irritated by his lack of understanding.

'Why does he bite you when he eats? Doesn't it hurt?'

The old man considered the question for a moment. 'I've been feeding them since before you were born.'

'Why?'

Why? He paused and wiped the juice on his fingers in a quick cross on his lapel. He put the bag carefully into a pocket and reached inside the coat and took out a shiny black object.

'You know what this is?'

The boy edged closer, attracted by the gleaming roundness of the thing.

'What is it?'

'It's the handle of a dagger. You see that. That's a swastika.'

'Where's the knife part?' asked the boy. The object had lost its mystery and was incomplete.

'It got broken. It's a German dagger. I got it in the war.'

He pulled his coat open and projected the breast pocket of his jacket on the point of his bleeding thumb towards the boy. There like a fetid nipple stood a small ribbon, its original colours unrecognisable under years of grease and dust.

'I was decorated. For being a prisoner of war and escaping. 1944. In France. Know where France is?'

The boy nodded and then shook his head. The old man clucked his tongue.

'You don't know where France is. I was caught there see. Our platoon was surprised coming off the beach at night. Shot up most of us. They put eight of us on a train. Locked us in with a young German soldier keeping guard. He gave us cigarettes, but we jumped him and left him for dead. I used his dagger to break the lock on the door and we all jumped off the train and scattered. This is his dagger. I broke it in the lock. I keep it on me. To bring me luck.'

The old man and the boy stared at the ebony handle. The boy said nothing and his silence seemed to accuse the man.

'It was our duty to escape. Our duty as British soldiers. They told us that. We had to get back to our lines. And there I was. As old as your Dad is now probably. In the middle of France in British Army uniform and Germans all over the place. And all I had to protect myself with was this broken dagger. I'd been hiding out for two days, no food, no roof

over my head, just running by night. I thought I was heading north to the coast but after two days I found I'd run in a big circle and I was back at the railway tracks. Least I think it was the same place.'

He stopped in the middle of his narrative, unaccustomed to prolonged speech. 'Don't you want to hold it?' he said, offering the handle to the boy who shook his head.

'How did you escape then?' asked the boy.

'Well, I kept to the fields looking for a farm house. I was faint from hunger and I kept seeing German patrols. One sight of me and I'd be a dead man. But I kept telling myself I was going to get back home to England. Then I saw this house. A small place it was, all whitewashed. There weren't any lights on so I thought I'd have a look round. Try and find some food. I had to be careful. The farmer might have been a collaborator — you know, friendly with the Germans, and he'd have turned me in. I had to be careful. I looked in the window and it was all dark. I went in. The place was empty. At least there'll be something to eat I thought. So I began to nose around. But someone had got there first. The place was cleaned out, not a thing in the cupboards. Suddenly I heard this terrible scream. I jumped right out of my skin. Like someone's being murdered. It went on and on. I could hear it echoing across the fields and coming back to me.'

The boy's eyes widened and he giggled and pressed his wrists against his cheeks in fearful excitement. Pleased by the effect the old man became more animated, waving his arms and opening his eyes in mock terror.

'This screaming, it just went on and on. For hours it seemed. If the Germans or anyone else was out there they'd have heard it too. And what do you think it was? . . . a parrot, a pet parrot, abandoned, left behind. Poor blighter, he was as hungry as I was. But he kept screaming and screaming. I had to stop him screaming. They'd find me see. They'd kill me. So I took off my battle-dress top and ran at him. He was too weak to fly away. I had him trapped, holding him like a puppy in a sack. But he kept on and on squawking so I hit him against the stone floor. Then it all went quiet. But the sound of it was still ringing in my ears. The parrot was dead but I could still hear it . . . I had to kill him, you see. It was the noise. He'd have given me away.'

The old man squeezed the handle of the dagger and shut his eyes. 'I fell asleep under a tree and when I woke up there were two Frenchies standing over me with pitchforks. I thought that was my lot. But they belonged to the Underground and they got me out. Smuggled me to the coast and onto a fishing trawler.'

'What about the parrot?' asked the boy.

The old man drew his hand across his eyes as if to brush away a persistent image conjured involuntarily from the soul.

'I ate him. . . . There was nothing else.'

The boy grimaced and thought for a moment.

'What did he taste like?' he whispered the words as if he were sharing some primordial secret.

'You don't remember when you're starving,' replied the old man.

The room fell silent except for the settling of feathers as the birds quivered on their perches. The taste of the parrot was on the old man's lips again. A generation had not dulled its salty ripe flavour. He swallowed to stop himself retching. The aviary door opened suddenly and the boy's mother called to him to come away. He looked up at the old man.

'Show us it again before I go.'

He took out the dagger handle and the boy touched it and then ran off to join his mother. The old man nodded after him. He took the bag from his pocket once more and returned to the feeding of the orange and blue parrot.

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THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

by Robert Speaight

LORD ROSEBERY used to say that the two most consoling books in the world were St. John's Gospel and the *Journal* of Sir Walter Scott*. The observation throws a light upon Rosebery as well as upon Scott. Each might be quoted as the *locus classicus* of a success story. Rosebery achieved his three ambitions — to win the Derby, to marry an heiress, and to become Prime Minister; Scott became Laird of Abbotsford, which mattered to him a great deal, and a literary lion of European fame, which mattered to him rather less. Yet in each case success was clouded by disappointment. Rosebery's premiership did not add to his laurels, and Scott killed himself with overwork rather than fail his creditors. What makes his *Journal* — or *Gurnal* as he liked to call it — a poignant as well as a revealing document was the accident that he started to keep it in 1825, just before he was threatened with bankruptcy, and shortly before the death of his wife. It was a moment when circumstances drove him to more introspection than he normally indulged in — an introspection without which any Journal becomes a mere record of daily doings, a dropping of names that mean little to the common reader, or — at best — a commentary on current events. There is plenty of all these in Scott's *Journal*, and not too much of them; but there is also something far more valuable. As nowhere else — not even in Lockhart — there is Scott himself.

T. S. Eliot did not hesitate to describe Scott as a 'great writer and a great man'. The nineteenth century would have found nothing novel in the tribute, but it is worth recalling today when Scott has relatively few readers. If the *Journal* tells us little about the writer, the man will tell us why. For Scott, writing was work; the earning of his daily bread, and the bread that he owed to others. Writing was business, and for all his rash extravagance Scott was a business-like person. He cared about money, if only because he enjoyed the dispensing of *largesse*. He enjoyed society, and society had to be entertained. With few exceptions, he liked his fellow-men. He had the Scottish sense of human equality, and combined it with a scorn for egalitarian pretensions. He respected rank, but he was indifferent to other people's incomes, although very far from indifferent to his own. He was the reverse of a self-conscious literary artist, content if what he wrote pleased the public without too flagrantly displeasing himself. He knew — as Ballantyne and Lockhart knew — that *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous*, written when his physical and mental powers were failing, lagged a long way below his second-best. But if they sold, what matter? 'I think it is the publick that are mad for passing these two volumes. But I will not be the first to cry them down.'

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* A new edition of this work is announced for publication in the autumn of 1971.

Scott had a far more sensitive conscience than most literary men, but it did not extend to the *mot juste* — except when he was writing in dialect— to the tidiness of a sentence, or the plausibility of a plot. It was not that he thought anything would do, but a good many things had to do if he could not see his way to do them better.

The following books were written during the period covered by the *Journal* — *Woodstock, The Fair Maid of Perth, Anne of Geierstein,* the *Life of Bonaparte, Tales of a Grandfather,* with *Count Robert* and *Castle Dangerous.* He tells us very little about any of them, except that he found *Anne of Geierstein* heavier going than most of her readers; and that he was prepared to fight a duel with General Gourgaud who had objected to certain observations on his conduct at St. Helena. 'I would not have shunned him or any Frenchman that ever kissed Bonaparte's breech'. We should like to know what attracted Scott to the subjects in hand. He does tell us that he prefers a subject which has not been too extensively documented; where history has told the whole story, the historical novelist does better to keep quiet. Edgar Johnson, in his massive new biography of Scott, has revaluated *Woodstock* very convincingly, and *Anne of Geierstein* is arguably the best of those novels which deal with a remote period and a foreign country. It is certainly superior to *Quentin Durward,* and King René of Provence more than holds his own with Louis XI. Scott's view of Bonaparte was just and surprisingly magnanimous; but it is not in the *Journal* that we find it. All in all, there is little falling off in creative power when Scott is writing to satisfy his creditors and in circumstances uncomfortably reduced. Ballantyne, always frank in his criticism, warns him that the public are growing tired of cloak and dagger; but Scott, who never rejected Ballantyne's advice when he thought it was well founded, knew the public better. He often wrote against the grain of the particular moment, but so long as his health lasted he trusted his deeper instincts, and they did not often play him false.

Lockhart wrote of 'the dashing trot of Sir Walter's pen across the paper'; and it was the pace of the trot that mattered — so many 'leaves' to be sent off to the printer every day, if the race against time — which was the race for personal honour — were to be won. Scott confessed himself 'hard up as far as imagination is concerned, yet the world calls for novelty.' It had delighted, as Scott himself had delighted, in Jane Austen, and it was calling for what Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope would presently be giving it. Only Bulwer Lytton, Charles Reade, and Harrison Ainsworth were to follow in the path which Scott had marked out. He was fond of concluding a paragraph of discouraged introspection with *Vogue le galère*! ; he knew very well the *galère* that he must sail in, and he held doggedly to the course which had always brought him a successful landing. Yet, if he says little about the subjects of his novels, he does tell us what set him going — soon after 7 a.m. almost every day of his life, in Edinburgh or at Abbotsford:

> 'There is one thing I believe peculiar to me — I work, that is, meditate for the purpose of working, best, when I have a *quasi* engagement with some other

> book for example. When I find myself doing ill, or like to come to a stand-still in writing, I take up some slight book, a novel or the like, and usually have not read far ere my difficulties are removed, and I am ready to write again. There must be two currents of ideas going on in my mind at the same time, or perhaps the slighter occupation serves like a woman's wheel or stocking to ballast the mind, as it were, by preventing the thoughts from wandering, and so give the deeper current the power to flow undisturbed. I always laugh when I hear people say, Do one thing at once. I have done a dozen things at once all my life.'

This is a long way from the scruples of a Henry James and the agonised questionings of a Conrad, and even further from the deliberate aestheticism of a Pater. Scott was writing before literature — or, at least, the telling of tales — had become 'literary'. It is not too much to say that he was a good writer by design and a great writer by accident. By doing a dozen things all at once, and by being with equal zest a novelist, a poet, an historian, a lawyer, and a laird, he never lost touch with life which he regarded as far more important than literature.

There is no reason to suppose that he wrote his *Journal* for anyone but himself, and that is why it rings with sincerity. It can be said of some novelists that their biography is in their books; the reverse is true of Scott. He wrote his *Journal* to record what he could not write elsewhere, and what Lockhart was too discreet to write after he was dead. His broken romance with Williamina Belsches is a case in point. Edwin Muir was probably right in suggesting that this inhibited his treatment of physical love; but a letter from her mother long after she had died was enough to reopen a wound which had never healed:

> 'The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back twenty years to add to my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow over-hardened, and like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet what a romance to tell, and told I fear it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be chronicled doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain.'

and then, three days later:

> 'We go out to St. Catherine's today. I am glad of it, for I would not have these recollections haunt me, and society will put them out of my head.'

Scott's resilience was the counterpart of his sensitivity; it came to his aid in every crisis of his later life. The decline of his fortunes, the death of his wife and grandson, acute physical pain — he met all with resignation and fortitude. Charlotte Scott, one gathers, was deficient in imaginative sympathy, but their marriage was a happy one — even if it caught Scott on the rebound from Williamina's marriage to someone else. There is no mistaking his grief when she died. In one of the most perceptive essays ever written about Scott, C. S. Lewis pointed out that the recording of this in the *Journal* has the qualities that both delight and disconcert us in his style. Scott begins by referring to this 'melancholy intelligence'; 'sad news', though banal, would have been almost better. But then he compresses into a single sentence the very essence of this particular loss. 'I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years.' Later he is facing the prospect that Abbotsford may have to be sold. After foreseeing that 'my dogs will wait for me in vain' — sentimental, perhaps, for our sophisticated taste — he tumbles into the

moving immediacy of 'I find my dogs' feet on my knees'. We are reminded of Lear's 'The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart . . .'; and very likely Scott was reminded of it too, for he could never quote from *Lear* too often.

Without provoking us into absurd comparisons, Scott shows himself in his *Journal* as a Shakespearian kind of man with the same firm hold on the great commonplaces for lack of which society must perish. He retired every week-end to Abbotsford with the same prospect of relief that Shakespeare must have carried to Stratford when his fortunes allowed him to do so, and with a similar pride in armorial bearings. As one picks up his constant references to *chère exquise* and an odd couplet — probably of his own composition

> The haunch of the deer, and the wine's red dye,
> Never bard loved them more than I

it is easy to remember Shakespeare and Ben Jonson over their cups under the mulberry tree. Not that the daily *chère* was particularly *exquise* at Abbotsford during those last laborious years: 'I dine, when I like, on soup or broth, and drink a glass of porter or ginger-beer; a single tumbler of whisky and water concludes the *debauch*. This agrees with me charmingly. At ten o'clock bread and cheese, a single draught of small beer, porter, or ginger-beer, and so to bed.' After a brief attempt at renunciation, Scott smoked cigars almost up to the end of his life — and sometimes two in succession if he was in the mood for it, and the company was good. 'Yet what remains on earth that I like so well as a little society?' Even when the means of *largesse* were restricted, he never lacked for it; and so long as he remained in Edinburgh the hospitality of others sent him mellow to bed.

For all its effortless evocation of a period, the *Journal* often strikes a modern note, if only because men do not change with their manners. How many Vice-Chancellors today — or Prime Ministers for the matter of that — would not echo Scott's 'It is a matter of great consequence that men should not acquire the habit of opposing.'? How many motorists would not agree with him that the 'great north road is the dullest in the world, as well as the most convenient for the traveller.'? Scott — again like Shakespeare — was a conservative, but he was not a stupid conservative. After quoting Coriolanus on the 'people', he adds with satisfaction that he does not 'live in their report'. What he meant by the 'people' was the mob; the 'people' were not to be confused with the peasantry to whom he spoke, we are told, 'as if they were blood relations'. He had sensible views on prison reform, seeing very clearly the social conditions that favoured the increase of crime.

> 'We have accumulated in huge cities and smothering manufactories the numbers which should be spread over the face of a country; and what wonder that they should be corrupted? . . . When men are taught a crime of a certain character is connected inseparably with death, the moral habits of a population become altered, and you may in the next age remit the punishment which in this it has been necessary to inflict with stern severity. I think whoever pretends to reform a corrupted nation . . . must begin by severity, and only resort

> to gentleness when he has acquired the complete mastery by terror — the terror being always attached to the law; and, the impression once made, he can afford to govern with mildness; and lay the iron rule aside.'

The agitating political questions of the day were Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform. Scott, like his friend the Duke of Wellington, came reluctantly to support the first, but was obstinately opposed to the second. 'It has fallen easily, the old Constitution; no bullying Mirabeau to assail, no eloquent Maury to defend. It has been thrown away, like a child's broken toy. Well, *transeat*, the good sense of the people is much trusted to; we will see what it will do for us.' Scott had only another 18 months to live, and he wisely resisted all attempts to drag him into the arena. His one experience of the hustings at Selkirk — the seat of his own shrievalty — had not been comfortable. 'It would be a foolish thing to take flight to the next world in a political gale of wind.' On one matter of general principle, however, Scott saw very clearly. He realised that, human nature being what it is, the ethics of religious belief could not be too rigidly applied to politics. Scott was a man of the later 18th century who had lived tranquilly through the backwash of the French Revolution and the rise and fall of Bonaparte into a period of social unrest, which neither his temperament nor his formation enabled him to meet with tranquility. He was only 60 as he felt the shades closing in upon him — not too old to have shaken the young Princess Victoria by the hand and to have expressed the wish — to himself, though not to her — that she would change her name! But already his 'fingers' were beginning to 'stammer'; he was writing 'one word instead of another very often'. He was hoping for some mechanical aid which would enable him 'to mount a pony with ease, and to walk without torture. This would, indeed, be almost a restoration of my youth, at least of a green old age full of enjoyment. The shutting one out from the face of living nature is almost worse than sudden death.'

When Scott interrupts his *Journal*, it is not only because his health is failing him, but because he feels that this daily record — often of questioning and complaint — is making him 'abominably selfish'. He could have spared himself the reproach. He confides these things to his *Journal* because he is unwilling to complain about them to other people. Almost his last words were of thoughtfulness for his daughter and son-in-law, who were watching at his bedside. We only get half of Scott if we judge him uniquely on either his *Journal* or his imaginative and historical works. He put into the one what he left out of the other.

Of course, if Scott had kept a *Journal* before misfortune fell upon him, we might have been told more about the pleasures and curiosity of writing, and less about its hard necessity. But necessity, of one kind or another, there must always have been; and there are many examples to prove that a man does not write worse because he has to. Literature would be much the poorer if it contained nothing but masterpieces. It is strange, however, that this proud yet humble man did not ask himself the one question which has sometimes troubled his admirers. Was it entirely consistent with the probity by which he set such store to have concealed his share in

Ballantyne's affairs, until he was forced to declare it? Would a man of Scott's character today introduce business to a firm, and not make clear that he was a partner in it? It is the only question that the *Journal* does not answer, perhaps because no one raised it at the time; and it does nothing to qualify Rosebery's verdict that this is one of the most 'consoling books in the world'. It consoles, because it is a record, not of ambition achieved, but of adversity met and conquered. Scott realised too late that 'it is saving, not getting, that is the mother of riches'; but £90,000 of a £130,000 debt had been paid off before he entered into what he called the Secret. 'The point in this world', he had written, 'is to do what we ought and to bear what we must'. No man had more faithfully followed his own precept.

[Robert Speaight, C.B.E., F.R.S.L., is the author of *The Property Basket* (Collins-Harvill, 1970), *Teilhard de Chardin* (Collins, 1967), *Hilaire Belloc* (Hollis and Carter, 1957), etc.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Three. Sylvia Ashton Warner. Robert Hale Ltd. £1.80; *Pricksongs and Descants.* Robert Coover. Cape. £1.85; *The Committed Men.* M. John Harrison. New Authors Ltd. £1.75; *A World of Windows.* David Benedictus. Weidenfeld & Nicholson. £1.90; *M/F.* Anthony Burgess. Cape. £1.60; *Late in the Afternoon.* Lettice Cooper. Gollancz. £2; *St. Urbain's Horseman.* Mordecai Richler. Weidenfeld & Nicholson. £2.50; *Natalie Natalia.* Nicholas Mosley. Hodder & Stoughton. £2.25; *The Occupation.* David Caute. Andre Deutsch. £2; *Southern Mail and Night Flight.* Antoine de Saint-Exupery. Heinemann. £2; *October Ferry to Gabriola.* Malcolm Lowry. Cape. £2.25.

The late summer novel publications include a high proportion of the work of young writers, many of whom are now using as a matter of course themes and techniques which only a few years ago were considered unacceptable. Particularly successful is *Three,* by Sylvia Ashton Warner, a New Zealand writer who has already been praised for two earlier books, *Bell Call* and *Teacher.* A comparison comes to mind between Sylvia Ashton Warner and Fanny Hurst, whose hapless character, 'Lummox', revealed by unconnected blurts the very synthesis of basic human experience. *Three* is much more diverse and sophisticated. By cutting action and dialogue to the bare bones the situation of a possessive mother in conflict with her invalid son and his irresolute wife is developed three-dimensionally. The monotonous routine of these three trapped human-beings is conveyed in a minutiae of detail. The mother cannot fairly be rebuked for her obsession about cleanliness and order. She despises her own myopic outlook as much as she abhors the role of 'dragon' and 'intruder' for which the Fates have cast her. Addressed throughout as 'Dear', we never know her name, and sometimes she seems to resemble a dark, motive force rather than a human being. Yet she is disturbingly life-like. Occasionally the action breaks out of the grubby, over-crowded home to provide vivid pictures of a hospital ward, the near-by park and London streets in summer.

Less satisfying in the modern idiom is *Pricksongs and Descants* by Robert Coover. He was a member of the first Creative Writing course at the University of Iowa, has been awarded the William Faulkner prize in the U.S.A., and is acknowledged as one of the leading 'voices' in American fiction. He describes his own objectives as follows: 'The novelist uses familiar mystic or historical forms to combat the content of these forms and to conduct the reader to the real, away from mystification to clarification, away from magic to maturity, away from mystery to revelations'. The loosely strung together 'fictions' in *Pricksongs and Descants* do not really add up to a complete novel. Two sisters on an imaginary island encounter a hairy naked Caliban-like creature who seduces one of them: a measure of necrolatry and sadism is provided when a man, having had intercourse with his dead wife, is savagely beaten-up by a member of the Gestapo. Robert Coover comes nearest to humour and

credibility with his longest piece, *Baby-Sitter*, in which the free-lance child-minder takes a bath while attempting at the same time to control her unruly charges. The many neat and closely observed touches in this section are confirmation that Robert Coover possesses at least some of the attributes claimed for him.

Less can be said of M. John Harrison, author of *The Committed Men*. For the plot and substance of his first novel he has turned to the 'space-age'. His theme is the plight of the country after the 'apocalypse', when the present social and domestic structure has collapsed along with all the trappings of the 'Great Society'. Sporadic bands of troglodytes suffering from skin-cancer roam the deteriorating motor-ways and some even attempt to preserve the old order. Only the 'flower-people', or 'situationsists' understand that the old Liberalism has been justly rejected, and so continue on their way rejoicing, despite the hazards of inter-tribal war. Unfortunately M. John Harrison, whose imagination can be powerful at times, has failed to arrive at any genuinely new prediction about life in an era comparable to the post-Roman occupation of Britain, and is content to follow the usual 'science-fiction' predictions. This is unfortunate for some of his recently published short stories confirm that he is equally concerned with reality and stark truth and in this vein he is a writer to watch.

As is David Benedictus, although with five justly praised novels to his credit he has already proved his ability. In *A World of Windows* two young people, Mike and Joy, already lovers, plan their wedding in a spirit of defiance directed mainly against Mike's parents, blameless if unintuitive members of the upper middle-class. In a final bid for emancipation the engaged pair sleep together in the parental bed and their mutual enjoyment of the illicit occasion is graphically conveyed. In alternating monologues and through crisp, cryptic dialogue they reveal themselves and their situation, which is far from happy. Mike is a BBC producer with a chip on his shoulder; Joy's profession is vague and undistinguished. This is not important. *A World of Windows* is far from being a domestic saga, but may rather be described as a weird fantasy based on crime and mental disorder, in which Joy and Mike watch from their window the enactment of a tragedy in which they appear finally to be the principal players. The climax shows Mike detained in a mental home when it seems to him that his identity and Joy's have become synonymous. In a desperate attempt to free himself from the nightmare of a shared ego he leaps to his death from the hospital window. One of the best moments in this confused, though haunting novel is the scene when, in his dreams, Mike returns to the house where he and Joy made their first home.

Where some writers may stumble or fall in the search for new ideas Anthony Burgess is equipped to gather them up at a run. His latest novel *M/F* shows every sign of a very experienced practitioner who has decided just what he wishes to make of the new possibilities in fiction-writing. *M/F* is not so much a fantasy as a completely different way of looking at familiar things which at times resembles an uneasy dream. His characters are grotesque—the fugitive Faber—the unappetising Erma into whose clutches he subsides all too willingly. A veritable gallery of characters, Charlie, Loewe and the rest prance through the small American townships where the heat is always unbearable and the people wear a grubby, used-up look. Told with verve and brio, the story of the ill-assorted group fairly races along, in and out of situations not designed for the squeamish. In some ways the predicament of Faber is reminiscent of John Wain's early novels; yet infinitely more sophisticated in its conception

of the value of portraying ordinary events at the pace of high speed farce.

That those readers who reject the frankly erotic or 'allusive' background are still adequately catered for is confirmed by the appearance of novels such as *Late in the Afternoon*, by Lettice Cooper. Lettice Cooper is an experienced and dependable writer, justly acclaimed for her Yorkshire regionalism. Recently, she has adopted Tuscany as an alternative setting and she writes with evocative appreciation of the wine-producing country in the hills behind Florence. Her central character is Sibyl Fairford, a well-poised grandmother, slightly smug, coming to terms with widow-hood, enjoying the company of Maurice, a bachelor-neighbour on an adjoining estate, waited on by devoted Italian servants. A conventional enough situation, yet Lettice Cooper does not entirely reject the current trends. Sibyl's peace is rudely shattered by the arrival of Jo-Jo, a particularly repellent 'hippy', the son of Sybil's ex-daughter-in-law, a *femme fatale* named Antonia. Predictably, Jo-Jo accepts an offer of bed and board with alacrity.

The scene changes Leaving Jo-Jo at the villa, Sibyl visits London, where 'Gran' is in brisk demand as confidante and general dogsbody; arranging a hasty marriage for a pregnant grand-daughter; tactfully 'receiving' her son's new mistress. Then, from purely altruistic motives, Sibyl seeks out Antonia and becomes hopelessly embroiled in her unsavoury affairs. Antonia seduces the faithful Maurice and suddenly Sibyl's uncontrollable rage and jealousy lift the narrative onto an altogether higher plane. Did Sibyl eventually effect a reconciliation with Maurice after Antonia had taken herself off to enjoy a new experience? We are not told. Insufficient space has been allocated for the exploration of this interesting situation. The novel ends abruptly with Jo-Jo's death; shot down like a mad-dog by the Italian father of the girl he has casually seduced.

More firmly rooted in the living present is *Natalie Natalia* by Nicholas Mosley whose best known novel to date is *The Impossible Object*. *Natalie Natalia* opens brilliantly with Anthony Greville M.P. walking away from the House of Commons after a late sitting debating a crisis in Africa. Anthony Greville has decided to get out of politics—'A Turkish bath of society in which discomfort is endured for the sake of the satisfaction of the damned . . .' because he is 'ashamed'. His disillusionment with himself and the House of Commons is absolute. He is on his way to a party where bizarre types have congregated to drink away the hours until dawn. En route he is attacked by two Africans in a passing car. A promising beginning—but this is no Walter Finburgh revelation of the seamy side of inter-party strife. The novel seeks to unravel the psychologies of Greville, his wife Sylvia and 'Natalie Natalia', the name by which he has elected to call his mistress. The result is an exciting exposition of private mental conditions and situations: communicated with the very minimum of explanation or linking narrative. Chronology counts for little. The action shuttles briskly between what has happened and what is to come. Sylvia and her children flutter through the pages like disorientated moths. However, deprived of conventional 'aides' the reader's imagination is obliged to work overtime and in the process the characters emerge in a new and very convincing manner.

To a much lesser degree is such stringent reader-participation required for the enjoyment of *St. Urbain's Horseman* by Mordecai Richler. Here again the consecutive presentation of events is jettisoned; but in this case by the familiar device of beginning at the end and working backwards. Jacob Hersch, an orthodox Jew, is on trial at the Old Bailey accused of the rape of a German

au-pair girl working in England. Although there are mitigating circumstances he is not an appealing personality. Insensitive and crudely acquisitive it is as much a matter for surprise that he is a highly paid film producer as that he persuaded the ebullient Nancy to marry him and bear three children. She believes in him and offers no reproaches. His mother, summoned to offer sympathy and support, drifts around the house, prying into drawers and cupboards and secretly criticising her fashionable daughter-in-law. In these episodes of family comedy Mordecai Richler is entirely successful, for he rejoices in a truly merciless ability to divine and expose the minor frailties of an ageing woman.

But this long, ambitious novel is not finally concerned with domestic reportage. It is essentially an elaborate survey of present day society conveyed partly through flashbacks of national and international events. Authentic snippets from the daily press, intelligence tests, film scripts, and dream sequences combine to make *St. Urbain's Horseman* a kind of broad-based entertainment, which nonetheless leaves behind it a somewhat acrid flavour.

More thought-provoking, rather less a display of energy and invention is *The Occupation* by David Caute. This novel is the third in a trilogy published under the general title of *The Confrontation*. It dwells upon the absolute mystery which surrounds the mind's conscious or sub-conscious reactions to personal experience in so far as it prompts activity and behaviour. On the prosaic level, the plot is straightforward enough. Stephen Bright, a University lecturer and author, who has appeared in the two earlier novels, is the central character. He is approaching middle-age and seems to be pathologically afraid of growing old. He seeks to dispel his fears through a passionate love-affair with one of his students; a beautiful and talented girl who thoughtlessly rejects him, thus precipitating him one stage farther towards a nervous breakdown. Remorselessly, he is brought face to face with the chasm between the generations and the conflicting attitudes involving pressure groups versus acceptance of convention. The finale shows him as having experienced every degree of physical and intellectual humiliation, happily vegetating in a mental hospital, reading one of his own books!

Exchanging the hot-house world of this verbal display of exoticism for the direct, sensible prose of Antoine Saint-Exupery is like stepping into a green-glass aquarium. The two short novels, posthumously re-issued, are *Southern Mail* and *Night Flight*, in a new and very acceptable translation by Curtis Cate. Saint-Exupery's remarkable career as an internationally famous author was not predictable to those who knew him as a young man. 'Those elemental divinities—night, day, mountain, sea and storm . . .' became the sources of his inspiration only belatedly, for he began his adult life as a travelling salesman for a French truck company. During this prosaic apprenticeship he learned by some mysterious means to develop his poetic qualities. He based his stories on simple direct situations and observations in a manner which has few rivals. For the achievement of his brief, fugitive novellas he was awarded the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize and later the Grand Prix of the French Academy. Most of the scenes and events were experienced by him personally. He lived through the cyclone so vividly described in *Night Flight* at a time when he personally was responsible for inaugurating an air postal service between Paraguay and the Straits of Magellan. It was ironic that he lost his life in an avoidable accident. While working as a pioneer in commercial air traffic, he also planned and wrote a children's book, decorating it with his own illustrations. It is good to know that the novels, which have been translated

into a dozen languages and sold millions of copies, will now be available for a new generation of readers.

Finally, another posthumous publication, yet one with a different history, *October Ferry to Gabriola* by Malcolm Lowry. Malcolm Lowry died as long ago as 1957 but well before that, despite modest sales, he had become a 'cult' among literary connoisseurs. The present novel has been edited by his wife and completed according to his own recorded wishes. At the same time, an appreciation of *'Lowry: The Man and his Work'* has been issued by the University of British Columbia Press. Malcolm Lowry himself was a man of the highest ambition, spurred on by a determination to demonstrate significant guide-lines in 'the novel'. His career was marred and finally ended by incurable alcoholism. A member of the 'twenties Bloomsbury set, he is barely recognisable to the uninitiated as the orderly note-taking scribe described in the various 'blurbs' and biographical notes. With so great a build-up of Malcolm Lowry's intentions to create a 'cosmic' novel the study of *October Ferry to Gabriola* comes as something of an anti-climax. The pace is slow; the reader has the feeling that much of the information dispensed in small un-connected flash-backs could have been conveyed far more effectively by other means. There is little fire to his creative writing. The plot in general is not easy to assimilate, despite some excellent scenes. There was in his own life far more genuine drama than ever found its way into this, his last offering, barely completed before his tragic death after a drinking bout. Yet *October Ferry to Gabriola* emerges as far more than a valuable 'literary curiosity'. Sometimes there is true poetry and vivid imagination at work in this story of 'dispossession', so much so that the reader becomes exasperated by failure to get through to the true mind and heart of Malcolm Lowry.

Also received:

Fern Dead by Richard Smithies (Barrie Jenkins £1.75). Enthralling story of a murdered poet and the manner in which the death was encompassed marred only by a clumsy narration device.

The Scarlatti Inheritance by Robert Ludlam (Hart-Davies £1.75). Equally gripping and so faithfully documented that this story of American and German espionage might after all not be fiction.

Life for a Life by Anthony Bloomfield (Hogarth Press £1.75). This started as a TV play and makes an action-packed blood-thirsty novel without any particular subtlety.

House of Gold by Elizabeth Cullinan (Faber £1.70). Beautifully written first novel about an American matriarch who lies dying while her relatives assemble at the bed-side to work out their own personal grievances and vendettas.

Kindergarten by Elzbieta Ettinger (Constable £2.10). Another first novel, dealing with events in Poland from 1940 onwards. Tough and brutal, flashing back and forth, using excerpts of a diary and journal to enhance the sense of reality, the book seeks to impress that the abandonment of morality is an inevitable outcome of ruthless persecution by an Occupying Power.

THE HEART OF ISRAEL

The Israelis—Founders and Sons. Amos Elon. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £2.50.

'The basic assumptions of their youth, derived almost exclusively from an Eastern European setting, remained with them throughout their lives', so writes Mr. Amos Elon of the early pioneers to Israel in this book—in my opinion the most distinguished and best written book on Israel yet to appear in the English

language. Perhaps I should add that the sources and indeed the bibliography are mainly Israeli and quite often culled from Israeli poets and novelists.

Amos Elon is a journalist. He has also represented a leading Israeli newspaper as foreign correspondent in North America and in Europe. With this background he is able to give memorable pen-pictures of persons and places in Israel, which strike the imagination and make compulsive reading for Westerners. I give two examples: 'In Europe the birth of archaeology as a science coincided with the birth of nationalism. There has been a growing interaction between archaeology and nationalism in many cultures, from Henry VIII's appointment of an Antiquary of the Realm, to the considerable support in manpower and equipment given to Professor Yadin by the Israeli army and air force.'

He retells the story of Yad Mordechai, a kibbutz at the Gaza end of the main highway to Tel-Aviv, which blocked the advance of a whole Egyptian brigade for a full six days in 1948 and was lost, then recaptured and rebuilt in 1949. ('One of the Egyptian Commanding Officers was Colonel Mohammed Naguib, who later headed the 1952 coup d'etat that brought a fellow officer, Gamal Abdel Nasser, another veteran of the abortive Palestinian compaign, to power'—footnote.) He then writes: 'Today Yad Mordechai is a thriving little community of some 300 adults and 200 children. The commune has a total turnover of close to £4 million. Its hot houses produce roses that are exported by air to Europe. The beehives produce up to forty tons of honey each year . . . There is a library of twenty-four thousand volumes . . . The villager's land is now leased to Yad Mordechai by the Custodian of abandoned Arab property. The Gaza strip, to where most of the Arab villagers fled, is only a few hundred yards away. From the rooftops of their kibbutz, the men and women of Yad Mordechai can see the dismal refugee camps within the strip where most of the villagers and their descendants have lived since 1948.' But at the risk of boring the reader, I must continue the narrative, because it is more eloquent than reams of Zionist or Arab propaganda. 'Should the men and women of Yad Mordechai have remained in Poland in 1939? Palestine is one of the few countries to which they could go. Even here there were stringent quotas. Many of their friends and relatives who wanted to join them were refused entry and perished in the Nazi holocaust . . . Few scenes in the country are likely to evoke a perspective of history, sharpened by a sense of irony and tragedy, as strongly as that elicited by the narrow sand dune that divides Yad Mordechai from the Gaza strip'. Let it be remembered that Yad Mordechai commemorates the Warsaw ghetto uprising of 1943 and that its inhabitants 'belong as they still do, to MAPAM, the most moderate and conciliatory political group'.

I have not quoted from the 186 fascinating pages, which describe 'The Founders', except the opening paragraph of this review which comes from Mr. Amos Elon himself, but I will quote the prefix to Chapter I. 'I set out to be a farmer—and I think I made quite a good farmer. Yet I have spent most of my adult life as a soldier, under arms.' (Moshe Dayan, 1968).

Mr. Elon is obviously a Son. His objective analysis will not be shared by Golda Meir nor by most of the Founders; though there are many echoes of 'The Seventh Day, Soldiers talking about the Six Day War', edited by Henry Near (Andre Deutsch), which I reviewed in the Contemporary Review (August 1970). He represents, in a new sense, the newer age, the age of enquiry, the age of the Sabra (native born), direct and down to earth. 'When silence

falls on such a voice', as Hammond wrote of Shaftesbury, 'some everlasting echo still haunts the world, to break its sleep of habit or despair.'

KENNETH LINDSAY

MEDIEVAL FRENCH DRAMA IN TRANSLATION

Medieval French Plays. Translated by Richard Axton and John Stevens. Basil Blackwell, £2.25 (Paperback: £1.25).

Perhaps the wit, humour and boldness of French writers in the medieval period are revealed more clearly in the dramas than in the other literary forms. They possess complex and sophisticated characterisation and natural dialogue, often drawing upon many types of comic effect in the depiction of earthy realism. They are principally from North-eastern France and Southern England, and it is evident that unlike other types of writing they were meant for the entertainment of ordinary townspeople.

Adam and Eve, the Resurrection and the Prodigal Son are the subjects of three anonymous plays in which biblical narrative is augmented by attractive dialogue and additional scenes. Eve is cajoled by the Devil in medieval courtly terms; Joseph of Arimathia and Pilate have animated conversations; the prodigal's riotous living is portrayed in a tavern with two whores and an unscrupulous innkeeper. A miracle play about St. Nicolas by an Arras poet, Bodel, is the best written of the group. By frightening thieves into returning a king's treasure the saint brings liberty to an imprisoned saintly knight and conversion to the pagan court. Here again scenes of drinking and gambling provide humour and probably satire of contemporary society. The fantasy of Adam de la Halle's 'Jeu de la Feuillée' aims its satire at the foibles of the author's fellow-citizens in Arras, while France's earliest farce, about a blind beggar and a boy, makes its few lines entertaining with a sharp, bawdy wit.

The poetic beauty of the pieces needs to be emphasised also. Adam's solemn oath of feudal fealty to God and his lament at the Fall are exquisite. The words of the saint and an angel in the St. Nicolas play shows Bodel's mastery of beautiful verse. The Théophile play by Rutebeuf—not a humorous work—encompasses two fine poetic passages often quoted by later medieval writers. Songs appear in several of the plays, notably in the pastoral of Robin and Marion.

The translators of such versatile and diverse works face a major problem. In aiming to retain the bright and natural incisiveness of language in an actable form close accuracy can be lost, a fault Mr. Axton and Mr. Stevens have admirably avoided in this edition. Puns and colloquial turns of phrase are nicely treated, for example. They have written excellent introductory notes to each play to deal with provenance and to give staging suggestions, while stage directions are added to the texts. Their faithfulness has also led them to keep verse form, where possible from the originals (although rhyme is discarded). This enhances the high style of the poetical sections but causes a stilted effect in some of the dialogue. If the translators wanted to make the plays attractive to a producer as well as to a reader might it not have been better to compromise? The common octosyllable of dialogue would run more convincingly in prose, while the rarer metres retained in the translation would be set in relief. A difficult choice, however.

Nevertheless, this collection of eight plays forms a unique and long overdue addition to medieval French studies, and, more significantly, brings the charm and brilliance of this area of literature within the general reader's grasp for the first time.

ALEXANDER F. KERR

THE YOUNG GRAHAM GREENE

A Sort of Life. Graham Greene. Bodley Head, £1.80

What mainly emerges from Graham Green's autobiography of his earlier years is his mental turbulence in small things and big. Although surrounded by a flutter of aunts, a bluster of uncles, the Berkhampstead boy and youth was temperamentally ex-family, a law unto himself. It is, in fact, a miracle that he survived at all, for the boy did his damnedest *not* to be the father of the man.

As both headmaster's son and pupil at the famous school, younger brother of a prefect and head of house, he saw himself as 'the son of a quisling in a country under occupation . . . I was surrounded by the forces of resistance, and yet I couldn't join them without betraying my father and my brother.' A harrowing dilemma.

Resolved to end it all, he cut into his thigh with a penknife providentially blunt, drank hypo thinking it poisonous, swallowed hay-fever drops and twenty aspirins, truanted to the Common to subsist on blackberries—until found by a sister. Later, racked by first-love for an older family governess, he repeatedly triggered his brother's revolver at his head in a five-to-one Russian roulette gamble with death, missing by one chamber. In all this one sees the future unresting novelist, wrestling with themes, haunted by frustration, ill-pleased with seeming success.

There were no 'dreaming spires' in his Balliol, Oxford, years. He worked erratically, won an exhibition partly by cribbing from Ezra Pound, lived on sex-dreams, sentimentality and beer. 'For nearly one term I went to bed drunk every night and began drinking again immediately I woke.' His saving grace was to fall in love with a Catholic whom he later married, embrace Catholicism—sceptically at first—and write a first unpublished novel.

Post-Oxford, he tried one or two odd jobs including tutoring a widow's son, met Cecil Roberts, then veered towards his destined word-craft as unpaid apprentice on the *Nottingham Journal*, sub-editor on *The Times*, author of a second novel and a third, *The Man Within*. This, at last, *was* published, sold 8,000 copies, and induced his publishers to advance him £600 a year for three years for three further novels. Even so, the book ends on no euphoric note, despite a happy marriage. Dogged by a consciousness of failure, he only just qualified for an extension of contract and hope of a rewarding future.

Typical Greene touches abound: a rocking horse 'with wicked eyes'; a nursery canary that 'broke a blood-vessel singing too loud and too long'; a dead bird 'coffined in a Price's night light box'; old aunts who, undressing a bed-ridden uncle, 'removed a toe with his socks'. Some of the detail may be a shade too doting, but for distinctive recall the book is inimitable, unlike any other chronicle of youth.

TREVOR ALLEN

BYELORUSSIAN POETRY DISCOVERED

Like Water, Like Fire: an Anthology of Byelorussian Poetry from 1828 to the Present Day. Translated by Vera Rich. Allen & Unwin. £4.50.

The addition of this handsome book to the Unesco Collection of Representative European Works introduces a notable Anthology of Byelorussian

Poetry translated and compiled by Miss Vera Rich, who is already well-known as a translator of Ukrainian poetry and of poems from the Polish, Old English and Old Norse, besides being the author of three books of original verse. This is an age when poetry in translation is increasingly favoured, modern scholar-poets testing their skills in rendering English versions of poems in other tongues which excite their admiration or commend themselves for humanistic illustration and the development of international understanding. The argument that poetry cannot be translated has persisted for centuries, but the history of Western Man teaches us that perfectibility is beyond our reach, and it is better to tap the flow of creative energy from wherever it comes. As Goethe said in a letter to Carlyle: 'Say what one will of its inadequacy, translation remains one of the most important, worthwhile concerns in the totality of world affairs'.

In her excellent Introduction Miss Rich traces the historical position of Byelorussia and shows how the long-suffering slavonic nation and its language survived into present statehood within the U.S.S.R. The development of a separate Byelorussian literature has been an obstinate growth despite periods of oppression and suppression, but the tenacity of peasant culture survived to make possible the efflorescence of national poetry which began to emerge from the shadows a century and a half ago. A starting point can be seen in 1828 when a Catholic village priest realised that one of his pupils, a 15-year-old serf-boy named Pauluk Bahrym, showed great poetic talent. He was soon sent into twenty-five year's army service as a punishment, and although he lived until 1891 he is not heard of again as a poet. But one poem survived of that school-period, full of bitter protest. It is called 'Play then, play' and the opening lines read:

> Play then, play then, lad so little,
> On thy cymbalom and fiddle,
> But the bagpipes I must play, for
> I in Krosyn cannot stay more.
>
> A lord in Krosyn rages harshly,
> And with clubs they slew my father,
> Mother grieving, sister keening;
> Whither, hapless one, art fleeing?

Many poems of this early period sound an elegiac note. One by F. Bahusevic, 'My Pipe' (the pipe or flute on which he plays) is filled with sorrow for the fate of his people under oppression. Other poems are satirical, with cunning devices of language to befog the censor. With the 1905 troubles in St. Petersburg a note of defiance is struck and in one magnificent poem by Janka Kupala the cry of the peasant is heard, and in a score of poems in the following years he raises his voice on a note of revolution. Many fine poems mark the 'Years of Adjustment (1917-1939)' also in the main ensuing periods, 1939-1945, 1945-1953 ('Unification and War' and 'The Years of Reconstruction'). In the final section 'The Thaw—and After' (1954-) we detect a greater serenity and more objectivity in the poetry. The poems of Pimien Pancanka, Maksim Tank and Alaksief Zarycki particularly appeal to this reviewer. Praise must be given to Miss Vera Rich for so skilfully preserving the poetic form of the original, and, if not using the exact rhyme scheme, getting as near as maybe by half-rhymes and assonance.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

THE REAL CORVO

Corvo. Donald Weeks. Michael Joseph, £3.50.

It is lustrums seven and more ago that the late A. J. A. Symons published *The Quest for Corvo*, and in so doing set a biographical fashion and begat a cult.

Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, Baron Corvo, had been dead and forgotten twenty-one years when, in 1934, A. J. A.'s literary alchemy conjured him out of his grave, and presented him larger than life. The Corvo story was a tragi-comedy; the furious farrago of a paranoid spoilt priest, a saint or madman, who bit every hand that sought to feed him, endured self-provoked martyrdom with a complaining resoluteness which compels unwilling admiration, and contrived to produce literary works idiosyncratic to insanity's borderline of genius, under conditions of fantastic inappropriateness.

Symons' biography traced, in a most beguiling way and with an artless air of surprised discovery, Corvo's progress from St. Mary's College, Oscott (1887) to Scots College, Rome (1889-90), where his priestly aspirations were finally thwarted by an, in this case surely, infallible Roman Catholic Church; his subsequent struggles as an itinerant artist in Christchurch, Aberdeen and Holywell; his life as a writer in the literary London of *The Yellow Book*; and his final fall from grace, and death in Venice.

The shabby figure of the threadbare Baron, relentlessly fighting his pen and paper war against his imagined enemies, making his home on a sand-dune in Scotland or in the bottom of a boat on the canals of Venice, starving in a Hampstead attic or on the landing of a decaying Venetian palazzo, gathered about itself a strange posthumous glamour, a nimbus of diabolic fascination. Corvo, the raven, is a solitary bird. Corvo the man, was a singular one. He was a creature of startling contradictions. A man of sinister sanctity. A charitable writer of begging letters. A Puritan who corrupted youth. A liar who venerated truth. A misanthrope who yearned for friendship. A seeker after Paradise who chose the path to the Inferno. A man who walked through the mellow Edwardian afternoon sheathed in medieval flame.

The Corvine converts raked the secondhand bookshops for copies of his long out of print works, and they began to command correspondingly long prices. In 1968, a play, *Hadrian the Seventh*, based upon his outstanding novel of that title, introduced Corvo to a much wider public. In consequence, what was once a narrow, somewhat esoteric coterie interest has expanded into a subject of much more widespread appeal, and Mr. Weeks' full-scale biography, *Corvo*, should achieve the large and appreciative readership which it unequivocally merits.

While Symons' 'experiment in biography' set out to discover the man behind 'Hadrian the Seventh' and most brilliantly revealed Baron Corvo, Mr. Weeks' more conventional essay in biography sets out to discover the man behind Corvo and no less brilliantly reveals Frederick Rolfe. While Symons was artistically content to deal to a great extent with the artefact of self-perpetuated legend, Mr. Weeks has rigidly disciplined himself to deal in the sterner and more exacting currency of reality. His task has been a difficult one, for not only has he had to overcome the barriers erected by Rolfe's self-protective reticence—not to say self-interested manipulation—but in order even to reach those barriers he has had to disentangle the interweaving and interwoven thickets of contradictory fantasies that front them. There was, of course, the possibility, the danger, that the reality at the core of the so-satisfying legend

might prove a sadly disappointing anti-climax. In fact, this is far from being the case. Although Mr. Weeks' book has laid the ghosts of sundry 'romantic' inaccuracies, it in no sense diminishes the strangeness of Symons' Corvo; rather does the imprimatur of fact, established by Mr. Weeks' most careful researches, add to the unique stature of Frederick Rolfe. He has achieved something which would have seemed almost impossible: he has made dull reality out-glister shining legend.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

INTERPRETATIONS AND CRITICISMS

Neglected Powers: Essays on Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Literature. G. Wilson Knight. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £5.25 net.

Any new volume by Professor G. Wilson Knight is an event of significance in the modern literary scene. Here, in 515 pages of Essays on Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Literature, he has collected a score of his highly individual and deeply perceptive critical appraisements of writers ranging from Byron, Tennyson and Browning, Arnold, Masefield and Yeats, to D. H. Lawrence, Rupert Brooke, T. S. Eliot, Middleton Murry, John Cowper Powys, Herbert Read and Francis Berry. Regarding the last-named poet he places him as 'the greatest of all who have written within the present century'. All Wilson Knight's subjects come under a close scholarly scrutiny which is unmatched in our time and which surely relates to the critical insight into Shakespeare over many years of enthusiastic study and teaching at Toronto University and other centres of learning. Describing his labours as 'interpretation' rather than criticism he argues that in the approach to an authentic imaginative poem the reader's 'abstracting and memorising intelligence proceeds to shrivel it, becomes "critical", unaware that the critical faculty has already been active within the imaginative response, and that there is no call for it to do more, usurping a sovereignty to which it has no right'. He announces as his main contention that there is 'a barrier between imaginative response and critical judgment that must be broken', but many will think that there is a fine splitting of hairs here and that there ideally exists a natural fusion between the imaginative response and good critical judgment. The argument is pursued at length in the essay 'Poetry and Magic' which constitutes 92 pages of Professor Knight's book, and this enables him to take a metaphysical line and assert roundly that 'Criticism tears at the throat of literature.' He says:

> 'I have for long been troubled by our reception of two great works, perhaps the two greatest prose works, in English, of our time; John Cowper Powys's "A Glastonbury Romance" and James Joyce's "Ulysses". The one has been no more than half-heartedly received and spasmodically praised, whereas the other rapidly won renown and has spawned numerous commentaries. "A Glastonbury Romance" is organically rooted in its legendary soil and handles with exact selection themes of the greatest importance to mankind. "Ulysses" is arbitrarily patterned on a scarcely relevant Homeric scheme, and, though some important psychological issues are treated, the over-ruling impression is one of confusion, if not chaos, rising to a climax towards the end (when Bloom returns to his home) where irrelevancies are listed as with a perverted pleasure in their irrelevance . . . Why, then, do we so honour Joyce and neglect Powys?'

John Cowper Powys was a great modern genius, and 'A Glastonbury Romance' is one of the finest achievements in the long line of English fiction; but there is surely an irrelevance in linking the two books to ask why Joyce's masterpiece has won more renown than Powys's? In such enthusiastic and partisan passages—and they are numerous—Professor Wilson Knight is

diverting but neither interpretative nor critical. In the conclusion of his essay on 'Lawrence, Joyce and Powys', however,—in which the above passage occurs—he draws upon his critical powers with full effect:

> 'The new spiritual freedom described in "Wolf Solent" corresponds to that of Lawrence's "Manifesto". Powys's prose unfurls with an unhurried and unperturbed ease that goes far to witness its authority; and on the strength of his revelatory passages the tormenting obsessions of Swift, the tragic lives of Byron and Wilde, the sex-agonies of Lawrence and obscenities of Joyce, may all receive in retrospect, a new sympathy and justification.'

Among the most arresting essays are 'Masefield and Spiritualism', 'Rupert Brooke', 'J. Middleton Murray', 'T. S. Eliot', 'T. E. Lawrence' and 'Francis Berry'. Of Masefield's 'spiritualistic perception' instances are cited from nearly all his works, and the reader is reminded of many splendid perceptions, passages and lines. Of Rupert Brooke, the author gives a striking biographical and critical commentary. Siegfried Sassoon felt poetry in his presence, as of a 'being singled out for some transplendent performance, some enshrined achievement'. Much of his importance, according to Henry James, could not be conveyed to posterity, since it depended on 'the simple act of presence and communication'. Of T. S. Eliot the judgment is, 'No poet has been more deeply honest', and the analysis of Eliot's work as poet, dramatist and critic is penetrating and profound. The essays on Middleton Murry and T. E. Lawrence are also highlights in the collection. About T. E. Lawrence, Wilson Knight frankly discusses his pride and perversities, his alternating arrogance and humility, and in the conclusion of his essay reminds us that when, in 1935, Henry Williamson suggested 'that he should meet Hitler, he responded with alacrity: here was something within his natural range. "You alone", Williamson had written, "are capable of negotiating with Hitler". Lawrence rode off at once to arrange, by telegram, a preliminary discussion. On his return, swerving to avoid two boys, he crashed and was killed . . . Had Lawrence met Hitler, power measured against power, world events might have been deflected.'

Brilliant, scholarly and idiosyncratic, Professor Wilson Knight's essays will be treasured by all lovers of literature, whether laymen or academics.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

"ALIENATION"

Alienation. Richard Schacht. George Allen and Unwin, £3.50.

Professor Schacht writes an entire book around the idea of 'alienation'—not, it turns out, an examination of the range of psychoses, or even of an aspect of property-law, but of the currently fashionable socio-philosophical concept which owes its historical impetus to Marx and Hegel. It is like a monograph on 'commitment' or 'escalation', but covers important areas of human experience, and is a most thorough, exhaustive and precise piece of work, even if strong emphasis leads to a mild degree of repetitiveness. It soon becomes only too abundantly apparent that the term 'alienation' is bandied about as if its meaning were self-evident, whereas philosophers have all abided by their own especial definitions. For Sartre, 'alienation' applies to the phenomenon of one's experience of oneself as one is viewed by another subject—namely, as an object. The Existentialists, in fact, use the term less, and more obscurely, than is popularly imagined. In contrast, the humanistic psycho-analysts such as Fromm, employ 'alienation' in a fine, swingeing, all-embracing way; the trouble is that 'For Fromm, virtually the only thing from which "modern man" is *not* alienated is society.' Whenever he feels that something is not as it should

be, he refers to a state of alienation, whether it be man's relation to 'love', 'thought', 'hope', 'work', 'language', 'the world', 'culture', or 'production'. It is most amusing to see how impatient and out of tune with Fromm's airy, numinous, non-specific style Professor Schacht feels—and allows us to see that he feels. His own impulse is always towards definition and clarity, and he actually makes recommendations about restricting 'alienation' so that the term is more useful: it is wrong, he insists, that it is at present *thought* to designate some specific set of interrelated phenomena, or even some particular (though possibly multi-dimensional) phenomenon, whereas he reveals teeming thickets of divergent meaning wherever the term is employed. There is also some quiet amusement to be gained from the contrast of Professor Kaufmann's enthusiastic introductory essay which attains splendid Fromm-like heights of optimistic rhetoric—'Life without estrangement is scarcely worth living; what matters is to increase men's capacity to cope with alienation.' The sociologists, too, are found guilty of confounding many meanings within the general term, and yet sharing the assumption that they have discovered a scientifically fruitful concept. The condition of 'anomie' is most interestingly introduced into Schacht's discussion, for he certainly illuminates all the areas and disciplines on which he casts a cold eye.

MOLLY TIBBS

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Leningrad Diary (Hutchinson, £1.95). During the blockade of Leningrad which started in September 1941 and finally was raised in January 1944, the Russian poet and writer Vera Imber spent most of her time in the city in great demand as a writer, broadcaster and morale booster. She kept a diary of her experiences which was first published in Russian in 1948. This was discovered by Serge M. Wolff on a visit to South Russia in 1965 and now with Rachel Grieve he publishes this translation. It certainly provides a vivid insight among all the harsh suffering, courage, determination and improvisation in this epic siege. In his Introduction, Edward Crankshaw writes that her account is 'illuminated by a subtle intelligence and the exact, cool eye of the artist: even when reduced by hunger and cold to the point sometimes of hallucination, sometimes of virtual inanition, she can describe (cannot help describing) in winged words the terrible beauty of aspects of winged death'.

Red for Remembrance (Heinemann, £2.25). Mr. Antony Brown has written a moving account of the British Legion which celebrates its jubilee this year. Since 1921, the Legion has been 'a sort of life line' to millions of ex-service men and women and their dependents. Apart from its outstanding achievements in obtaining disability pensions for its members, the Legion has branched into the wide fields of social welfare, including the provision of disabled industries, residential homes and financial aid, all vividly described in this appreciative volume. Behind all this national and Commonwealth activity is the major financial aspect of Poppy Day. Thirty million poppies made at the Legion's poppy factory are sold for Remembrance Sunday. Every year the Service Department spends £750,000 on the most urgent human needs. At the roots of the organisation are over 4,000 branches, of which a quarter have flourishing social clubs. There are three-quarters of a million members; and there are also

some 3,000 women's branches. The author points to the clubs as a particular source of strength in terms of finance, membership and social activities. What of the future? Both Lord Mountbatten, who writes the Foreword, and the author are confident of the future. The former writes as Grand President that 'the Legion today is as strong as at any time in its history. It needs boldness in the future; it needs the continued infusion of young men and women from our defence forces.' Mr. Brown mentions 'the controversial issue' of membership in the immediate future. At present a Legion Club with a women's section may take up to forty per cent of non-ex-servicemen. Should this be extended? Mr. David Coffer, the General Secretary, 'believes that membership itself is not the whole point: above all, the aim must be to help ex-servicemen'. There is no doubt at all that the Legion provides out of private funds an essential welfare service of national importance. This book should be given the widest publicity particularly before next Remembrance Sunday in November.

Concise Dictionary of the Christian World Mission (Lutterworth Press. £3.50). Here is an exceptionally ambitious project in the form of an encyclopaedia. 'For the first time an attempt has been made to provide in dictionary form somewhat comprehensive information as to the entire process through which in the last five centuries Christianity has grown from a western to a universal religion'. The Editors are Bishop Stephen Neill, Professor of Philosophy and Religious Studies at Nairobi University College, Dr. Gerald H. Anderson, President of Scarrit College for Christian Workers, Nashville, Tennessee, and the Rev. John Goodwin, an Anglican vicar and Editor of World Christian Books, of which series this volume forms a part. They have brought together over two hundred contributors, each free to express his own point of view, 'but, in many cases it would be hard to guess from the contents of the article to which particular Christian confession the writer adheres'. The articles are signed. The volume is limited to seven hundred pages, so that the information given is inevitably brief. Short bibliographies are added to most articles. The editors note that *The Encyclopaedia of Modern Christian Missions: The Agencies*, published in 1967, appeared too late for consultation by most contributors.

To Fall Like Lucifer (Sidgwick & Jackson, £2.25). In 1956, Ian Harvey, the author of this book, was a junior minister in Harold Macmillan's government with the prospect of enhancing a promising political career. In November 1956 he threw all this away when arrested with a guardsman in a London park. They were both convicted of breaches of park regulations and Mr. Harvey was revealed as a homosexual. His political career and reputation were shattered. Now in this volume he has published his memoirs, which inevitably centre round this tragic story. He is perfectly frank. He married and has two children. However as a bisexual he was tempted and for many years before 1956 he had similar assignations with males in Hyde Park, quite deliberately running all the risks of disclosure. The subsequent Sexual Offences Act, 1967, would not have helped him had it been law. What is the value of this book? It certainly contains some interesting comments on politics and politicians with whom at one time he closely knew or worked. It also describes his great struggle to redeem his career by working in industry. 'All I have tried to do is to convince' others with 'a similar experience' that 'it is not the end of the world'. He is concerned naturally with the treatment of homosexuals in society.

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Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London NW10 0DD

Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 37 Union Street, London, S.E 1. Tel. 01-407 0497. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

106th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U K £3 90, U S A. and Canada $13 50.

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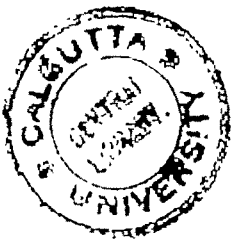
Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

November 1971 Vol. 219 No. 1270



UNITED WOMEN

by Shirley Summerskill, M.P.

WHAT has the United Nations to do with Women's Lib? Ask most people what the U.N. has achieved and they would probably mention the peace-keeping force in Cyprus, or help for refugees or the World Health Organisation. Yet among its multitude of commissions, agencies and sub-committees there exists the United Nations Status of Women Commission. It has been meeting since 1946 and looks like having to meet for at least another twenty-five years.

I was the United Kingdom delegate to the Commission for two years. We met in one of the huge rooms of the thirty-nine storey skyscraper which is the U.N. building, overlooking New York's East River. Women came from thirty-two countries, representing East and West, black and white, rich and poor. There was no 'bra-burning' or marching but instead day after day of speeches. Women from Iraq, Turkey and Botswana, from Poland, Peru and Ghana, from Guatemala, Australia and Japan spoke of discrimination, of lack of opportunity in education and employment, of legal and economic inequality.

The delegates had been hand-picked by their Governments to proclaim their countries' achievements and shortcomings in the field of women's rights. They included civil servants, lawyers, diplomats, politicians, academics and even a judge from Ghana.

I find that wherever I go, at home or abroad, any group of women left on their own (without a man present) will eventually get around to discussing women's rights, directly or indirectly, as it applies to their own experience. This applies whether they are married or single, divorced or widowed, working inside or outside the home. Every one of them has known some measure of discrimination or lack of opportunity which she is glad to get off her chest. Often she does not relate it to 'Women's Lib' but she is still voicing it. A man's presence at these discussions would silence them because women instinctively feel he would be out of sympathy, outside the experience.

I remember a report in *The Times* recently: — 'Middle-aged men are the worst, they think I have got to be some kind of joke,' says Mrs. Ann Buckle, aged 29, the only woman among 94 men reading for a degree in engineering at Enfield College of Technology. 'Women say: Good for you, go and give them as good as you get.'

A few unusual and exceptional men have spoken or written in support of women's rights—John Stuart Mill, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, F. W. Pethick-Lawrence stand out. An unknown number of others have given their daughters or wives the necessary understanding and help to pursue a career or make full use of their abilities.

The Commission's agenda reflected the different stages of political, economic, legal and social advancement of women throughout the world. To Western delegates equal pay was of paramount importance. 'Measures which the United Nations could adopt to eradicate all forms and practices of slavery and the slave trade affecting the status of women' was of more interest to delegates from the African Sahara. The need for greater family planning provision was generally acknowledged, as was the basic need for greater educational opportunities, still lacking even in highly developed countries. Equal treatment in marriage, in divorce and in all aspects of civil law was high on the list of priorities.

When the Commission was established, women had a vote in only half the sovereign nations of the world. Today, the battle is nearly won. Only in Jordan, Liechtenstein, Saudi Arabia and Yemen are women disenfranchised. The vote is symbolic of political freedom but not of political power. It is only the beginning. It recognises women's equality but it does not give it to them. In fact the social and political advance of women has not noticeably been greater in those countries where women achieved the vote earlier. One major result is that women in underdeveloped young countries have received instant suffrage, without a struggle. Most of the constitutions of the newly-independent countries, like India and Ceylon, accepted woman's rights to vote without question. In order to be 'with it', to model themselves on the West, young countries have a Hilton Hotel, an airport and votes for women. Today, it is not the vote which women need. It is release from more complex, less easily defined, more subtle forms of discrimination.

Inevitably, the United Nations being what it is, cold and hot wars all over the globe intruded into our discussions. The Commission provided a platform for Communists, Israelis, Arabs and the more militant Africans. But this soon burnt itself out. We had come to New York to share experience, to learn from others, to formulate action in a common cause, not to tear each other apart.

At the end of the day, what does the Commission achieve? Each session produces about 12 resolutions, seven for approval by the U.N.'s Economic and Social Council. Governments cannot be forced to implement the Commission's recommendations but continuous pressure from the U.N. has an effect. No country wants to look too reactionary and backward compared with others.

'We the peoples of the United Nations determined . . . to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women. . . .' These words from the preamble of the United Nations Charter emphasise that one of the purposes of the organisation is the achievement for women of equality of rights and opportunities with men. But the U.N. can only supplement and encourage the effort of individual Governments and organisations, which in turn must be backed up by ordinary men and women all over the world. As Secretary-General U Thant has said: 'Governments cannot by themselves face the great and shifting problems of our age in isolation. The peoples they represent must also give life and reality to the aims and ideals of the U.N. Charter, towards which we strive.'

Like Black Power and Student Power, Women's Lib is international. Youth riots in Tokyo and Paris are matched by women marching in Madison Avenue and Trafalgar Square. Suppressed minority groups are linked by T.V. and the press in universities and cities throughout the world. In any competition women, like coloured people, have to clear hurdles six inches higher than do their competitors. Their story is the story of struggle against prejudice.

Yet the discontent and frustration felt by women is not new. Charlotte Brontë wrote over a hundred years ago: — 'Women are supposed to be very calm generally but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer; and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags. It is thoughtless to condemn them, or laugh at them, if they seek to do more or learn more than custom has pronounced necessary for their sex.'

Until the fall of Napoleon, Mme. de Staël was the most conspicuous political woman in Europe, though a champion of freedom of speech rather than freedom to vote. In the United States the campaign for the abolition of slavery aroused middle-class women to awareness of sex discrimination. Meanwhile, in Britain the women of the Victorian era were treated as second-class citizens, and so they behaved. Denied the suffrage and with the exception of handful of society women—advisers in bedrooms and boudoirs—politically inarticulate they had no opportunity of taking part in public affairs or of deciding their own social conditions. This subservient role was the characteristic of rich and poor alike.

At this time over 30 per cent of Britain's population was living in degrading poverty. Mayhew described the lives of London's coster girls: —

'At about seven years of age the girls first go into the streets to sell. They hawk oranges, apples or violets. Between four and five in the morning they have to leave home for the markets. They generally remain in the streets until about ten o'clock at night; many having nothing during

all that time but one meal of bread and butter and coffee to enable them to support the fatigue of walking from street to street with the heavy basket on their heads.'

If she was lucky, a coster girl earned about 1s. 6d. a day. The unlucky ones went to the workhouse, starved or joined the great army of prostitutes which roamed the streets.

England was becoming rich as the workshop of the world, with women as coolie labour. In industry half of them were paid less than ten shillings a week and life below stairs in private homes involved fatiguing hours and poor wages.

Describing the girls in the coal mines Disraeli wrote: '. . . these are to be, some *are* the mothers of England! . . . Naked to the waist, an iron chain fastened to a belt of leather runs between their legs clad in canvas trousers, while on hands and feet an English girl for 12 sometimes for 16 hours a day, hauls and hurries tubs of coal up subterranean roads, dark, precipitous and plashy.'

In 1888, Annie Besant, 41 years old and the wife of a clergyman, organised the London Match Girls' Strike. She had been writing articles in her journal *The Link* exposing the atrocious working conditions of girls in the match factories. A woman of vitality, courage and charm she was also a brilliant orator. A proposed tax on matches, which would have thrown out of work a few hundred of the girls, provoked a strike at Bryant and May's factory. Annie Besant's passionate hatred of injustice and sympathy for the oppressed responded to their call for aid.

Westminster was invaded by a 'deputation of filthy and haggard harridans whom the London which saw them for the first time considered to be only half human.' Public sympathy was aroused and within a few days £400 was subscribed by men and women of all classes. Within two weeks the firm was forced to agree to the improvement in conditions demanded and reinstated the strikers.

The match girls had won. Annie Besant had known how to seize the opportunity when it arose. The victory was an inspiration that brought new hope to women everywhere and marked a turning point in the history of the struggle for women's rights. Today it is Germaine Greer and Kate Millett who are still carrying the flag.

What has the struggle achieved by 1971? In only 59 countries have women been elected to National Parliaments. As I sit in the House of Commons, amid row upon row of trousered legs, I reflect upon how unrepresentative an assembly it is for a so-called developed, advanced country. Less than four per cent of our M.P.s are women, yet women make up over half the British electorate. What an example to set the developing two-thirds of the world!

When Lady Astor first entered the House, Winston Churchill told her that by intruding into the Commons he felt as if she had burst into his bathroom when he had nothing to defend himself with but a sponge. She retorted: 'You are not handsome enough to have worries of that kind.'

Yet I still feel that some of the older Members regard Parliament as a male club.

The United Nations itself should set an example by appointing more women to its Secretariat. But only the most junior of these attractive posts are held by women. President Johnson tried to lead the way in the United States by directing that a number of top Government posts be allocated to women. They are in the £8,000 a year range. 'It ain't much', he said, 'but it's enough to keep a husband on'. This may seem as illogical as to deliberately exclude women, but until there is seen to be equality of opportunity it is difficult to reject this kind of gesture. On the other hand, women have presided over the British Labour and Conservative Party Conferences, whereas it would be unheard of for a woman to preside over the Republican or Democratic National Convention. Mrs. Golda Meir, Mrs. Bandaranyka and Mrs. Indira Gandhi are shining exceptions in a grey picture, although one is the widow and one the daughter of previous leaders.

The global picture of women's status can be seen to lack any pattern or symmetry. History, geography, religion and custom have all brought women to a different stage. The common factor is the battle against prejudice. There has to be a battle because the story of women's emancipation shows that progress was not automatic. Suffragettes paraded in Washington and set fire to pillar boxes in London; they were forcibly fed and ostracised by society. At her trial Mrs. Pankhurst said: 'I look upon myself as a prisoner of war.'

Annie Besant's women went on strike for a just wage and so did the women at Fords, over 80 years later. It remains to be seen what will be the long-term effect of the current Women's Lib. demonstrations but there will undoubtedly be one. Legislation, it is said, cannot abolish prejudice. True, but it can create a climate of opinion, in which prejudice finds it hard to grow and spread.

But the basic weapon against prejudice is education. Boys as well as girls, be they in Bogota or Bangkok, Kampala or Karachi, must be raised at home and taught in schools to believe in the equal human rights of men and women. Everything else will flow from this, Tennyson is still right: 'The woman's cause is man's. They rise or fall together.'

[Dr. Shirley Summerskill has been Labour Member of Parliament for Halifax since 1964. A medical practitioner, she is now Opposition spokesman on Health.]

THE NORTHERN IRELAND PROBLEM (1)

by Paul Rose, M.P.

THE gun has never been far from the surface of Irish politics and Northern Ireland is a prisoner of its own turbulent history. Internment has only succeeded in exacerbating the pre-existing tensions and violence.

The complex tangle which linked the Irish people to the rest of Britain through nearly a millennium and the Ulster Loyalist revolt which led to partition are living factors which have to be understood in any attempt at a rational appraisal of Northern Ireland's current agony and constitutional problems.

If 'remember 1690' is the most popular slogan in the Shankhill, it serves to illustrate the thesis that familiarity with Irish history is a necessary qualification for a constitutional study of the current problems affecting Northern Ireland and Anglo-Irish relations.

There is, however, an even wider context of international conventions and treaties which are relevant by reason both of Irish (the Republic of Ireland) sovereignty and its membership alongside the United Kingdom of the United Nations Organisation.

Thus the opening paragraph of the most authoritative work on the Irish Rebellion against English Rule in 1798 underlines the root cause of current dissensions, without which no study can exist other than in vacuum:

> 'The Rebellion of 1798 is the most violent and tragic event in Irish history between the Jacobite Wars and the Great Famine. In the space of a few weeks 30,000 peasants armed with pikes and pitchforks, defenceless women and children were cut down or shot or blown like chaff as they charged up to the mouth of the cannon.
>
> 'The result of the Rebellion was no less disastrous. Britain imposed a Union on terms that proved unacceptable to the majority of the Irish people, and there was a legacy of violence and hatred that has persisted to the present day.'

Indeed, the Act of Union 1801 incorporated Ireland into the United Kingdom as an integral part of the nation. It nevertheless failed in its attempt to extinguish the ideal of Irish separatism.

Many of the leaders of the 1798 Rebellion were Protestants, influenced as much by the philosophy of the French Revolution as by the idea of Irish Nationhood. The same was true of the 'Young Irelanders' of 1848, and the two dates reflect a revolutionary upsurge throughout Europe, more particularly in France. The men of '48 were to bequeath the tricolour of orange, white and green, representing the religions of Ireland and the influence of the French symbol of liberty. Similarly, the parliamentary giant of Home Rule and land agitation, Parnell, was from the Protestant gentry. But the mass of 'rebels' were poor Catholic peasants and artisans together with a few professional men and landowners. Their methods became increasingly conspiratorial and the high water mark of this type of activity was the formation of the Fenian Movement, or Irish

Republican Brotherhood, much of whose activity was conducted in the United States. In 1867 an abortive rising led to disaster.

Thereafter, Parnell and Davitt, through the Land League and parliamentary agitation, campaigned for agrarian reform allied to the objective of Home Rule. Meanwhile, the legacy of the Fenian Movement crystallized among a new generation inspired by the veterans of the earlier Fenian Movement. The culmination of this ferment was the formation of the 'Irish Volunteers', and the 'Irish Citizens' Army', which led to the Easter rising of 1916, the first serious revolt against British colonialism since the American War of Independence. Doomed to failure, the bravery of these men who proclaimed the formation of the Irish Republic to the people of Ireland was to inspire a movement which led ultimately to the creation of that Republic, 'not free merely but Gaelic: not Gaelic merely but free'.

Its leaders, like Pearse and James Connolly, were shot, the latter sitting wounded in a chair. The Irish had more than their share of martyrs from Theobald Woolfe Tone in 1798 to the Manchester Martyrs in 1867. The executions of 1916 served only to inflame sentiments and create a more broadly based rebellion, to the point that in 1920 a new constitution for Ireland was embodied in the Government of Ireland Act of that year.

The new constitution was dictated largely by the counterweight to separatism from the mainly Protestant and 'Loyalist' North, exemplified by the Curragh incident which has its modern equivalent in Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence against the wishes of the majority of the population. From the Protestant ascendancy over three centuries with its traditions of loyalty to the Crown (while also providing many leaders in the struggle for Irish Independence) came the 'backlash' which resulted in the division of Ireland into North and South. It is from this division that the current problems facing the British Government arise and it gave rise to a convention of non-interference in Northern Irish affairs from Westminster, while retaining its six counties as a Protestant Laager within the United Kingdom.

Nevertheless, Northern Ireland has existed as a separate entity for half a century and the attempt by I.R.A. men to enforce unity against the will of the majority can result only in a bloodbath and an Ulster situation in reverse. The dilemma of those who regret partition and reject violence is therefore acute.

The Treaty which partitioned Ireland led to fratricidal war in which those who accepted the Treaty fought its opponents with a ferocity formerly reserved for the British. It is not extravagant to suggest that, given the worst possible combination of circumstances, the Republic of Ireland could once again become the scene of such strife. Already leading Ministers have been placed on trial for alleged gun running to help the Nationalists (Catholic overwhelmingly) minority in the North. Accusations are flung at the Republic's Prime Minister, Mr. Lynch, that he is acting in collusion with the British Government and hunting down so-called 'Irish Patriots'. The situation in which the Campaign for Social

Justice in Northern Ireland and the Westminster based Campaign for Democracy in Ulster fought for civil rights against the Unionists' establishment is now a part of history. Already terrorist attacks by the Provisional Section of the Irish Republican Army have alienated sympathy for the Irish cause, which was built up so painstakingly between 1964 and 1969 by those who are now the White Liberals of Northern Ireland, at a time when romantic revolutionaries and mindless militants hold many of the reins at the grassroots. The I.R.A. split into right wing activists and more responsible left wing elements, but there are even more extreme splinters. On the other hand, the Ulster Volunteers, an extremist Protestant group, has done its share in the explosion stakes, and these elements have already toppled two so-called moderate Unionist Prime Ministers. Meanwhile Northern Ireland is increasingly the scene of violence and death. At the same time Mr. Craig, the Lardner Burke of Ulster, and the redoubtable Mr. Paisley thunder at the more cautious Mr. Faulkner and want the clock turned back in order to arm the police and create a new third force of armed civilians in a province where there are over 100,000 licensed firearms and so-called rifle clubs and ex-service para-military groups. Irish Maoists shout for arms, presumably to use against their fellow Protestant workers, and by the time this article is published polarisation and the backlash to I.R.A. violence may have reached the stage where we are left with the alternative of a near Fascist province or direct rule from Westminster. The ideological and factional differences which exist among the minority and the mindless violence of some elements may have destroyed all the gains of the Civil Rights Movement which has been a most remarkable phenomenon in the history of Northern Ireland. Concerned less with practical solutions and more with pre-conceived ideological formulae, figures like Bernadette Devlin who brought hope and optimism now represent despair and the destruction of all that made her entry into the political stage possible.

The danger is that Northern Ireland, where the left-right division cuts across the division of loyalty to Britain or the Republic, will become a battleground for mindless militants. The only bright news in recent months has been the formation of a new left-of-centre party at Stormont, uniting at least half the opposition. Curiously, both the Loyalist Labour Party and the Republican Labour Party have disowned their Parliamentary representatives who were sensible enough to sink their differences. But it does provide a glimmer of hope for a realistic united opposition to the half century of one-party sectarian rule which has existed in spite of the fact that Northern Ireland is legally and constitutionally the responsibility of Westminster.

This group is now the acknowledged representative of the minority, but has made no breakthrough in providing the much needed bridge to Protestant workers. Much may depend on the development of this opposition led by Gerry Fitt, M.P., and the attitude which it adopts on this increasing polarisation but there is little evidence of common ground on class lines in a situation where Protestant shop stewards lead many

gatherings to demand action against their Catholic neighbours. That is the greatest tragedy of a divided province reliving the hatred of 1690 in 1971.

Perhaps the most fascinating constitutional development in half a century of Anglo Irish relations has therefore been the steady erosion and apparent sweeping away of the constitutional conventions which effectively prevented any serious matters concerning Northern Ireland from being raised in any but the most indirect and devious manner at Westminster. This has broken the hold of traditional unionism and kindled the medieval fires of the Paisleyites and Orange Lodges. It not only forced hesitant, reluctant men to embark on reforms; it has released long pent up forces, some of which are healthy and others ugly in their sectarianism. Not surprisingly, it has brought clambering on to the band-waggon those who talk glibly of an All Ireland Workers' State and who denigrate the men and women whose work created the atmosphere in which Northern Ireland is no longer as remote as outer Mongolia. It has shaken the Green Tories of the Nationalist Party who accepted their role within the system and has shown the Northern Ireland Labour Party to be impotent because of its refusal to accept a United Ireland as the ultimate aim of any progressive movement, however irrelevant that unity may be to immediate issues of social, economic and civil rights.

Now British forces straddle the dividing lines that may recall Cyprus, India, mandated Palestine or Aden. The movement which united Protestants and Catholics in the single attainable demand for equal rights has been replaced by sectarian tribalism which has nothing in common with the Republican ideals for which heroic men of both faiths gave their lives through so many tragic generations. Every provocation by the I.R.A. Provisionals, purporting to act on behalf of the minority, only makes it more difficult to isolate the Paisleyites and Orange extremists who stand in the way of Ireland's progress. However, the situation cannot continue indefinitely although it seems likely that British troops will be occupying barracks in Northern Ireland long beyond their withdrawal from the Persian Gulf. It has one advantage, in that British M.P.s can pry more deeply into events in Northern Ireland. But to describe this as a colonial situation is to misunderstand that for good or ill a majority of the population has real and often hysterical fears of union with the Republic. But it is Ulstermen rather than Englishmen who today prevent the peaceful union of that island—and peaceful it must be if the Republic is not to take on the mantle of suppressing a large minority—which has so far been the prerogative of the Unionists.

A united Ireland with a disaffected minority could be a very ugly society indeed.

[Paul Rose, Member of Parliament for Manchester Blackley and author of *The Manchester Martyrs*, will contribute two further articles on Northern Ireland.]

THE KILLER INSTINCT

Reflections on the Sharon Tate Murder Trial

by Miles Tripp

SPEAKING in a low-pitched voice in a hushed Los Angeles courtroom Charles Manson said, 'These children who come at you with knives, they're your children. I didn't teach them, you did.'

The trial of Manson and his three women disciples has come to be known as 'The Sharon Tate Murder Trial' because, although five people were slaughtered in a frenzy of blood-letting, the beautiful film-star was the only one who was internationally famous. She was eight months pregnant when she was hacked to death with knives and this gave an extra emotional dimension to an already horrifying story. As the sensational trial progressed it became clear that although Manson himself could claim to have had a raw deal—'I have spent my life in jail and without parents'—many of his girl followers were from secure, middle-class homes where there had been no lack of parental affection. The question began to be asked: 'Why should apparently normal young people from decent homes become murderers?'

Manson had also said that it was the parents who had taught children 'to come at them with knives'. Was he right?

Such questions are disturbing for those who believe in the fundamental goodness of humanity and think that vicious behaviour is the result of faulty upbringing, or a harsh environment, or of other external factors. These people find it hard to accept that defects in human behaviour cannot be changed by enlightened social attitudes. Unfortunately for them, such knowledge as we have of human behaviour indicates that Man is a highly aggressive animal and that this is a part of his genetic heritage which no amount of goodwill or good works can alter.

Rather than ask *why* people become killers which depends on so many variables including individual genetic structures, socal codes (it is wrong to kill in peacetime, right to kill in war), personal feelings of frustration and inferiority, familial environment, etc., it might be more profitable to ask, *'When* do people become killers?' The answer to this seems to be when there is some sort of loss of control, whether this is referred to as 'lack of self-control' (a moralist's phase), or as the removal of an inhibitory block in Man's inbuilt instinctual behaviour pattern (an ethnologist's description), or is due to some as yet unknown biochemical process operating probably in the sympathetic branch of the autonomic nervous system (a determinist's explanation). There seems to exist in all of us some sort of control mechanism and whether we call this mechanism 'a conscience or a guiding light, or a superego, does not make very much difference', to quote Professor Eysenck. It exists.

Are we all killers who would go on murder rampages but for the satisfactory functioning of our control mechanisms? Could it be that 'the

killer instinct' is something more than a cliché used by sports writers when they want to describe the ruthlessness of a boxer such as the late Rocky Marciano? Unfortunately we are on very dangerous ground when discussing 'instincts'. Whole volumes have been written in an attempt to define this single word, and have failed. No two schools of psychology can come anywhere near agreement on a definition, and, as Arthur Koestler has written, 'The phylogenetic origins of instinct behaviour are among the blackest black boxes found in the sciences of life.'

But although there is disagreement about the meaning of 'instinct', a basis of agreement about Man exists. In attitudes towards psychological problems the psychotherapist, Anthony Storr, and the behavioural psychologist, H. J. Eysenck, are poles apart. And yet Dr. Storr, in *Human Aggression*, wrote : 'The sombre fact is that we are the cruellest and most ruthless species that has ever walked the earth,' and Professor Eysenck, in *Crime and Personality*, wrote: 'Man is the most savage and deadly animal which has ever lived in this world.'

One of the hypothetical ancestors of Charles Manson (and of you and me) was a killer. This is the best explanation that can be given for the fractured jawbone of an adolescent Australopithecine discovered some years ago in South Africa. It is evident that the owner of the jawbone had been battered by a weapon and that the weapon was probably the upper foreleg bone of an antelope. It is known that this weapon was used by *Australopithecus africanus*, a species of man-ape who existed between a million and half-a-million years ago. It follows therefore that the adolescent was almost certainly murdered by a member of his own species.

Nearer our time, a mere two million years ago, is the evidence of a skull found in East Africa. Radiating fractures spread across the skull and its discoverer suggested that its owner (whom he designated as *Homo habilis*) had been murdered.

Thousands of miles away, and back another half-million years in time, is the evidence of the existence of Peking Man, a creature who learned to use fire and employed his learning to roast his own species, *Sinanthropus Pekinenis*. Charred bones by the site of the fire show signs of damage which many anthropologists regard as evidence pointing towards murder.

It is saddening to reflect that the earliest remains of anthropoids to be found in such different places as South Africa, East Africa and China all testify to death by the violence we know as murder. The Manson 'family' have followed in their primeval fathers' footsteps and, given certain circumstances, certain situations, I venture to suggest that so might you or I. It is murderous violence, no less than spiritual aspiration, which distinguishes Man from the remainder of the animal kingdom. Man alone of all species is known not only to kill his own kind but also to turn his violent propensities inward on himself in the act of suicide.

Due largely to the enormous amount of research and field work during the past decades by ethnologists we are beginning to understand how other

species behave. They have aggressive tendencies, as we do, but in a large number of cases these tendencies are ritualised into displays of aggression. Animals will go through the motions of fighting without actually getting to grips. Konrad Lorenz believes that an 'inhibitory block' makes them stop short of mutual slaughter, and he believes that Man, by inventing weapons, has weakened this mechanism. Man would kill much less frequently if every killing had to be achieved with bare hands; but a knife or a gun puts the killing at a remove and in some way emotionally dissociates the killer with the killed. This explains why (Professor Lorenz alleges) perfectly decent men in time of war can drop bombs which will bring a ghastly death to defenceless women and children.

Is he right? Is there a control mechanism in other animals which is less effective in Man because Man has weapons? Could it be that to compensate for this deficiency Man has been obliged to use his brain to create the intellectual concept of voluntary self-control? Man's brains have been used to create moral codes and social values, all of which depend for their efficiency on a certain amount of voluntary self-control by most people most of the time. Civilisation depends on the acceptance of social and moral standards reinforced by State control and individual self-control. Such control was totally absent when Sharon Tate was killed, and her murderers possessed weapons which made their uncontrol more deadly.

It is possible that their 'inhibitory blocks' were wiped out by the effects of the hallucinogenic drug LSD, but this alone would not have made murder certain. Their knives did this. How different human history might have been if early man had possessed fighting teeth and claws; then he would not have been obliged to invent weapons to ensure his survival. On this trick of evolution was predicted the death of millions by murderous violence including the pregnant film star whose last words were a plea for the life of her unborn baby. Her plea was useless; even worse than useless; it seems to have infuriated her killer. The foetus was hacked out of her dead body and dismembered. Autopsy on the pathetic remains revealed that Sharon Tate's unborn child would have been her son.

One cannot escape the sexual element in the Sharon Tate case. The film star's naked and disembowelled body lay on the floor at the end of a brown sofa. One of her breasts had been cut off. A blood-stained cord round her neck had been passed over a beam and from the other end of the cord a man hung. He had been slashed with X-marks by a knife and had been castrated.

Man is a killer and modern man likes to read about killings. The trial of Manson and his disciples will produce an avalanche of books and articles to satisfy a taste for literature about 'real life' murder. But modern man also has aspirations that reach above and beyond the transient parcel of mortal flesh; it is a need (some call it a hunger) for a faith, something to believe in, and a multiplicity of religions cater for this need.

The connections between religious practices and murder are well-known. Anyone wishing to write a complete history of human sacrifice, with special reference to the religio-magical elements thereof, would find an abundance of source material. And, of course, most mythologies abound in stories of murder, usually of the gods playing their power game with the lives of men, or of men slaying each other to appease the gods. The Old Testament with its chronicle of homicide remains a perennial best-seller.

The Sharon Tate murder trial brought together elements of murder, sex and religion, and put them into a trapeze act. Manson and his disciples were the artists and they were performing under the big-top backdrop of anarchism. Paradoxically, the most civilised countries are the least able to combat anarchitic murderers. One *sine qua non* of being a civilised state is that no innocent person shall be punished unless proved guilty beyond all reasonable doubt. And for the protection of the innocent rules of evidence are devised, the onus of proof is laid solidly on the prosecution, elaborate precautions are taken against prejudiced juries, all sorts of technicalities weighted in favour of the accused must be rigidly adhered to, and there is an almost foolproof system of appeals. This is the process in highly civilised countries. In less civilised countries men can be thrown into jail without trial, kept there indefinitely and eventually be made to face a rigged tribunal held *in camera*.

At their trial Charles Manson and his disciples, sometimes abetted by their lawyers, made the careful legal processes of a highly civilised state look like some archaic nonsense. They cavorted, postured, created uproars, and abused those who were trying to uphold the rules of a fair trial. Doggedly the trial continued and it seemed rather like a dinosaur attempting to stand on its head. If only the stance could be held for long enough justice would be done. By making the law appear ridiculous Manson and his trio of disciples were attacking not only elaborate procedures designed to achieve justice, but the civilisation on which the justice depended for its effectiveness. And why not? What had they to lose? Manson certainly didn't seem to care that he might lose his life. During his testimony (which his own lawyer tried to prevent and was rewarded with 'Sit down, stupid') Manson said, 'You want to kill me. I'm already dead. I've been dead all my life.'

It is small wonder that the older generation, bewildered by the courtroom circus, and by the luridly advertised obscenity of the crimes, began to ask: 'Where did we go wrong?'

It is a sad and futile question because most of the blame lies at the door of Evolution. Man is born with destructive tendencies, and if humanity is to survive some means must be acquired to deal with this dark aspect of his heritage. No amount of improved education or ameliorated environment can reverse what is transmitted from generation to generation as a genetic blueprint; these worthy objectives can only assist in reducing some of the tensions which act as fuses to murder.

Can anything be done? Success in reaching the moon somehow only emphasises, rather pathetically, the self-destructive march of mankind towards oblivion. Millions die from disease, starvation and from the effects of what might be called 'the killer instinct', but at least Man has reached a dead planet and scooped up a few handfuls of dust. The words 'dust to dust' now take on an ironical significance; these words occur, of course, in a religious service—the burial service.

The march towards destruction could be halted if all weapons, from nuclear bombs to .22 rifles, were universally outlawed. The chances of this must be as remote as the chances of a collision between the earth and Saturn.

It is possible, when the working of the brain and the nervous system are more fully understood, that mass injection of a beneficent drug will neutralise aggressive impulses. The same effect could be achieved by the implanting of electrodes in the brain of every human being. Electrical stimulation of the brain would ensure that the aggressive impulses were held in check. This is not so impossible as it might seem. A word has already been coined to describe the civilisation which would follow—psychocivilisation; and the supporters of this sort of control (and once again we come to the concept of 'control') state that there is seven times more pleasure-provoking matter in the brain than pain-provoking.

Another line of thought follows from the form of 'inhibition' first postulated by Pavlov and subsequently developed by behavioural psychologists. This 'inhibition' is not the same as the 'inhibitory block' which ethnologists maintain is part of an instinctual behaviour pattern, nor is it an inhibition in the ordinary sense of a restraint or prohibition on an action, it is simply the sequel to excitation. Excitement cannot be sustained indefinitely. All activities must have a stop, or pause, or rest. In very simple terms, a sort of boredom sets in, and this boredom is cortical fatigue. Could it be that destruction will one day reach such epic and epidemic proportions that it will bore people into a sort of somnolent ease, and nothing much will matter any more?

After the Sharon Tate Murder Trial was finished Susan Atkins, one of the girl disciples convicted of murder, confessed that she was Sharon Tate's killer. Her confession with its repetition of grisly details was no longer quite so shocking as it once had been. According to a Reuter report, as Susan Atkins began the third day of her confession, and went once more into the murder story, 'one woman juror nodded briefly to sleep'.

Requiescat in pace, homo sapiens.

An epitaph in a dead language seems appropriate for our species.

[Miles Tripp is the author of *The Image of Man* (1955), *Malice and the Maternal Instinct* (1969) and *A Man Without Friends* (1970), etc.]

THE CRIME MAP OF THE WORLD

by William Clifford

CRIME has its own topography, showing the great cities of the world as virtual mountains of homicide, violence, theft, fraud, graft and corruption, plateaux of towns and settlements of less venality and insecurity declining gradually into the wider plains of increasing rural conformity. But this is more than a map. It is a mobile landscape — a slice of reality. On a cursory or superficial view, the mountains appear to be growing and overshadowing the less volatile areas: that is, crime is increasing as people concentrate industrially and begin to behave like city dwellers everywhere: and it looks as if the urban influence is spreading into the countryside.

Of course, there are geographical, cultural, social and psychological differences. The criminal effects of hot and cold climates have been exercising criminologists since Quetelet's work in the eighteenth century; cultural differences and conflicts have been traced in their effects upon crime in a number of countries and people traditionally inhibited or extroverted react differently to similar environmental pressures. There may be special types of crime arising from voodoo in the West Indies, from the existence of Cosa Nostra in the United States, from secret societies among the several Chinese communities in Asia or from the problem of recalcitrant gypsy minorities in some of the Eastern Europe countries. There will be crime arising out of witchcraft within simple subsistence groups in Africa or associated with a new Satanic indulgence by a bored élite seeking new dimensions of experience in Europe or in the United States. Alcoholism may plague some countries; hashish, heroin or amphetamines other countries. There will still be bandits or outlaws in particular hinterlands, or elsewhere a certain type of traffic in persons may abound. Peasant communities will still have vendettas, and there will be some frontiers more than others across which smuggling will flourish to supply illegal demands.

Nevertheless, the evidence is accumulating that overshadowing all these differences and subjugating, in effect, many if not most of the local characteristics is a relatively new and ubiquitous urban culture. In scale and economic diversity, the modern town is something very different from the smaller cities of Rome, Greece or the Middle Ages where people usually knew each other — or had a community of interests at least. These too had crime problems, but today such problems have become aggravated with size; and all the available data appears to associate urbanisation with the spread of alienation, impersonality, commercialisation and family fragmentation. With all this goes a basically common form of disharmony, delinquency and crime.

For the wary and precise, it is manifestly inadvisable to make any generalisations of this kind. Scientifically, it is not possible to compare

crime in different parts of the world. Statistics are unsound, penal laws have often been imported from European countries, imparting a uniformity of the concepts of delinquency which could be artificial and which might not really reflect or be in accordance with local values and standards. Rising crime figures may represent no more than a proliferation of laws, an increased vigilance by the police, the natural growth of local populations (and therefore the number of offenders) or the normal and inevitable changes in social cohesion which are part of a people's adaptation to new ways of earning a living.

While this is scientifically true, the imperfections of our diagnostic equipment do not dispel the mounting public impression of a growing sickness; common experience is consistently disturbing and the policy makers in so many parts of the world find themselves with strikingly similar crime problems as their towns grow. These are not only alike in type but remarkably similar in their dangerously unmanageable proportions, involving ever greater numbers of ever younger children and youths. Research and scientific inquiry of all kinds are needed: but unfortunately events cannot be held back for study and — pending research — decisions have to be made which could have far-reaching effects. The question is something like the problem of dealing with a riot — how is it to be contained whilst we try to understand it and deal with its underlying causes?

If there was really just as much crime in earlier years which probably went unreported or was differently classified, then at least it did not cost so much: and it did not present governments with such pressures and painful decisions as does the crime of today. If the public was in fact as unsafe a generation ago as it is now, then it did not show its feelings so much — or it may then have had a higher threshold of toleration. If crime has not in reality grown any more than proportionately with the rise in populations, then at least the increase in scale* has become difficult for the average citizen to accept or for the ordinary police to control.

With 'law and order' writ large in the government and electoral programmes of, at least, two of the world's most developed nations, with the streets and parks of the larger cities becoming stigmatised as unsafe, with drug addiction attracting the most sophisticated, violence increasing and a vociferous younger generation in some countries opting out of this kind of world, it is hardly surprising that the developing (and usually less crime-ridden) countries are growing increasingly sceptical about the kind of 'development' towards which they often find themselves being urged by the emphasis on rising G.N.P.'s and increasing material production to solve their population and poverty problems. Obviously they need to increase incomes, but do they really want to move in the direction of more crime, disorder, insecurity and a condition which seems to allow organised corruption to move in on business and even government itself, depriving

*e.g. to 658,830 cognisable crimes in 1963 in India; a rise from 9.36 to 13.9 per 1,000 of the number of juvenile offenders in Japan between 1956 and 1962; and recently 1,000 killings a year in the city of New York alone.

ordinary people of the benefits of their work? Is this really 'developing'?

There is no scope here for complacency or self-righteousness, however. No nation has yet found an answer to crime in its midst. Certainly there are small tribal-type communities with relatively little crime because religion, morals, laws and custom amount to much the same kind of thing, reinforcing from birth an urge for conformity. Here non-approved behaviour is difficult to hide and swiftly visited with consequences for the kin as well as the offender. Crime, immorality and in fact any kind of non-conformity is unusual in such circumstances. The trick is to maintain this cohesion while moving this kind of society into conditions of greater mobility, innovation and prosperity, and no nation has provided a solution.

Short of cutting off a traditional society from the outside world, keeping it closed in values and ideas, locked in conformity with its own past and relatively indifferent to its future, it is impossible to prevent crime becoming a problem. Since this means keeping the same community living vulnerably at subsistence levels, avoiding trading and outside contact, subject to decimation by preventable diseases and isolated from new ideas of all kinds, it is hardly a feasible proposition in an age of mass communications, air transport and better roads. Freedom to commit crime is really a concomitant of freedom to do other things. Opportunity to improve implies opportunity to exploit others, especially as they cease to be people one knows personally or to whom one is related. Therefore, the opening of a society to new prospects is practically impossible without simultaneously introducing a risk of illegal conduct.

This is what makes crime such a universal phenomenon — this and the universality of human nature itself. Societies not yet so troubled by criminal behaviour are, generally, the societies which are smaller, less economically productive, less concentrated into urban areas where strangers stand out and people become involved in each other's affairs — if only peripherally. But they are usually already firmly set upon the road which leads to more criminal behaviour. They are tuned in to world affairs, responsive to new ideas, gradually moving into towns via overcrowded shanty-towns. Correspondingly, they already have growing rates of crime and show concern about the effects of change.

Again, criminal techniques are borrowed indiscriminately. Gangster methods in the Chicago of the 1920s were imported from Sicilian banditry and vendettas — and have gone on to perpetuate a Sicilian pseudonym for crime syndicates anywhere. Mass communications spread not only ideas and habits but also styles and types of anti-social behaviour. Protection rackets, bank robberies and abductions are common to Tokyo, Singapore, Buenos Aires and New York. The use of motorcycles, leather jackets and drugs by a growing youth culture have had their effect on the young people who take to crime.

Finally, there is a noticeable growth of international crime. This is exhibited most dramatically in the hijacking of aircraft and the recent bombing of international airlines, but is growing too in drug production

and smuggling, the circumventing of exchange regulations, international currency speculation, trafficking in arms and facilities for aiding criminals who manage to escape from their own countries before arrest.

Crime then is a world phenomenon. It needs to be dealt with on a world scale. We may yet be a long way from the development of an international criminal code with the international machinery for enforcing it; but the potential for world co-operation to deal with crime and the social, economic, psychological and other circumstances with which it is associated is immense.

Thus, in 1970, the quinquennial United Nations Congress on the Prevention of Crime and the Treatment of Offenders was held in Kyoto in Japan. It concentrated upon the means of preventing crime by anticipating it in the process of economic and social development.

The first subject on the agenda was 'Social Defence Policies in the Context of Development Planning'. Here the emphasis was upon the developing countries and on their hope of preventing crime by learning from the mistakes of developed areas. It includes, of course, the hope that developed countries can also learn from their own past errors and do some of the things which need to be done if our modern problems are to be arrested or reduced. Perhaps for the first time in an international gathering of this kind, the focus was not so much upon the illegal behaviour as upon the conditions from which it appears to arise; urbanisation, industrialisation, technological change, social mobility and the like. These are usually the results of government decisions on the direction that investment should take. Such decisions involve determination of criminogenic situations. No one would suggest that this progressive trend should and perhaps could be halted—only that its side effects should be provided for.

If money is put into a new industry attracting the workers from older traditional homesteads, there will be a predictable measure of crime. Is it now possible to plan for this also — to take steps to mitigate the possible criminogenic consequences of these decisions? If educational expenditure is going to prepare young people for jobs which do not yet exist, there will be youthful frustration and unemployment with all its delinquent by-products. It should be possible to forestall some of this. If the direction of investment is going to expand the towns, then it will be known in advance that shanty towns, bidonvilles, tenement slums, ghettos and overcrowding generally will occur — and an amount of this, if not all, ought to be preventable.

In developed countries, the government of the large and nearly unviable towns may need to be broken down into manageable entities: at least it should be possible to avoid authority becoming further removed from the people it is supposed to serve. Or again, the proliferation of laws with the over-free bandying of the criminal label makes a great deal of unnecessary work for the police, the courts, the prisons and other correctional services. The rationalisation of legislation — decriminalisation as it is sometimes called when prostitution, vagabondage, abortion or private homosexuality are removed from the list of statutory offences — is an

obvious form of planning which could help to reduce the total amount of what is usually referred to as crime.

The Congress took a world look at the basic economic and social trends and conditions associated with crime — and considered what could be done or should be done about this relationship. As a preliminary, the United Nations gathered a select group of planners and criminologists in Rome in June, 1969, to examine the paper which had been prepared for the Congress on this subject. As a second item on the agenda of the Congress, 'Public Participation' afforded an opportunity for a wide-ranging discussion of one of the modern problems and opportunities for dealing with crime. This is especially true when it is remembered that (a) organised crime persists only because of the public demand for some of the services it provides, such as gambling, prostitution, drugs; (b) the rehabilitation of offenders turns essentially upon the extent to which the public and the community is prepared to become involved; (c) when people do not report crime, it tends to render reported crime the 'unlucky fringe' of ordinary behaviour: this makes it more difficult both to deal with the offence and reform the offender who still thinks of himself as merely 'unlucky'; and (d) crime would often not be committed and the offender would rarely go undetected if there was effective public participation.

On the other hand, public participation has its limits. It needs to be remembered that the criminal law in many countries developed just because of a need to curb the inequalities and possible injustices of people taking the law into their own hands. In England, this often meant the King's justice intervening to prevent an inarbitrary form of law and procedure largely determined by the most powerful of the people — the local barons or lords. The Ku Klux Klan and certain terrorist bodies are negative forms of 'public participation'. And public participation can be either an extension of official services and official policy — as with subsidised local committees for delinquency prevention, voluntary probation officers or prison visiting — or it can be developed from below by local initiative to provide services that the authorities have failed to provide, such as vigilante groups, private police or security forces and organised demonstrations to circumvent the supposed inadequacies of a party-dominated electoral system.

Therefore, public participation is necessary but not good or beneficial. It can both make laws effective or nullify their effect. It is a concept which needs more careful study than it has yet received and its limitations have to be carefully defined. This made a fascinating study for a world Congress at which it was possible to look at the problem from the highly modern angle of demands for community power in New York's 'ghettos' down to the very simple angle of customary justice in both Asia and Africa. No doubt the findings will be based upon a view of public involvement as a function of the particular structure or the type of society within which it occurs.

Thirdly — and still dealing with these broader approaches to the problem of world crime — the Congress was asked to look at 'the Organisation

of Research for the Development of Policy'. This is not the usual study of research — the need for more research or the importance of developing new lines of research. Rather, it is concerned with how to make the best use of the research which has been done or is being done — and how to ensure that research now and in the future can be fed back into constructive policy-making. In this sense it is close to the first subject which is planning to prevent crime, since effective planning will depend to no small extent upon the information provided by research. Here is an opportunity for research workers in all fields of criminological enquiry, psychology, sociology, law, biology or others, to enter into a dialogue with administrators and decision-makers on the kind of machinery from which both would profit. It is an opportunity for officials to examine the best ways of making practical use of the information now available on a world scale.

Finally, the United Nations Congress was asked to look at the present status, internationally and nationally, of the Standard Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners. These Rules go back to 1933 when they were adopted by the League of Nations after being drafted following a Congress of the International Penal and Penitentiary Commission.* By 1955, a revised and amplified series of Rules was ready for discussion and adoption by the First United Nations Congress held in Geneva that year. Just fifteen years later, the Fourth Congress held in Kyoto looked at the Rules again to ask, 'Just how effective have they been in the past 15 years?'

In 1967, the Secretary-General of the United Nations asked member states to report on the implementation of the Rules. Forty-four countries replied. In addition, the Congress Agenda had been discussed by special regional meetings held in Africa, Asia and Latin America in 1969, and these meetings of experts in each region gave their views on the Rules. From all this it seems that the Rules which state the rights of the prisoner, seek to protect his dignity and to promote his rehabilitation have already achieved world-wide respect as moral standards suitable to all countries. No objections were raised to them as helpful and desirable guidelines. However, it is clear that the Rules are being implemented very unevenly, that for some poorer countries they represent maximum rules or ideals to be attained rather than basic levels. In some areas, they merit no more than lip service.

One problem will be how to obtain more effective implementation of the Rules. Would they be better applied if the document was a Convention rather than a collection of moral precepts? There are interests wishing to extend the Rules to all persons in custody (i.e. to many not now regarded technically as prisoners). These would prefer the Rules to be a firmer protection of human rights, and if a Convention is the only way to achieve this, they should become a Convention. Others argue that becoming a Convention is no guarantee of implementation, and they quote the difficulties abounding in the process of obtaining both ratification and

*It was these Congresses which the United Nations took over after the Second World War.

implementation of the Conventions on Human Rights. Moreover, there is support for the view that extending the Rules beyond prisoners would weaken the usual force which they have acquired over the years. Still other groups simply wish to bring the Rules up to date, to make the reporting machinery more effective and to ensure that the Rules will receive wider recognition and application. This subject was a difficult one for the Congress to handle and only the broader issues could be determined for future working parties to study and develop.

Obviously the Congress was designed to be practical and to make a notable contribution to crime prevention. It had a vast amount of work to get through in its ten days of meetings. To provide time for this, it was divided into four Sections, meeting two by two and all reporting to the Plenary Session. There were opportunities for small meetings before, during and after the Congress. U.N.I.C.E.F. arranged such a meeting to study the implications for children, the International Association for Discharged Prisoners held its own international meeting before the Congress, and other organisations seized this opportunity for an exchange of views with groups they can meet only rarely. For this is the only opportunity given in a period of five years for official government delegations to come together with international agencies, inter-governmental and non-governmental organisations — as well as prominent individuals in this field who may register in their own right.

The possible effect of this momentous Congress upon the topography of crime is not yet easy to see. It could open up vistas of prevention, however, which are far removed from the burglar and his torch, the pick-pocket, the stock thief or the syndicate and its organisation. For society to tackle its crime, it may be necessary to begin with the economist, the planner, the decision-makers in urban renewal. If this is not exactly an original thought, it is certainly one which deserves more attention than it has been given in the past.

[Mr. Clifford was Executive Secretary, Fourth United Nations Congress on Crime Prevention, Kyoto, 1970. Interregional Advisor, Social Planning, United Nations. He was formerly Senior U.N. Advisor, Asia and the Far East Institute for the Prevention of Crime, Fuchu, Tokyo; Senior U.N. Consultant, Social Affairs, Congo; Commissioner for Social Affairs, Zambia. This article was originally written at the time of the Congress which has already had a profound effect on international crime prevention. Some of these consequences of the Congress will be followed up by Mr. Clifford in a further article.]

THE KNOT GARDEN AND OWEN WINGRAVE. OPERATIC DEVELOPMENT OR EXPERIMENT?

by David Fingleton

IN the past twelve months, each of our two leading composers has presented a remarkable and interesting new opera. In December of last year, Sir Michael Tippett's *The Knot Garden* had its world première at the Royal Opera House, for which it had been written, in an excitingly non-traditional production by Peter Hall. Then, on May 16 this year, came Benjamin Britten's *Owen Wingrave*, his first full length opera since *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in 1960, although there had been the *Three Church Parables* between 1964 and 1968. *Owen Wingrave* was written specially for television, jointly commissioned by the B.B.C. and New York's N.E.T. station, and was shown simultaneously on May 16 on B.B.C. 2 and N.E.T., and then by twelve different European networks within the ensuing week. Thus whereas Tippett's new work had a mere six performances at Covent Garden, with one of them broadcast on Radio 3, Britten's opened to an audience of millions, and has already been seen by far more than the total audience to have attended opera at Covent Garden this century.

The curious fact, however, is that whilst Tippett, who as usual wrote his own libretto, chose a contemporary theme, scenically compact, with seven young characters, Britten's *Owen Wingrave* was on quite a different plane. The libretto was adapted by Myfanwy Piper from Henry James' short story of that name, and is set in late nineteenth century England at various places in London, and at Paramore, the Wingraves' country seat; it has in its cast of nine a fair measure of elderly eccentrics. It was no doubt selected by Britten as embodying his views on pacifism and the futility of war but, both scenically and in terms of the cast, posed weighty problems for its producers, Brian Large and Colin Graham.

One was left with an inescapable impression that whereas *The Knot Garden* was full of television potential, *Owen Wingrave* could be seen and heard to better advantage in the Opera House. This initial feeling was reinforced when Decca issued their complete recording of *Owen Wingrave* a month after its first performance, and one found that, divorced from the distraction of the television screen, the score had more body and depth than had originally been apparent. Obviously television exists as a medium in its own right, and as such will tempt eminent composers to write operas for it. But, for all that, opera may in any case be a dying form. If it is to survive, the expression of *Dramma per Musica* seems better suited, for a variety of reasons, to the stage of an opera house, than to the screen of a television set.

Sir Michael Tippett's new opera, *The Knot Garden*, is in many ways a synthesis of the allegorical style and form of his *Midsummer Marriage*, first performed in 1955, and the leaner, more heroic *King Priam*, first

given at Coventry in 1962, and to be revived at Covent Garden this coming season. As has been suggested, if *The Midsummer Marriage* was Tippett's *Magic Flute*, then *The Knot Garden* comes nearer to *Così Fan Tutte*, though this is not an analogy which should be taken either too literally or too far. But *The Knot Garden* is a comedy, if to some extent a *comédie noire*. In considering the work, it will be helpful to reproduce the introduction which Peter Hall, its producer, wrote for the Royal Opera House syllabus last autumn:

> *The Knot Garden* is about the loves and hates of seven people in modern England. Mangus, a psycho-analyst, has been invited to stay in the house of Faber and his wife, Thea. She hopes that Mangus can help with the problems of their young ward Flora who is obsessed by the half-real, half-imagined sexual threat of Faber. Mangus discovers that it is not Flora that is sick but the marriage, and engineers a series of confrontations and 'games' to resolve the difficulties. He sees himself as a modern Prospero, manipulating the characters.
>
> Dov, a musician, and his lover Mel, a young Negro writer, are also staying in the house. The arrival of Thea's sister Denise, a revolutionary, changes all the relationships and involves Mangus in further interventions. He finds no easy solutions but, by the end of the opera, all the characters have gained in self-knowledge. Parolles' defiant realism in *All's Well That Ends Well* — 'Simply the thing I am shall make me live' — is Tippett's motto to the opera.
>
> The action takes place in Thea's garden, and especially in the knot garden of the title. Knot gardens were intricate, formal patterns, made usually of tiny box hedges, in Elizabethan gardens. In reality, such a garden was very small in scale, but the characters of the opera find that, at times of crisis, the delicate love knot grows to become a threatening maze in which they cannot find each other. The opera analyses the difficulties of relating to each other in the 'knot garden of the modern world'.

At first sight this may seem a somewhat contrived, Iris Murdochian plot, in tune with the 'permissiveness' of our society. Certainly it has a contemporary relevance, and speaks in some depth on the difficulties of communication and the discovery of self. Perhaps surprisingly, it also makes for good opera. Tippett has obviously thought at length about the forms and motives of his characters, and is prepared to agree that to some extent Mangus is a 'Con-man'. Furthermore he has not sought to tie up the ends too neatly by the final curtain. Thus Thea returns to her seed packets in the garden, and Faber to his business papers; presumably their marriage has to some extent sorted itself out. Flora has been released from complexes and inhibitions, mainly by her confrontation with the homosexual young musician, Dov, and can go radiantly away alone. Dov and Mel have split up — were they ever truly together? — and Mel goes off with Denise: a seemingly fraught relationship, but what better went before it for either of them? Mangus disappears, having done his work, admitting that he pities Dov, perhaps the most valid and worthwhile character, who must remain alone.

The music Tippett has written for this remarkable piece has much of the language of *The Midsummer Marriage*, of which Philips have recently issued a splendid complete recording, conducted by Colin Davis with the strong cast of the Covent Garden performances in July 1970. But this new music goes beyond *Midsummer Marriage*, explores new forms, is

more concise, and is at times more powerful. Unlike Britten in *Wingrave,* he eschews where possible 'arioso', and relies instead on recitatives and powerful 'set-pieces'. The score, which in playing time lasts little more than 100 minutes, is packed with interest and variety of form. There is both tonal and chromatic music, and the use of the 12-note row is something of an innovation for Tippett in opera. Further, he has used jazz forms, and electric jazz instruments in the orchestra, and for, musically, one of the most effective moments in the work — the Act 2 confrontation between Flora and Dov — develops in his own language Flora's initial singing of Schubert's *Die Liebe Farbe.* If musically this is the apex of the opera, there are many other telling passages. Denise's turbulently powerful aria when she arrives in the first act, leading as it does into the 'blues' ensemble which ends the act, is as sustained and inventive a piece of contemporary operatic writing as one could desire.

Although the music of *The Knot Garden* is powerfully evocative, this opera is also essentially a visual experience. Indeed, one wonders how much of its atmosphere will come across on a gramophone recording. That it made such compelling theatre at Covent Garden was thanks largely to Peter Hall's superbly strong yet sensitive direction, and to the magnificently inventive designs of Timothy O'Brien and lighting of John Bury. Gone was the traditional heavy scenery and prompt-box type of setting, gone too the traditional isolated-spot lighting plan. Instead one had a semi-abstract setting with a marvellous backcloth of painted rope, on which projections could play with three-dimensional effect from a specially built box at the back of the grand tier. In the second act were two rotating circles of silver rods to give the sensation of the maze, through which the characters were picking their way. Peter Hall had the benefit of a strong, predominantly youthful cast, outstanding amongst whom were Robert Tear's Dov, Josephine Barstow's Denise, Thomas Hemsley's Mangus, and Jill Gomez's sensitively drawn Flora, and performed his usual, but still astounding, feat of turning opera singers into first rate actors, something which seems to defeat most other producers. His one error was to place Tippett's 'voices off-stage' amongst the audience for the finale, thus creating an effect of artificiality when powerful mystery was called for. Colin Davis conducted the work as one passionately committed to it, and the success of the production was not least his and the orchestra's.

This, then, was a memorable opera for and of our time; it will obviously bear many revivals, even translations, and with its compactness, potent drama and immediacy of feeling is a work which could well repay consideration for a separate television production. It seemed to have the stuff of which good television is made, and such a venture could prove rewarding, even if its strongest effect will inevitably remain in the opera house.

Myfanwy Piper's adaptation of the Henry James ghost story, *Owen Wingrave,* concerns a young man from a military family, whose father, like many Wingraves before him, has died in battle, and his mother of heartbreak at the news. He is being coached in London for entry to the

army, by Coyle, a military tutor. At the beginning of the opera he suddenly reveals that he cannot go through with army life as he feels fighting to be wrong. Coyle, at first shocked, respects Owen's sincerity, and attempts not only to understand, but to persuade his fearsome aunt, Miss Wingrave, father's sister, of the integrity of her nephew's decision. He fails, and Owen is summoned back to Paramore, the family seat, where he is rebuffed for his cowardice by his fiancée, Kate Julian, who with her widowed mother, again of army stock, live in their bereavement at Paramore. Owen's grandfather, the old general, Sir Philip, refuses to understand and, despite the arrival of Coyle and his wife in an attempt to placate the family, disowns his grandson and orders him to leave. That final night Owen is challenged by Kate to spend it alone in the haunted room where an earlier Wingrave had killed his son for cowardice, and was then mysteriously found dead beside him. Owen accepts, and allows her to lock him in. The Coyles, unhappy about Owen's predicament, cannot sleep, and hear Kate's screams as she opens the door of the room and finds Owen dead within. Thus we may take it that the sincerity of his pacifism has triumphed over the establishment.

It has been argued that this story, with its necessity for compression of time and space and quick cutting between locations, is ideal operatic material for television. It could also be contended that these same factors complicate matters, and present thereby a challenge to television producers. For, considered *qua* Opera, a story could make a stronger televisual effect without these problems. Indeed, one may reach the dangerous position of sitting back to admire the effects whilst a curtain is drawn over the impact of the music. Certainly in this production the flag sequence at the beginning, the cavalry trotting past whilst Owen mused on Shelley's *Queen Mab,* the narrator singing the ballad of the haunted room with shots of what occurred, and the dinner that closed the first act were all powerfully created and adroitly televised. But for all that they added little to the drama, and detracted from the music. Indeed, David Myerscough Jones' family portraits of the Wingraves went further than distraction and became absurd, which was a pity, for the rest of his designs were evocative. There is the further difficulty that television with its close-ups and immediacy, destroys subtlety, so that the work tended to veer towards melodrama. This was not assisted by its period, which caused one to be confronted by close-ups of archetypal Victorian caricatures. Credibility is further suspended on the screen when the young Owen and, presumably, younger Kate are both shown to be people of mature years. Both Benjamin Luxon and Janet Baker sang magnificently, but their performances are more convincing on the recording, and will no doubt be yet more so when the Royal Opera perform the work in a year's time.

Unfortunately too, *Owen Wingrave* is not one of Britten's most successful operatic scores. It lacks the dramatic passion and pathos of his earlier Operas, *Peter Grimes, Albert Herring* and *Billy Budd.* On its own ghost story terms it seems less concisely written and to make less impact than

his other James adaptation, *The Turn of the Screw*. There is a great deal of twelve-tone 'arioso' writing which tends to become enervating, a proliferation of ensembles and simultaneous solos and duets, and all too little full-blooded set-piece music. Mrs. Coyle's monologue in Act 1, when she reflects on her position *vis à vis* her husband's pupils, and Owen's aria in Act 2 after he has been rejected, 'In peace I have found my image', are sadly rare highlights of melodic interest. Certainly there is skill in some of the ensemble writing, particularly 'How dare you! ', which depicts Owen under attack by those at Paramore during the course of a week. But it is mistaken to maintain that this compression of time could only be effective on television. As Jeremy Noble has said *à propos* this view: 'In opera we can accept almost any non-naturalistic convention if the music is powerful enough to make us do so.' One might add that to a producer of skill in the opera house this is merely another exciting challenge to be met.

Whether on account of the generally inferior sound quality obtained from television sets, or because he felt it suited the work better in any case, Britten has scored *Owen Wingrave* for comparatively small scale orchestral forces and made abundant use of percussion. The orchestration, and particularly the playing of the English Chamber Orchestra under the composer, certainly sound most effective on the Decca recording, and the quality will be even more fully judged, subject to any amendments Britten may make, when we hear the work at Covent Garden.

Whatever one's reservations as to the suitability of *Owen Wingrave* as an opera for television, there is no gainsaying the sheerly technical quality of the performance on B.B.C. 2 under the co-direction of Brian Large and Colin Graham. No problem was avoided and most were surmounted, though the very nature of both the ballad of the Wingrave Boy, beautifully sung by Peter Pears, and the Dinner sequence made for uneasy viewing. No close-up of an opera singer vocalising over the soup can really be satisfactory. The cast were uniformly strong and, in addition to Benjamin Luxon and Janet Baker, particularly fine performances came from John Shirley Quirk and Heather Harper as Mr. and Mrs. Coyle, and from Sylvia Fisher as the martinet Miss Wingrave. Peter Pears' portrayal of old Sir Philip, though splendidly sung, was again reduced by television to too close a study in eccentricity. Decca's recording made in London by the same cast, immediately following the television recording at the Maltings, is likewise an impressive production. On two records, handsomely boxed, and with an excellent booklet including full libretto, it is so magnificently engineered that on good equipment one obtains a far higher quality of performance, and thus better impression of the work, than on television.

Thus we have come full circle. Is it really feasible to write an opera specifically with television in mind, and, subconsciously has Britten in fact done so? I cannot help feeling that it is not possible and that he has not done so, and that by far the more valid approach remains that if

operas are worth writing they should be written for the Opera House. Once they have been seen to succeed there, then the problems of a successful transfer to television may be considered, and the results, given the skilful handling of such directors as Large and Graham, should not really be in doubt. Certainly *Owen Wingrave* was a fascinating experiment but, had Britten not been writing it for television, one might perhaps have seen that same positive musical development that came from Tippett in *The Knot Garden.*

Note on Recordings

Tippett *The Midsummer Marriage.* Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Orchestra, conducted by Colin Davis.
3 Records, Boxed with Notes & Libretto. **PHILIPS 6703027** (£6.90)

Britten *Owen Wingrave.* English Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Benjamin Britten.
2 Records with Notes & Libretto. **DECCA SET 501-2** (£4.74)

The December issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes:
Italy: The Centre Left in Crisis by Thomas R. Sykes;
Dorothy Wordsworth by Mary Moorman;
Homage to Herschel by David S. Evans;
Makarios Awaits a U.N. Decision by Thomas Anthem.

MALE CHASTITY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

by Gordon S. Haight

ON April 25, 1848, John Forster gave a dinner for Ralph Waldo Emerson at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields — the very chambers that Dickens had described in the December number of *Dombey and Son* as the scene of Mr. Tulkinghorn's murder. Dickens was already there when Emerson arrived, deep in consultation with Forster over the final rehearsals of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* for the Shakespeare Fund benefit. Soon Carlyle appeared, greeted with what Emerson called Forster's 'obstreperous cordiality' by the loud salutation 'My Prophet!' Emerson had known Carlyle since 1833, when he sought him out at his remote cottage at Craigenputtock. Urging him to return to England to lecture, Carlyle had promised that 'Pickwick himself shall be visible; innocent young Dickens reserved for a questionable fate.' He should also meet Leigh Hunt ('my near neighbour, full of quips and cranks, with good humour and no common sense') as well as 'blockheads by the million'. Now, as the end of his nine-month visit drew near, Forster had arranged this intimate evening to introduce Emerson to Dickens. Another friend of Forster's, young Pringle, was the only other guest.

Since 'there were only gentlemen present', Emerson wrote in his journal, 'the conversation turned on the shameful lewdness of the London streets at night'. Carlyle, in his best fulminating mood, exclaimed: 'I hear it, I hear whoredom in the House of Commons. Disraeli betrays whoredom, and the whole House of Commons universal incontinence, in every word they say.' Emerson had observed the problem at closer range going back and forth to John Chapman's house at 142 Strand, where he lodged while in London, and travelling about other English cities giving his lectures.

> 'I said that when I came to Liverpool, I inquired whether the prostitution was always as gross in that city as it then appeared to me, for it seemed to betoken a fatal rottenness in the state, and I saw not how any boy could grow up safe. But I had been told it was not worse or better for years.
>
> 'Carlyle and Dickens replied that chastity in the male sex was as good as gone in our times; and in England was so rare that they could name all the exceptions. Carlyle evidently believed that the same things were true in America. He had heard this and that of New York, etc. I assured them that it was not so with us; that, for the most part, young men of good standing and good education, with us, go virgins to their nuptial bed, as truly as their brides.
>
> 'Dickens replied that incontinence is so much the rule in England that if his own son were particularly chaste, he should be alarmed on his account, as if he could not be in good health. "Leigh Hunt," he said, "thought it indifferent." '

How much of this account are we to believe? No one looking at the world today can accept such a violent contrast between the English and the American male. In his biography of Dickens, Professor Edgar Johnson suggests that Emerson's friends that evening were deliberately exaggerating the licentiousness to shock 'their prim-minded American visitor,' and

he notes that Dickens's eldest son was then only twelve years old. Yet, I think, Dickens may have been sincere in his remarks. He had known the streets of London from childhood and as a journalist had seen a good deal of its seamier side. At this very moment he was deeply involved with Miss Coutts in establishing a home for fallen women at Shepherd's Bush; he drew up the regulations for it, helped select the Matron, and personally interviewed most of the women admitted, inquiring into the details of their past lives 'to give the Matron some useful foreknowledge of them.' The problem of chastity in the male sex must have been playing a lively part in his thoughts. Carlyle, too, though he loved to talk for effect, may have been serious in this argument. Emerson told Fredrika Bremer that Carlyle had been

> 'very angry with him for not believing in a devil, and to convert him took him among all the horrors of London — the gin-shops etc. and finally to the House of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question, "Do you believe in a devil noo?"'

Of course, the serene philosopher was unconvinced. Though in his system pure malignity could not exist, the horrors he had seen were real enough.

On May 6, two weeks after Forster's dinner, Emerson crossed the Channel to Paris and settled for a month in lodgings on the Left Bank. Louis Philippe had fled in February but Paris was still rumbling with revolution. The mob confronted and occupied the National Assembly and were finally put down by the cannon of the National Guard. A great *Fête de Concorde* was celebrated on the Champ-de-Mars. All of this Emerson saw with his own eyes. Far from interfering with tourism, political tension seemed rather to heighten the life of pleasure for which Paris was famous. Emerson had a new coat cut in the latest mode, went often to the theatre, and dined regularly with his English friends. Chief of these was Arthur Hugh Clough, who had invited him to Oxford in March and had become a warm friend. Unsettled in his religious opinions by the conflicts of the Tractarians and the Liberals, Clough had resigned his tutorship at Oriel and was about to give up his fellowship as well. He was thirty-one, sixteen years younger than Emerson, who found him full of 'interest in life and realities, in the state of woman, and the questions so rife in Paris through Communism, and through the old loose and easy conventions of that city for travellers.'

Clough's conversation about women included 'the *grisette* estate.' Did he perhaps propose that they make a more practical study of the problem? One can only speculate on the meaning of a riddling entry in Emerson's journal for May 13:

> 'What can the brave and strong genius of C. himself avail? What can his praise, what can his blame avail me, when I know that if I fall or if I rise, there still awaits me the inevitable joke? . . . But when I balance the attractions of good and evil, when I consider what facilities, what talents a little vice would furnish, then rise before me not these laughers, but the dear and comely forms of honour and genius and piety in my distant home, and they touch me with chaste palms moist and cold, and say to me, You are ours.'

The flaming youth whom Carlyle and Dickens were discussing in Lincoln's Inn felt little pressure from the 'chaste palms moist and cold'

that restrained the sage of Concord. The purity which Emerson claimed for young men of good standing in America was almost unknown in England. The eighteenth-century novelists show plainly in what indifferent regard male chastity was held in their day. In 1749, Fielding's Mrs. Waters, with whom Tom Jones was sleeping when Sophia came to the inn at Upton, assured Squire Allworthy that he was 'the worthiest of men. No young gentleman of his age is, I believe, freer from vice.' Sophia herself upbraids Tom, not for fornication, but for having (as she thought) mentioned her name in public. To any one who doubts that this was a true picture of English manners, Boswell's journals give undeniable confirmation. With the Napoleonic era came the relaxation of morals that wars always bring. The profligacy of the Regency was public scandal for both sexes.

What reform there had been came principally from the rise of the Evangelical Movement initiated by the Wesleys in the Church of England, but extending into every denomination of Dissenters. If their most spectacular victory was the abolition of slavery in the colonies, at home their attacks on intemperance and prostitution were more deeply felt. And after the Queen married Prince Albert, an earnest German Lutheran with lofty ideals of domestic relations, she established a standard of propriety that in popular usage promises to outlive every other sense of the word Victorian. The 1840s saw a marked alteration of manners. But the new respectability was often superficial; human nature changes slowly, and vice was not so much eliminated as huddled out of sight. Young John Chapman, Emerson's publisher, may serve as an example. As a youth in the 1830s, he was called Byron by his friends because of his exploits with women. In 1851 he refused to publish a novel by Eliza Lynn because of the warmth with which it depicted a love scene. Both his wife and his mistress, whom he kept in the house, objected to the 'sensual nature' of the book, and 'as I am the publisher of works notable for their intellectual freedom,' he wrote, 'it behoves me to be exceedingly careful of the *moral* tendency of all I issue.'

Emerson's fear that with prostitution so prevalent no boy 'could grow up safe' applied with particular force to the universities. The nineteenth century novelists for the most part temper their accounts for polite readers, who get only fleeting glimpses of what they refer to as 'gross vice.' In *Tom Brown at Oxford* Thomas Hughes (B.A. 1845) hardly glances at it. The wealthy fellow commoner Drysdale, one of the fast set, quotes a saying of his old uncle that 'a young fellow must sow his wild oats,' and adds that 'Oxford seems a place specially set apart by Providence for that operation.' He keeps a mistress established in 'a pretty retired cottage' near Abingdon, where he once drives Tom to see her. Needless to say, the reader does not accompany them beyond the door. Less affluent undergraduates were dependent on prostitutes at the edge of town, who of course do not appear in the novel. But the main plot concerns Tom's infatuation with Patty, a barmaid, and the misunderstanding it causes later with his true love, Mary Porter. Her father, Tom says, 'had heard

very bad stories of me at Oxford, but he would not press me with them. There were too few young men whose lives would bear looking into for him to insist much on such matters, and he was ready to let bygones be bygones.' None of the other novels laid at Oxford or Cambridge treats this aspect of undergraduate life so frankly. John Gibson Lockhart's *Reginald Dalton* (1823) has faint hints of vice in the gay youth Chisney and his fast friends, but the worst a reader can see is the Town and Gown riot the night Dalton first comes up. Newman's *Loss and Gain* (1848) does not even hint at vice; the serious lapses are not physical, but doctrinal: 'a young man of twenty-two professing in an hour's conversation with a friend what really were Catholic doctrines and usages of penance, purgatory, councils of perfection, mortification of self, and clerical celibacy.' Markham Sutherland, the hero of James Anthony Froude's *The Nemesis of Faith* (1849), has finished his undergraduate career at Oxford before the story opens. His conflict is not over chastity, but over taking orders. When the old scepticism leads to resignation of his living, he retires to the shore of Lake Como, where his technical adultery (for 'they did not fall as vulgar minds count falling') seems less his fault than that of the husband, who, not loving his young wife, invited Markham to move into his house and went off for five months with an unnamed count to a castle in the Apennines. Oxford has failed Markham.

> 'All along his life he had turned with disgust from every word which was sullied with any breath of impurity; the poetry of voluptuous passion he had loathed. Alas! it would have been better far for him if it had not been so. He would have had the experience of his fallen nature to warn him by the taste of fruit which it had borne in others.'

By 1869, when Henry Kingsley published *Stretton*, the jolly undergraduates drink little and are too much absorbed in their reading and boat-racing to give any thoughts to loose women.

The most objective description of undergraduate life in the 1840s is found in *Five Years in an English University*, published in 1852 by Charles Astor Bristed. Bristed's father, son of an English clergyman, was educated at Winchester, studied medicine at Edinburgh, and was admitted to the bar at the Inner Temple before emigrating to the United States. In New York he married the daughter of John Jacob Astor the younger. Charles was born there in 1820. Educated by private tutors, he entered Yale College at the early age of fifteen, and graduated in 1839. After a year of graduate study at Yale, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at first as a Fellow Commoner. His five years at Trinity gave him a unique opportunity to compare educational methods in England and America as well as the character of undergraduate life. Those years 1840-45, coincided exactly with Thomas Hughes's years at Oxford, when the Tractarian controversy was reaching its climax. At Cambridge, which for a generation had been the proselytising centre for the Evangelicals, the Anglo-Catholics also had an active group in the Camden Society until Newman's reception into the Roman Catholic Church ended it. Bristed's account throws some interesting light on the religious turmoil of those days.

The chapter of his book that concerns us most is entitled 'On the State of Morals and Religion in Cambridge.' After the austere fare of Yale College, where puritan tradition still frowned on pleasure, he was astonished at how comfortably men lived.

> 'That decanters and glasses should be among the articles directly recommended by the tutor's servant who assists him in furnishing his room — without any objection, too, from the Evangelical friend who assists him in his purchases; that he should be able to order supper for himself and friends out of the College kitchen, and his College tutor, so far from appearing as a bird of ill omen to mar the banquet, will perhaps play a good knife and fork at it himself — all this seems odd to him at first.'

Bristed found, in general, two types of undergraduates. 'The reading men are obliged to be tolerably temperate, but among the 'rowing' [*row* rhymes with *cow* and has no connection with boats] men there is a great deal of absolute drunkenness at dinner and supper parties.' But what really shocked Bristed was the frank indulgence in both groups of what he calls 'the animal passions.'

> 'The American graduate who has been accustomed to find even among irreligious men a tolerable standard of morality and an ingenuous shame in relation to certain subjects, is utterly confounded at the amount of open profligacy going on all around him at an English University; a profligacy not confined to the "rowing" set, but including many of the reading men and not altogether sparing those in authority. There is a careless and undisguised way of talking about gross vice, which shows that public sentiment does not strongly condemn it; it is habitually talked of and considered as a thing from which a man may abstain through extraordinary frigidity of temperament or high religious scruple, or merely as a bit of training with reference to the physical consequences alone; but which is on the whole natural, excusable, and perhaps to most men necessary.'

Bristed discovered that a student would remain chaste or not entirely in accordance with some medical friend's opinion of its effect on his working condition, preserving 'his bodily purity solely and avowedly because he wanted to put himself at the head of the Tripos and keep his boat at the head of the river.' At the lowest estimate, Bristed put the number of known prostitutes in Cambridge, most of them gathered in the Barnwell suburb towards the north, at nearly one hundred — a fairly generous provision for the total of 1,600 undergraduates.

> 'One of my first acquaintances at Cambridge, the Fellow Commoner next to whom I sat in Chapel, had not known me two days or spoken to me half-a-dozen times before he asked me to accompany him to Barnwell one evening after Hall, just as quietly as a compatriot might have asked me to take a drink. . . . The proposition made to me in so off-hand and matter-of-course a way might justify the conclusion that the practice was sufficiently common — as indeed subsequent experience fully proved.'

In comparing the American with the English undergraduates Bristed conceded that the Cambridge men, 'so inferior to ours in purity, were superior to them in some other moral qualities.' They had less of the envy, malice, and uncharitableness of an American college.

> 'I was personally acquainted with many men who thought no more of committing fornication than a Southerner would of murdering an Abolitionist, and yet were models of honesty, generosity, truth, and integrity: that men are frequent among us, not only in youth but at a more advanced stage of life,

> spotlessly pure, rigidly abstemious, making great personal and pecuniary sacrifices in the cause of philanthropy, who are nevertheless greedy of scandal, careless of truth, with very loose conceptions of the obligation of contracts or the duty of citizens to the government. I might set off the integrity of one country against the purity of the other, and say, that if the Englishman is apt to forget that his body is God's temple, the American is equally apt to overlook the assertion, on equally high authority, that what cometh *out* of the mouth defileth a man.'

The worst objection Bristed felt was to 'gross vice' practised by men about to take orders.

> 'Many of the men whose undergraduate course has been the most marked by drunkenness and debauchery, appear, after the "Poll" examination, at Divinity lectures — step out of Barnwell into the Church, without any pretence of other change than in the attire of their outward man. . . . The idea is going into Christ's ministry as a mere business . . . is sufficiently abhorrent to people brought up in our way of thinking, even when the hireling shepherd is a man of correct moral character; but when his life for years has been giving the lie to every word he will preach, *can* language be strong enough to express our emotions of grief and indignation?'

He illustrates his point by an anecdote, literally set down as he heard it told, '(except that the real names are changed and the coarse language of the narrator slightly modified)':

> 'You want to know what this row was between Lord Gaston and Brackett — well, it happened this way. Brackett had brought his *chère amie* down from London. Gaston made her acquaintance. Brackett goes there one night and finds the door locked; so he kicked the door open, and gave Gaston a black eye. Then Gaston wanted to challenge him, and said he didn't care whether he was turned out of the University or not [this is the penalty for being concerned in a duel]; but his friends agreed that, *as Brackett was going into the Church*, they had better make it up.'

Bristed attributed the differences he noted to neglect in early years of the moral education of English boys. If they

> 'can be made *manly*, that is to say, courageous, honest, and tolerably truthful, the formation of habits of purity and self-denial is altogether a secondary matter. Grown people, old, grey-headed men, encourage boys to drink, and talk before them as the fastest specimen of Young America would not talk before his younger brother. A stranger, with no further knowledge of the subject than he would gain by reading any good sermons addressed to boys, Arnold's at Rugby for example, could not but remark the progress made in vice at an early age by the inmates of a public school, and . . . the admitted theory of their elders, that indulgence in sensual vices is not incompatible with a Christian life.'

But a second cause, more deeply rooted in English society, is

> *'the low estimate which men in the upper ranks of life form of women in the lower.* The remark has often been made, and with perfect truth, that that spirit of chivalry which makes every man the protector of every woman, is a peculiar feature of American civilisation. . . . That shop-girls, work-women, domestic servants, and all females in similar positions, were expressly designed for the amusement of gentlemen, and generally serve that purpose, is a proposition assented to by a large proportion of Englishmen, even when they do not act upon the idea themselves. You meet the position, either directly expressed or implied (more frequently the latter), both in their conversation and their writings. . . . And in a popular novel published some years ago, I recollect that an old gentleman lecturing his nephew says to him, "You seduced a servant. I know young men are young men, *and servant maids are not Lucretias.*" Then he goes on to say, that what he *does* blame him for is abandoning his illegitimate child without support.'

The English upper classes Bristed considered 'tolerably moral in their own sphere.'

> 'Their women are well brought up. Their young men respect ladies; perhaps it would be more correct to say *they are afraid of them*. . . . But the virtue of a housemaid or a milliner-girl is a thing inconceivable to [a young Englishman]; he has no more conception of it than, I suppose, a native of New Orleans would have of the virtue of a Quadroon. . . . He does not think that a poor man must necessarily be dishonest or mendacious, or may not be altogether a very good Christian. . . . But that a woman from among "the common people" should be anything but a *common woman* he will be slow to believe. Female virtue he deems a luxury of the wealthy.'

The University, Bristed thought, is much to blame for the prevalence of vice in Cambridge. It appoints two Proctors, who on alternate nights with their servants or 'bull dogs'

> 'make the tour of Barnwell suburb and other suspicious places, and apprehend any women who may be seen openly enticing gownsmen, or any gownsmen detected in improper localities. Now I do not doubt but these gentlemen perform their disagreeable duties with much diligence, that they prevent some vice and detect more; but were I asked honestly my opinion of their practical efficacy, I should say that they were not equal to the amount of police work they took in hand, and that they were more successful in catching small offenders against University rules — pouncing upon a poor fellow like myself for instance, who had crossed the street after candle-light without his cap and gown, and fining him six-and-eightpence — than in checking or punishing men of profligate habits.'

If the authorities were seriously inclined to it, they might easily 'put down all disorderly houses and expel from the place all the notorious prostitutes, of whom there are nearly a hundred at the lowest estimate as well known as if they were under a Parisian registration.'

> 'And if any offence against morals is committed in their own order, how do the Dons treat the delinquent? A tolerably strong case occurred in my time. A young woman of previous good character went to a Fellow of Kings to procure an order of admission to the chapel on Sunday evening. He made her drunk and seduced her. The reader will probably agree with me that if the corporation of Kings had expelled him from their body it would not have been a punishment beyond his deserts. What *did* they do? They suspended him from his Fellowship for two years, which was equivalent to a fine of £400 or thereabout.'

Bristed's picture of Cambridge is not all black. He acknowledges that a young man who is disposed to find a truly 'good set' can find one, or indeed have his choice among several sets of really virtuous and religious men. But why such men have not more influence in reforming the evils about them 'is a question easier to ask than to answer.' In general, however, Bristed seems to confirm Emerson's view in his conversation in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The appearance of *Tom Brown at Oxford* (1861) prompted an article entitled 'English and American University Life' in the *Boston Review* for March, 1862, discussing *Tom Brown's School-Days* as well as Bristed's book, which had been published ten years before. The anonymous reviewer, an earnest Evangelical, a militant teetotaller, probably a Harvard man, attacked Hughes's picture of the 'boating, horse-racing, wine-drinking crowd that congregate at Oxford.' He does not doubt the accuracy of the picture of college life as Hughes saw it; but

> 'the one decidedly immoral tendency of these volumes seems to us to be that the author has no earnest word of disapprobation for those drinking habits so prevalent among English students. . . . What we complain of is that he appears to take sides with the drinkers, — that he tells us, with an evident relish and gusto, how many bottles were uncorked on this trivial occasion and how many on that.'

Hughes is not the only one who thus offends against good taste and morality.

> 'Dickens cannot go a dozen pages with any set of his grotesque characters without feeling it needful to stop and "liquor" them. Thackeray has very much the same philosophy; and indeed, from many sources of information, it is evident that the public sentiment of England on this subject is not advanced much beyond what ours was half a century ago'

Three-fourths of the *Boston Review* article is devoted to disapproving comments on Bristed's book. 'The author of *Five Years in an English University* has presented a picture so black and revolting on this subject, that we should hardly dare to exhibit it at full length in these pages.' Yet in the latter part, that is in the chapter on morals, Bristed 'talks like a man and a Christian,' though his account shows 'a state of society corrupt beyond anything of which we have knowledge in our American colleges.' Here is further corroboration of Emerson's view of the superior virtue of young Americans of good standing and good education.

Professor Kathleen Tillotson in her *Novels of the Eighteen-Forties* points out that prudery in regard to sexual relations was not an early Victorian phenomenon, but came in the 1860s with the development of the shilling magazines for family reading. Dickens satirises it in *Our Mutual Friend* (1864) with Mr. Podsnap, who abhors anything that might bring a blush to the cheek of 'the young person,' his daughter Georgiana. In America, however, the Puritan tradition, reinforced by the Evangelical Movement, dominated genteel society during the whole of the nineteenth century. In 1823, the Reverend Nathaniel S. Wheaton, Rector of Christ Church, Hartford, looked with distaste at Westmacott's *Achilles*, recently erected near Apsley House in honour of the Duke of Wellington. In his *Journal of a Residence during Several Months in London* (1830) Wheaton wrote:

> 'Although erected by his fair country-women, they are said to complain that they are debarred from seeing it — their husbands and fathers alleging, as a reason for the prohibition, certain oversights in the disposition of the drapery, which, scanty as it is, need not perhaps have been *all* suspended from the left arm.'

Even at the British Museum Mr. Wheaton was ill at ease:

> 'The gallery of marbles appeared to me not altogether proper for the indiscriminate admission of visitors of both sexes; and it is impossible to say how far the taste of the British fair may have been disciplined among the Elgin statues, for the erection of the monument in Hyde-park to the honour of their heroic countryman. Indeed it was not difficult to perceive that the ladies here felt a little out of place.'

In 1830, Miss Emma Willard, the founder of the girl's school which still bears her name, was similarly distressed by the immodesty of the statues in the Tuileries Garden. In a letter to her pupils she wrote:

> 'No — my dear girls, I shall not take you to examine those statues. If your mothers were here, I would leave you sitting on these shaded benches and conduct them through the walks, and they would return, and bid you depart for our own America; where the eye of modesty is not publicly affronted; and where virgin delicacy can walk abroad without a blush.'

This absurdity was not limited to strait-laced Yankees. There was a loud outcry over the exhibition of nude statues at the Crystal Palace in 1851, about which *Punch* waxed uproarious, and before it was reopened at Sydenham in 1854, a committee of lords and bishops, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, remonstrated with the directors on their disregard of public decency. In an open letter dedicated 'To the Fathers of Great Britain', a certain William Peters objected particularly to Hiram Powers's *Greek Slave*, the most prominent exhibit in 1851, as a work, not of art, but of mechanical skill made 'by copying from the naked figure and moulding from the naked form.' If the directors persist in showing it at Sydenham, Peters will acquaint

> 'the matrons, and through them the daughters of England, that women are habitually hired to expose themselves to the gaze of the penciller, and forms selected for their exquisite symmetry and beauty are modelled in plastic clay by the hand of the artist — nay more, that art has the conceit to attempt improvement on Deity, and that a fine female statue may be the connected and consolidated model of detached portions, seemly and unseemly, of many realities — nay more than all this, I am credibly informed, that it is not an uncommon practice for young artists to invite their young companions who make no pretence of having been trained by practice to the modesty of the artists themselves, to be present at these "sittings".'

Even more vehemently Peters objected to statues *not* copied from life — the fauns and bacchanalians, 'living monuments of drunkenness and vice . . . *in puris naturalibus,* the exposure of which is contemplated by nearly every male with *unmitigated disgust.*' These works are more fit for the College of Surgeons than for the 'decoration of a *parterre* through which we Englishmen are invited to introduce our sons and daughters.' Though the Second Commandment, forbidding graven images, troubles him nearly as much as the Fourth, which clearly forbade opening the Exhibition on Sundays, Peters would not have it thought that he was opposed to all sculpture:

> 'There is grandeur and good taste in a colossal statue of a warrior or a statesman — a well-clad Cornwallis, an Eldon, and a Stowell may be appropriate in colossal bronze or marble But if you can find *any* advantage, in *any* way, in *any* naked alabaster, what answer will you give as to the colossal *Nymph of Fontainebleau*?'

Peters learns from the handbook that this work of Cellini (now in the Louvre) was rejected by the mistresses of Francis I and Henry II. 'Away with it then from an Exhibition to which you invite the women of England!'

One further document may be offered in support of Emerson's belief in the chastity of the American male. One of the readers of the *Boston Review* article, Elbridge Jefferson Cutler, wrote to the editor commending it. Cutler, a Harvard graduate (1853) and class poet, had taught school for several years and served as tutor preparing boys for college. In 1859-60,

he travelled in Europe and, after spending another year abroad in 1864-65, on his return was appointed Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, a post he held until his death in 1870. He is described as a rather strange young man, shy and reserved, 'temperate, nay almost ascetic, in his habits.' One man who knew him wrote: 'He seemed singularly quickened at the core, and strangely free from all tendencies to practical vice and folly. His atmosphere was pure and bracing, and it seemed impossible to associate anything low or unworthy with him. He was a man whose presence and society befitted a home, and the companionship of pure women.' The only woman in his life was his mother, to whom his life-long devotion was notable. After reading the *Boston Review* he wrote to the Reverend Joshua Thomas Tucker, the editor:

'My dear Sir

That article in the current number of the Boston Review on English and American University Life contains in my opinion a just view of the relative morality of the English and American Colleges. I suspect however that the superiority runs thro' the whole body of our people.

I spent a week on Lake Leman at Lausanne, almost constantly in the company of an English clergyman temporarily absent from his parish on account of Bronchitis, who seemed to me in every respect a genial, candid man and a Christian. I had at that time in my company a beautiful American of 18, singularly pure in his character, and whom I would have trusted in Sodom. Alluding to him, the Englishman asked if I did not feel great anxiety about him lest he be ruined by foreign influences etc. Our conversation turned upon the licentiousness of young men, and when I expressed this confidence in my friend, the gentleman seemed amazed. He asked me if I pretended to assert that any young American reached the age of 25 a chaste man. I told him that in my college class I felt sure that four in five were perfectly correct on that point, and that two thirds were never the worse for liquor in their lives. He told me that in his opinion (and he allowed me to take his words down in my pocket book) that he did "not believe that one Englishman in 50 reached the age of 25 a chaste man," and he added "I condemn myself." You may have the means of identifying my interlocutor, when I say that he was the son of the English Bishop who founded an Episcopal Chapel in the Vale of Chamounix.

Thomas Dickinson, whom you know, told me (he travelled among the middle classes) that wherever he went in Manchester, Birmingham, London, young men connected with the commercial houses to which he was accredited, uniformly at once invited him to houses of ill fame, and when he declined could not discover any motive for his *affectation of prudery*.

The son of a Member of Parliament from Essex from whom I had a letter, told me that without that vice I could never hope to mingle with the young men of England on confidential terms.

Within two hours after my young friend and I put up in Liverpool at a very nice hotel, an attaché of the house offered to conduct us to a house

of prostitution. Many other young travellers who put themselves (as I tried to do) on terms of ease with everybody of whatever grade in order to learn the people have reported similar experiences. Probably your age protected you from such contact.

The two personal incidents put on this page may seem very little. But I never encountered *one* of the kind in this country.

Very truly yours

E. J. Cutler'

While the older generation's faith in a higher level of chastity among American males is well documented, we should like to know whether it was really shared by the young. What would we give for the travel journal kept in 1859 by that 'beautiful American youth of 18' whom Mr. Cutler 'would have trusted in Sodom'? Shielded from the vices of corrupt foreign societies, did he return to Yale or Harvard to be similarly guarded until, after graduation, he went virgin to his nuptial bed as truly as his bride? Did he leave college in 1861 to join the colours, and in the army among men of lower station and little education find his ideal of chastity considered exceptional, even unnatural? The Kinsey *Report* in 1948 revealed to the most incredulous moralist the revolution wrought by two World Wars in the attitude towards chastity. In the permissive era of the 1970s, the Pill has doubtless reduced still further the number of young men and women of good standing and good education who had no sexual experience before marriage. Among the lower-middle or 'working-classes' conditions are probably much as they have always been on both sides of the Atlantic.

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NEW LIFE FOR THE SUEZ CANAL?

by Alan B. Mountjoy

THE Suez Canal has now been closed to shipping for four years, since the beginning of June, 1967. Then, it became the front line between Egyptian and Israeli troops and its navigable channel was blocked by sunken ships and submerged military equipment. In recent months the possibility of a re-opening of the Canal has been canvassed, but ways of extricating the Canal Zone from the military operations have not yet been agreed. If the opportunity is lost it could be serious for Egypt and ultimately for the whole future of the Canal. The changing character of the world's fleets, particularly the enormous increase in size of oil tankers, means that a reopened Canal must rapidly adapt to new conditions and the possibility of successful and viable adaptation lessen as the months pass. The much shorter closure of the Canal in 1956, after the Anglo-French intervention, brought some inconvenience to Western Europe, especially in connection with oil supplies, but the present lengthy closure has caused less alarm and less inconvenience. As the years have passed new trading patterns have evolved that are acquiring an air of permanence. Dry and liquid cargoes are now routed around the Cape of Good Hope; container methods offsetting the higher transport costs are becoming utilised in the Australian trade and, increasingly, African sources of crude oil are being developed (e.g. in Libya, Algeria and Nigeria) which have the advantage of being nearer the West European market and the 'right' side of Suez. This suggests that, in addition to reviewing the technical feasibility of re-opening and modifying the Suez Canal in the near future, the necessity for it should also be examined together with some of the effects that a re-opening might have. The importance of an international waterway such as the Suez Canal cannot be assessed in simple quantitative terms: a wide range of factors — economic, political and strategic — are involved and virtually every country in the world had some interest affected by the operation of the Canal as it existed until 1967. This is of prime significance and underlines the fact that although the geographical advantages offered by the Canal are directed particularly at certain parts of the globe, there are wider effects, for example upon world freight rates, upon the operations of the world's oil industry, upon naval mobility and balance between the great powers, and upon their spheres of influence. The Canal provides a link between industrialised Europe and the scores of countries of East Africa, Arabia, India, South-East Asia and Australia. Most of these states were formerly colonies of European powers and are now independent. The Canal had existed for almost a century and this link between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea and Indian Ocean had become accepted as a geographical fact. The Canal offers the most direct route between Europe and the Indian Ocean, Australia and the Far East. Savings in distance (and therefore in time and cost) are as much as 5,000 sea miles to Kuwait and 4,500 sea miles to Bombay. East-coast United States ports also benefit by

using the Suez route to the Persian Gulf and across the Indian Ocean as far as Singapore. These savings in time and cost are very real ones: for example, a tanker voyage to Western Europe from the Persian Gulf via Suez takes about 40 days, whereas via the Cape it needs nearly 70 days. Australia however, benefits much less, the saving over the Cape route being about 1,000 miles. Some of this implied saving would be lost by the payment of Canal dues and on balance it might be felt that cargo-liners from Australia lose little by the Cape route. However, from Australia the Cape route involves long stretches without ports of call and shipping using that route is deprived of the trade and passengers from Colombo and the Mediterranean ports as well as cheap bunkering at Aden. The extra cost for a round voyage from Australia to Europe via the Cape instead of the Suez Canal is not less than £50,000. It follows that the extra cost for shipping to and from the Indian sub-continent, which would have an extra 4,000 miles to cover, would be substantially greater.

The Canal normally carries about 15 per cent of world seaborne trade. In 1966, the last full year of operation, 242 million metric tons of merchandise passed through the Canal (in 21,250 vessels). This was more than double the total that passed through the Canal in 1955 (in 14,666 vessels) and indicates the growing volume of transit trade that has been characteristic of the Canal's history. An analysis of the character and destination of this trade reveals a marked imbalance between northbound and southbound cargoes. This is due mainly to the movement of crude oil, almost entirely from the Persian Gulf ports, which is destined for Europe and some for the U.S.A. Of all cargoes passing through the Canal in recent years 83 per cent is northbound and 17 per cent southbound, with oil making up 75 per cent of the total. Other northbound cargoes include bulk ores, grain and fibre crops such as cotton and sisal. The southbound cargoes include fertilisers, cereals and foodstuffs, metals and manufactured goods. It is interesting to observe that the countries whose trade relies on the Canal most are not those of Western Europe but India, Pakistan and Ceylon. Over 40 per cent of their foreign trade passes through the Canal, with 20 per cent of the trade of Malaysia and Australia. Just over 20 per cent of United Kingdom trade normally uses the Suez route. Thus an important part of the developing world benefits substantially from the Suez artery which demonstrably has very great importance in the pattern of international trade. It could well be said that until the abrupt closure in 1967 it was at the Suez Canal that one could feel the pulse of world trade. Certainly on the score of trade and lower freight rates irrespective of political and strategic considerations, the re-opening of the Canal would seem to be highly desirable.

However, a re-opening of the Canal as it was in 1967 will no longer be adequate. The four years of enforced closure have seen marked changes in the character of the world's tanker fleet, so much so that it has been suggested that if a re-opening is much longer delayed the Canal might be a write-off, for it might no longer be possible to adapt it to a constantly growing size of vessel. As we have seen, oil is the primate commodity

passing through the Canal and is of supreme importance to Western Europe's industry. While the Canal was open the increase in the size of tankers was related to the successive widenings and deepenings of the Canal. By 1966 the Canal's maximum draught was 38 ft. which allowed the passage of loaded tankers of up to 65,000 tons. The closure of the Canal not merely released tanker builders from this limitation, but forced them to design especially large tankers to offset the longer voyage and greater cost of the Cape route. Thus massive tankers of 200,000 tons, and even 300,000 tons are now in operation (500,000 tonners are reputed to be on the drawing board). None of this new generation of tankers would be able to negotiate the present Suez Canal. With no prospect in sight of a reduction in tanker size the Egyptian Suez Canal Authority has no option but to put in hand a massive enlargement programme or to go out of business, for 73 per cent of Canal dues come from tankers; the dues from dry cargo and passengers alone would be inadequate to sustain the cost of operating the Canal.

The Suez Canal Authority is confident that it will be able to clear the present Canal ready for re-opening within three to four months. With memories of the five month-long international operation that was necessary in 1956-7, it may be thought that the Canal Authority is unduly optimistic. However, in 1956 the operation was influenced by the aim of salvaging sunken vessels and this will no longer be the case. The sunken wrecks now in the Canal will be cleared and not salvaged: the aim will be speed. Ten vessels are known to be sunk in the southern part of the Canal while in the northern part military trucks and equipment will have to be raised. Extensive repairs to the revetments of the Canal, severely damaged by shelling and bombing, will be necessary but on the eastern bank they will be only of temporary character owing to longer-term enlargement plans. A completely new installation of navigational aids and transit and communication stations along the waterway will also be necessary. Surprisingly, very little dredging is expected to be required, for although the Canal is dredged continuously to maintain the depth of the navigable channel, 85 per cent of the silt lifted annually is the result of waves from the movement of ships eroding the banks. No ships have passed through the Canal for four years and Nile silt entering the Canal from the Sweet Water Canal at Ismailiya has been reduced as a result of the operation of the Aswan High Dam. Thus no massive dredging programme will be necessary.

Perhaps the soundest reason for confidence is that, unlike in 1956, the organisation of the Canal Authority remains virtually intact. It was far-sighted enough to transfer engineering workshops and support equipment inland and to disperse its tugs and dredgers to contract work in the Mediterranean and Persian Gulf where they remain operationally available. The several thousand skilled and semi-skilled workers employed by the Authority before the Canal was closed remain in its service, mainly deployed on various contract projects, and the bulk of the pilots, many seconded to pilot jobs in other ports, await recall when the time comes.

Plans for the clearing of the Canal have been perfected and the help of foreign salvage companies enlisted. The cost of the operation is expected to be at least £8 million but the source of finance is not clear: a loan from Kuwait may be a possibility.

It took ten years for Ferdinand de Lesseps to construct the Canal; for Century. It was Napoleon, in occupation of Egypt in 1798, who turned 107 miles long and is excavated in the sands, gravels and clays that form about 40 million years ago, it is thought that a channel did exist between the Isthmus of Suez. At one time, following the Alpine movements of the first five years he relied almost entirely on hand labour. The Canal is the early Mediterranean and the Red Sea; but subsequent uplift and siltation has formed the isthmus of today. With modern machinery excavation is not difficult over most of the Canal and a great deal of work is done with suction dredgers. Hard layers of gypsum and limestone in the southern part of the Canal present some problems and here explosives and marine bucket dredgers are employed. The Canal is aligned north-south in an almost direct route from the Gulf of Suez, at the old Egyptian fishing port of Suez, to the newer twin ports of Port Said and Port Fuad on the Mediterranean coast. The route passes through Lake Timsah and the saline Bitter Lakes and various marshy depressions. It is at sea level throughout so that locks are unnecessary. Other canals existed in this area in earlier times, making use of an eastern (Pelusian) arm of the Nile, long since vanished. Both Herodotus and Strabo refer to these earlier waterways, dating from at least 2,000 B.C., which were not designed for inter-sea traffic but merely to facilitate trade into Egypt. Such routes waxed and waned and finally fell into disuse and silted up in the eighth attention to the possibility and advantages of a sea-to-sea canal, but 60 years passed before another Frenchman began the mammoth task of its construction.

When it was opened, with great pomp, in November, 1869, at certain points the depth of channel was not more than 18 ft. At bottom the navigable channel was 72 ft. wide and the surface width of the canal was 200 ft. After a slow start, with only two or three vessels passing through the canal daily, traffic grew steadily and as the size of vessel increased so a series of improvements works became inaugurated. The growing importance of the oil trade has led in recent years to a very rapid increase in size of tankers, for economies of scale are particularly possible in dealing with liquids and increases in tanker capacity can lower unit costs substantially. Thus it has been that since the First World War improvement programmes have become vaster and more costly as oil companies and tanker operators built their ships to the limit of the Canal capacity, always urging its further enlargement.

In the mid-thirties the annual volume of trade passing through the canal was about 26 million tons. Twice as much cargo moved north as went south and the northbound oil cargoes averaged 4.5 million tons (17 per cent of all cargo). In 1966 total cargo passing through the canal

was 242 million tons. Four times as much moved north as moved south and the northbound oil cargoes amounted to 166 million tons (85 per cent). Thus the relationship of Suez Canal development to the growing world importance of Middle East oil since the 1930s is well demonstrated.

By the summer of 1967 the navigable channel in the canal had been deepened to 39 ft. and by December was planned to be 40 ft. A disadvantage of the canal has been its lack of breadth, originally overcome by passing places being constructed at 10 kilometre intervals, but one ship had to stop while the other passed. The greater number of vessels in transit and their increasing size led, after the last war, to the use of a convoy system: two convoys being marshalled and dispatched daily at both Port Said and Suez. By-passes were excavated at one-third and two-thirds of the distance along the canal so that complete convoys could pass each other. Early transits of the canal took 40 hours, by 1939 this time was reduced to 13 hours but at the time of closure had risen to 15 hours. In the 1930s 17 or 18 vessels passed through the canal daily, in 1966 the number was 58. There is no doubt that the canal was operating at very near its capacity at the time of the closure.

In 1964 plans were made to double the width of the canal by 1975 and to create by then a depth of about 60 ft. This would allow tankers of 200,000 tons to use the Canal. This plan has now been revised in order to accommodate 250,000 ton tankers as soon as possible and a depth of 67 ft. by 1975 is to be aimed at. The announcement of these plans has been partly to reassure tanker owners that their recent heavy investment in tankers of about 250,000 tons will not be wasted and indeed may continue. Operators are not expected to show much enthusiasm for the Suez route until the canal can accept tankers of at least 100,000 tons, for up to that size it is cheaper to buy and operate 250,000 tons vessels via the Cape. Once vessels of 100,000 tons can use the Canal the margin of advantage for the larger vessels via the Cape dwindles away.

Present plans are directed at completing this massive enlargement within four/five years at a cost probably approaching £150 million. The 15-mile channel from Port Said into the Mediterranean will be deepened and the Canal will be broadened by the cutting away and setting back of the eastern bank some 300 ft. In fact, when completed by 1975-6 the massive enlargement plans will have created virtually a new canal. The deepening and widening programme will be carried out without interruption to the transit of shipping. At first clearance tankers of up to 70,000 tons will be accepted and within a few months those of 100,000 tons. By 1975-76 the work for 250,000 tonners is expected to be completed and by these heroic efforts it is hoped to preserve the oil trade for the Canal.

It is possible that this may be the last improvement and enlargement plan for the Canal. Further widening and deepening could only be done at prodigious cost and current thinking supports the view that a more economic project to sustain the growing oil trade will be a pipeline from the Gulf of Suez to the Mediterranean. The construction of such a pipeline has now been approved and should be begun by November, 1971.

This pipeline will be 210 miles long, 42 inches in diameter and will be capable of passing 80 million tons of oil a year. It will be well away from the Canal Zone, running from a terminal in the Gulf of Suez, which will accept tankers of up to 300,000 tons, and passing south of Cairo to a Mediterranean terminal 10 miles west of Alexandria. Here 250,000 ton tankers will be accommodated. This pipeline (SUMED) will take 32 months to build and could be functioning in the summer of 1974 and should prove a valuable supplement to the Suez artery. As the years pass the expansion of this pipeline may prove more economical than further Canal enlargement. It is not likely that tanker size will remain for long around the 250,000 ton level and this suggests that after 1975 even greater efforts to expand the Canal might be necessary. Should this happen, the increasing width of tankers will necessitate either one vast channel over 800 ft. in width or two separate single ways — in effect the construction of a second Suez Canal.

The re-opening of the Canal will have widespread beneficial effects. Tanker charter rates are likely to fall dramatically and world shipping rates generally should show reduction. The lowering of freight costs to and from Europe will specially benefit India, Pakistan and Ceylon with rather less benefit to Malaysia and Australia. Egypt herself will benefit by the receipt of Canal dues and incidental payments, perhaps totalling as much as £200 million gross a year.

There will also be significant strategic effects of a re-opening of the Canal, particularly to the U.S.S.R. which will be able to supply its new fleet in the Indian Ocean from Black Sea ports rather than from Vladivostock, and will gain mobility and strength by the possibility of rapid movement between that fleet and its larger one in the Mediterranean.

Suez Canal: Principal Distances

(In sea miles)

	Via Suez Canal	Via Cape of Good Hope	Via Panama Canal
London or Liverpool to: —			
Bombay	6,250	10,700	—
Kuwait	6,500	11,300	—
Singapore	8,270	11,840	15,200
Yokohama	11,250	14,570	12,520
Melbourne	11,000	11,900	12,950
Auckland	12,670	14,380	11,350
New York to: —			
Bombay	8,200	11,450	—
Kuwait	8,600	12,100	—
Singapore	10,170	12,430	—
Hong Kong	11,600	13,750	11,300

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WAR IN ERITREA

by David Robinson

CIVIL war has now been going on in Ethiopia's northern province of Eritrea for nearly a decade, and yet until the recent upsurge in fighting the Eritrean rebellion was perhaps the least publicised of all Africa's 'forgotten wars' in the English-speaking world. Since 1961 a separatist movement has developed into a full-scale rebellion against the government of Emperor Haile Selassie and has followed a familiar pattern of terrorist attacks followed by savage army retaliation which has only further alienated the civil population. There are now more than 60,000 Eritrean refugees in Sudan, an unspecified number of political prisoners languish in the province's jails, public hangings are a weekly occurrence, while a sullen peace is maintained in the towns by a well-organised network of informers and secret police. The Eritrean insurrection differs from others of its kind in two basic respects: firstly, suppression of Eritrean autonomy in 1962 was perhaps one of the most blatant examples of imperialism by a modern African state, and secondly a fragile Eritrean nationalism has been forged in the present struggle from a motley collection of different ethnic, language and religious groups.

Eritrea, a territory of about 48,000 square kilometres, is a product of Italian colonisation in north-east Africa, and its boundaries reflect the points where the Italian impetus was halted. Geographically the spine of Eritrea is a northward continuation of the Ethiopian highlands—a dry barren plateau 6-7,000 feet above sea-level which breaks up northwards into a series of deeply dissected ranges, and plunges to eastern and western lowland plains.

The plateau peoples, who account for about half of the estimated three million inhabitants, are Tigrinya-speaking Christians with a long tradition of settled cultivation. They are the northern branch of a much larger group occupying northern Ethiopia proper, whose kingdom of Axum, which flourished 1,500 years ago, was the first of Ethiopia's unified states. In contrast, the surrounding hills and lowlands support mainly simple pastoral people, most of them Moslem, using Semitic or Hamitic dialects, and with strong cultural ties with Sudan.

Fifty years of Italian rule, characterised by steady economic progress, was suddenly ended by an Anglo-Sudanese army in 1941, and for the next decade Eritrea was administered by the British under a U.N. mandate. A freer atmosphere and progress in education combined with the collapse of a war-time boom to stimulate local political discussion for the first time. A whole range of demands was voiced concerning the future of the territory while this issue was being debated at the United Nations. By 1952 a compromise had been reached which balanced the claims of Ethiopia for the complete absorption of Eritrea—a claim which

was supported by a majority of the politically conscious highlanders—and the predominantly Moslem calls for complete independence or for some kind of link with Sudan. This compromise was enshrined in a constitution approved by the General Assembly in December 1950 and accepted by the imperial government. It created an autonomous Eritrean state 'federated with Ethiopia under the sovereignty of the Ethiopian crown', with its own flag, official languages (Tigrinya and Arabic), a popularly elected assembly and chief executive, its own penal code, and with control over internal security, taxation and so on. Provision was made for a referendum after 10 years to see if there was popular support for continuing the arrangement.

In fact, during the 10 year period Eritrea's special status was gradually eroded, and in 1962 the federation was suddenly dissolved without any attempt to ascertain the wishes of the people. From being a semi-independent state, Eritrea found itself simply another of the 13 provinces of the Ethiopian empire. Seen in retrospect the move was probably inevitable. The semi-feudal and highly autocratic imperial government could not allow the continued existence of a truly democratic organisation within its own boundaries, especially at a time when it was centralising authority over the rest of the empire.

During the years of federation, a small separatist movement had gradually gathered momentum as dissatisfaction with Ethiopian rule grew, and the end of federation was a signal for the outbreak of armed revolt which has continued ever since under the direction of the Eritrean Liberation Front. The E.L.F. demands the re-creation of an Eritrean state and receives assistance from the radical Arab countries as well as from the Soviet Union, China and North Korea. Originally simply an organisation of Eritrean nationalists—Christian and Moslem—its chief spokesmen have recently and increasingly professed pro-Arab and anti-Zionist sympathies, a fact which has been seized on eagerly by the Arabs and the Ethiopian government alike who both wish, for separate reasons, to stress that this is basically a Moslem and Arab movement. In fact, the revolution has always attracted considerable support from Christian highlanders who probably form about 40 per cent of the active fighting force of 3,000 men. Their participation is basically a protest at the inefficiency of the present autocratic regime dominated by the Amhara, who are rivals of long-standing and who are trying to enforce a national policy of Amharisation which is particularly galling to the more highly educated Christian Eritreans. Economic neglect of Eritrea since the union strengthens their case. Apart from developing the port of Assab—which is of more benefit to central and southern Ethiopia—the imperial government has initiated no major project of agricultural or industrial advancement in Eritrea. A number of dams, designed to relieve the chronic water shortage from which the province suffers and underwritten by international agencies, have been inexplicably shelved by the government, which argues that as Eritrea was already fairly advanced when it joined with Ethiopia the limited funds available should be used to bring the rest

of the country up to its standards, rather than further accentuating regional imbalances. The little development that has occurred has been financed mainly by private capital, but continued and growing unrest has seen the closure of a number of foreign-owned establishments and has militated against further investment.

Over the last 18 months the struggle has intensified and broadened. A series of E.L.F. hijackings have seemed designed to undermine the international reputation of Ethiopian Airlines, one of the country's most profitable sources of foreign exchange. Two high court judges were machine-gunned down while drinking in a bar in Asmara, the provincial capital, and their assassin escaped. E.L.F. attacks from south Arabian bases were countered in a large-scale battle in the Danakil desert, May 1970, while ambushes of army patrols and petrol tankers and sabotage of road bridges and railway lines a few months later periodically closed the main routes out of Asmara. In November, too, the commander of the Ethiopian Second Division was killed in a well-planned ambush on a mountain road 36 miles north of Asmara. The fact that his movements were planned only a few hours before his departure suggests that the E.L.F. has some high-ranking supporters amongst the military. The army has retaliated with considerable brutality: it makes little effort to avoid civilian casualties when pursuing guerrilla raiders; settlements suspected of pro-rebel sympathies are razed to the ground; and rural populations scattered in isolated hamlets are being forcibly regrouped into 200 fortified villages under military control. Increased E.L.F. activity has also produced an anti-Eritrean backlash elsewhere in Ethiopia, and especially in the Amhara districts. In one incident, for example, 140 Eritrean students at Bahar Dar Polytechnic were deported to Asmara after local rioting against them. Occurrences such as these have only served to heighten the Eritrean sense of resentment.

But the Eritreans also have other problems. The E.L.F. is by no means the united front that it claims to be. From time to time Christian units defect, claiming that they fail to receive the necessary support from their Moslem colleagues—more than 50 fighters surrendered in the first week of January for this reason, many of them men who had been in the movement for several years. Christian members also disclaim the stress on the pro-Arab and pro-Islamic character of the revolution. Over the last two years the movement has also been passing through an organisational crisis which is at least partly linked with sectarian and tribal tensions. An open meeting at Adhoba in northern Eritrea in August 1969 replaced the old Supreme Council of 7 with an interim General Command of 38, responsible for drawing up a new strategy acceptable to all groups. Instead, the General Command became increasingly dominated by western tribes who control the Sudan border, and tried to seize overall political control, arresting many of its opponents and killing others. As a result the military arm split into two wings: one was mainly Moslem and operated from Sudan; the other had a strong Christian contingent and was active along the Red Sea coast. The General Command has, in

turn, been overthrown, and at least some of the differences in the Front have been patched-up. Loose co-operation between the two military factions is reflected in their recent successes, with units penetrating from both Sudan and the coast linking-up on the plateau.

Prospects for an independent Eritrea would be difficult but by no means impossible. Its population is larger than that of many existing African states and by African standards is skilled and adaptable—more than 30 per cent is literate. Mineral resources are largely unknown, and while conditions on the plateau are unfavourable to large-scale agricultural development, the province is able to produce a wide range of temperate and tropical crops. The clay lowlands of the west also offer scope for mechanised cultivation of cotton, sorghum and oil seeds. Livestock resources are considerable and an export trade in packed and canned meat has already been developed. Moreover, Eritrea has a strategic importance that is reflected in the interest of both the Soviet Union and the United States in its affairs. The 1,500 man Kagnew base at Asmara is one of the largest surviving American bases in Africa, and although its electronic complex is officially described as a link in the world-wide U.S.A. telecommunications network, it is believed to serve nuclear submarines operating secretly in the Indian Ocean and to monitor air movement over the Middle East. Continued U.S.A. presence in Eritrea is seen as especially important in view of Soviet pressure in north-east Africa—a body of Soviet military 'advisers' is now established in neighbouring Sudan and a Soviet base is also being built near Port Sudan. Any future Eritrean government would be wise to reach an accommodation with the Americans, as well as with the Ethiopian government to which Eritrea will inevitably remain closely linked economically. The greatest problems facing an independent Eritrea, however, would be political rather than economic, namely how to maintain the common nationalism that has developed over the last ten years and how to contain the ever present danger of renewed hostilities between Christians and Moslems.

[Dr. David Robinson is a university lecturer who has lived in Northern and Eastern Africa since 1964 and has visited Ethiopia on several occasions during the past three years.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE PERMISSIVE SOCIETY SURVEYED

The Permissive Society—Fact or Fantasy? John Selwyn Gummer. Cassell. £2.25.

This excellent book should be compulsory reading for anyone who writes or even thinks about the permissive society. The list of chapter headings raises high expectations; How Permissive? The Growth of Permissiveness; Life; Sexual Activity; Literature and the Permissive Society; Pornography on Stage and Film; Television; Drugs; Meanwhile, where was the Church? Towards a new Community. In every case, except perhaps the last, the expectations are more than fulfilled. It may be that the final chapter contains in embryo the kind of outlook which alone can overcome the major psychological contradictions of our present society. On the face of it, the fashionable notions of community and participation are imported a shade uncritically to provide a *deus ex machina.*

That criticism apart, the underlying comment must be one of gratitude for all the hard and relevant research and the lucid sensible perspective. From the beginning until near the end we have the sense of the vital questions being asked and pursued remorselessly. 'We must start with the genesis of the permissive attitude—how has it arisen and how far is it a common phenomenon in the Western nations? Should there in fact be legal restraint upon private morals and are there any grounds upon which Western society can properly look to a moral code in ordering its public affairs? Can it require its citizens to conform to any standard of private behaviour and what should that standard be?' Mr. Gummer seldom deviates for long from the track so clearly laid down.

He lays very heavy stress on 'the rise of a free-spending younger generation', with relatively much more in its pocket than ever before. 'Affluence has brought with it', he says, 'a profound change in the family structure and social habits of young people, who have been made economically important for the first time. The great mass of consumer advertising is aimed at exactly this section of market.' The historian may well decide that this factor was decisive in the fifties and sixties in producing the far-reaching changes which pass under the name of permissiveness. It does not seem like that, I should imagine, to those who have been active on one side or the other of the argument. The present reviewer has strongly supported the abolition of capital punishment along with other penal reforms and the Wolfenden reform of the homosexual laws. He opposed abortion law reform just as strenuously; also, less vigorously, reform of the divorce laws, and joined in the defeat so far of Euthanasia, on which Mr. Gummer is particularly strong. One was not aware of pressures from the youngest age groups in any of these controversies, all the more since it is only recently that those under 21 were able to bring to bear a direct influence at the poll.

Be that as it may, the various stages of advance, if that is the right word, are set out on all the fronts. In a broad sense one can hardly resist Mr. Gummer's conclusion that youth more than any other age group demands sexual permissiveness and youth has been treated with greater deference in recent years than ever before.

Those concerned with pornography at the present moment will study with special care the chapters entitled 'Literature and the Permissive Society', 'Pornography on Stage and Screen' and 'Television'. The more glaring evils in

this and other countries, including Denmark, are well picked out. Sometimes an important truth is conveyed so quietly that its full significance may be missed. On 'Literature and the Permissive Society' he concludes: 'The only danger is that prosecutions will not be brought for fear that the intellectual outcry from those whose financial and professional interests are opposed to censorship of any kind will make the authorities bringing the prosecution seem less trendy than they would like'. A whole nugget of insight is contained in that mild formulation. Anyone who tries to give any kind of lead against pornography, whether by statutory proposals or otherwise, must expect antagonism from a considerable number of publishers, writers and communicators. The antagonism will probably reveal itself most actively in the form of ridicule or, as Mr. Gummer will say, by making the moraliser 'seem less trendy than he would like'.

It would be unfair to attribute to the professionals in question a personal preference for pornography over what is pure and salutary, but what they seem to fear, deep down, is that any restriction leads towards a slippery slope with a total clamp-down at the bottom of it, hence the present situation in this and other countries where the general public probably considers that pornography has gone much too far, but the most articulate section of the community dislikes the very hint of censorship so vehemently that they resist the kind of restraints which alone would make us safe from pornography.

The practical ameliorations suggested by Mr. Gummer must be studied in his own text. One should add that he has many pertinent things to say about the menace of drugs. He is quite right, in my view, to tackle drugs in connection with permissiveness, although in the course of his treatment he moves rather far afield and, to repeat an earlier point, before the end of the book is concerned with issues so fundamental that they cannot be disposed of in a single chapter. The greatest value of the book lies in the detailed treatment of the topics handled, but the grip on principle is never relaxed nor is the firm Christianity. The Church has the vital job of seeing to it that 'the salt does not lose its savour, but indeed is able to season the whole life'. It will not be Mr. Gummer's fault if this task is not performed with more understanding in future.

LONGFORD

HOW TO FASHION A BIOGRAPHY

From Puzzles to Portraits: Problems of a Literary Biographer. James L. Clifford. University of North Carolina Press and Oxford University Press, £2.75 net.

The question of how a biographer makes a credible portrait of his subject is often asked by readers who knew the man or knew sufficiently about him to be able to form an opinion. The late André Maurois once wrote, 'A biography should give us "the faithful picture of a human being on his way through life": and when I say faithful, I mean that the biographer must base his work on solid documentation, and organise his findings in such a way as to produce a good book.' That is a definition which cannot be bettered.

In *From Puzzles to Portraits* Professor James L. Clifford, of Columbia University and author of biographies of Dr. Johnson and his satellites, reveals some of his experiences as a literary biographer. His book ranges over thirty years of patient but often exciting practice. Stressing the need for accurate reference and documentation he comments on the habit of many literary figures in the eighteenth century of re-writing their letters with an eye to posterity.

Pope, Horace Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu were conspicuous offenders. Anna Seward (the 'Swan of Lichfield'), one of the most quoted authorities about the Johnson group, kept copies of her most important letters for over twenty years and then, as an old lady, rewrote them for the six volume edition published after her death, with the result that 'most of the nasty remarks about Johnson do not appear in the originals written before 1791' when Boswell's *Life of Johnson* appeared. Feeling herself slighted in various ways she took her revenge by 'publishing revised versions of her earlier letters . . . she completely distorted the truth about what she had thought of Johnson while he was alive'. Another instance of revision and distortion is seen in Mme. D'Arblay as an old lady who 'slashed up and revised portions of the famous diary she kept as Fanny Burney . . . Yet it is the revised version which is always quoted, and almost never is there any reference to the fact that the evidence may be garbled.' Modern scholars are alert to these traps for the unwary, just as they are to confusions arising by the frequent practice of eighteenth-century editors who 'thought nothing of cutting whole passages out of letters . . . altering the dates; combining two or three notes into a longer letter with a single date; and changing the wording to suit contemporary tastes'. Professor Clifford recommends an attitude of healthy scepticism when approaching older published work, and anyone studying the life of Swift, for example, should profit by that warning.

Chapters on 'Testing Authenticity', 'Types of Biography', and 'The Biographer's Involvement' lead to the final chapter on 'How Much Should a Biographer Tell?' in which, among other cases, Professor Clifford discusses the uproar in England which followed the publication of Lord Moran's 'Winston Churchill: The Struggle for Survival' and, as a biographer, thinks 'the final decision must be centred on the question of historical truth. Everything still depends on the biographer's conception of his duty to posterity.'

Finally, particular congratulations must go to the author for his lively account of how, from the chance reading of a footnote to a little-known book on 'Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale', published in 1910, he began his quest for what the footnote called 'two important collections of Piozzi letters in Wales which still await an editor'. That was in 1934 and in the following year he was awarded a travelling fellowship which enabled him to visit England and set off for Wales with a young cousin on two new bicycles. Much preparation and many interviews, at Oxford and elsewhere, finally put them on the track of the Italianate villa which the Piozzis had built in the early 1790's overlooking the Vale of Clwyd. What followed is graphically described: the meeting with the owners of Brynbella, the revelation that the ghost of Mrs. Piozzi was sometimes seen there, and ultimately, first the tracing of six hundred unpublished letters of Mrs. Piozzi in the house of Sir Randle Mainwaring, with an all-important 'Children's Book or Rather Family Book'—'the moving and pathetic record of a typical eighteenth-century mother—twelve births and eight deaths'; and then (on less than an off-chance) the visit to a poverty-stricken farmhouse which had been the coach-house of the demolished Elizabethan house 'Bach-y-graig' where the Piozzis had lived before they built the Italian villa. There they discovered in a store cupboard 'amid generations of family junk' all the Johnsoniana-Thrale papers the travelling scholar had given up hope of finding. How the farmer was persuaded to sell the papers for subsequent safe handling by literary historians is a thrilling part of a most instructive book.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND SOCIAL CHANGE

The Social Context of Modern English Literature. Malcolm Bradbury. Basil Blackwell, Oxford, £2.75.

This book is an exercise in cartography, a mapping of that Tom Tiddler's ground where literary study, sociology and intellectual history meet in the hazily bounded and haphazardly signposted area labelled 'cultural studies'. It is also 'an exercise in the study of cultural change; an exploration of the coming of the modern as it affects literature and its environment'.

From time to time there occur in the arts certain severe upheavals. We recognise the symptoms—style shifts, the structure of artistic perception alters significantly—but the causal factors remain obscure. The Neo-Classicism of the eighteenth century was one such change, the Romanticism of the nineteenth century was another, and a third—still unnamed but clearly identifiable and indisputably radical—is associated with our own century. Are these changes born of social change, or do they perhaps portend social change? That is the crucial chicken-or-the-egg dilemma which bedevils at the outset. The genesis of Romanticism is persuasively explicable in terms of libertarianism, stress on feeling and a desire for emotional emancipation, in conjunction with new sources of patronage, new stratifications in the audience and new intellectual stimuli. The transition to what we may conveniently, though with suitable reservations and reiterated caveats, describe as modernism, is of a very much more complex character. The first signals of this continuing change became apparent in English literature from about 1880 onwards. It coincides with no marked social revolution, though, Professor Bradbury points out, it does, and significantly, coincide with the emergence of William James and Bergson in philosophy, Freud and Jung in psychology, and Pareto and Durkheim in sociology. Some writers and artists, of course, provided the external evidence of manifestos, movements and aesthetic declarations of purpose—the Pre-Raphaelites, the Aesthetes, the Decadents, the Georgians, the Imagists, the Naturalists, the Jamesian Realists, the Stream-of-Consciousness writers, like Joyce and Virginia Woolf. But a difference in tone is discernible informing even the pages of such resolutely conformist practitioners as Hardy, Wells, Bennett, Shaw and Galsworthy. As the Victorian synthesis lost its intellectual and social cohesion art seems to have become more problematic, and its shifting pivot may be seen as a protean mood of 'imaginative unease'.

Professor Bradbury, recognising that in society generally new theories of society, new accounts of man, new overviews of experience were being expressed in the face of profound changes in the structuring of men's lives and social order, elects to start his argument from the society and move towards the artist. He begins, therefore, by examining the nature of the processes which initiated the transformations of thought and consciousness at the end of the Victorian period—the 'decline of the liberal bourgeoisie as the confident spokesmen for England's culture', increasing rationalism, diminishing positivism, novel concepts of social, genetic and psychic evolution deriving from the radical doctrines of Marx, Darwin and Freud. He moves next to the consideration of the impact of change upon the arts, those complex forces which elicited complex responses from such major cosmopolitan 'moderns' as Joyce, Lawrence, Forster, Yeats and Eliot. This leads naturally to the question of the contemporary situation of the writer, and here, inevitably, there must be some discussion of the cultural interaction of audience and media, together with an analytical appraisal of so-called high and mass culture. Finally, in his con-

clusion, Professor Bradbury suggests the difficulties assailing the here-and-now writer, practising in an egalitarian and inflationary environment. Today, writers are constantly urged towards commitment, that is to proclaim identification with some specific prevailing ideological system, usually political, and usually on the left. But 'the only real commitment that good art can have finally is to art itself'.

Whatever awareness accrues from looking at the literary ecology—and this source must surely not be neglected—the essential terms of criticism and analysis must ultimately be those laid down by the creativity of the writers themselves—the internal, dense, precise, creative embodiment of the textual rather than the contextual.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

RECENT BOOKS ON THE CINEMA

A Discovery of Cinema. Thorold Dickinson. Oxford University Press. Boards £3: Paperback version £1.50.
New Cinema in Eastern Europe. Alistair Whyte. Studio Vista. 80p.
Science Fiction Films. Denis Gifford. Studio Vista. 80p.
Horror Movies. Carlos Clarens. Panther. £1.25.

Generally speaking books on the cinema fall into three categories. The first is the scenario of a particular film possibly with production notes, the second a detailed survey of a director's or actors' work and the third, which is a rapid survey of a category of cinema. All these books come within the third form. In many ways it is not the most satisfactory of methods; there are in general omissions of key works. The directors and their films flit in rapid succession like frames through a projector at too fast a speed. Nevertheless, all the books are within this limit extremely useful as an initial guide, in Mr. Dickinson's case to the cinema in general and in the others to a genre.

Thorold Dickinson after a distinguished career as a director is now the Professor of Film at the University of London. During his career he worked often in great difficulties to produce such films as 'Gaslight' and 'Hill 22 Does Not Answer'.

Perhaps the most interesting part of his book is the early chapters devoted to a discussion of technique and their development. He is particularly generous in the space he gives to D. W. Griffith the director of *The Birth of a Nation*. On the other hand Abel Gance who was a great innovator with, for example, his intricate early use of the split scene technique merits only two mentions whereas Jean Renoir receives more than a dozen mentions. Max Ophüls, the great stylist, is completely omitted. Professor Dickinson deals with the films not from their content but from the point of their technique and contribution to the development of the cinema. The book is lavishly illustrated with stills from such diverse pictures as Stoheims 'Greed' to Godard's 'Weekend'; and given the limitations of space, which encapsule the whole Swedish film industry in two pages with illustrations, this is a most worthwhile book.

Mr. Dickinson takes certain directors as those who have influence in one stream of cinematic technique including such disparate ones as John Grieson and Jean Vigo who have been of particular interest, and more particularly deals with the political influence on the film and film makers, such as the French film industry under German occupation which produced the fine *Les Enfants du Paradis*.

New Cinema in Eastern Europe is also lavishly illustrated with stills from the various films considered. Effectively, the compass of the book is all the

countries which have become socialist states since the Second World War, and the book is a most effective introduction to individual directors who have worked both inside and outside the varying restrictions of the regimes. Mr. Whyte encapsules the films in many cases in a dozen or so words, and again the difficulty in dealing with so many films (over 100 are considered in 156 pages, most of which are illustrated anyway) is that the reader is whipped breathlessly through the years in a matter of sentences. One ends up thinking one has seen 15 consecutive trailers in half as many minutes. But this is a criticism of the series and not the content of the book. It is of itself a good introduction to the cinema in Eastern Europe as it is there and now (not considered are the films made when the directors have left for lusher pastures such as France).

Using the same technique as in the New Cinema in Eastern Europe (the books are part of what Studio/Vista/Dutton call 'picture backs') Denis Gifford takes us through *Science Fiction Films* mostly with his tongue wedged in his cheek. Dividing his parts into Invention, Exploration, Prediction, he takes us through the gamut of the Ray, The Robot, etc. Later in the book he does begin to consider the rather more serious science fiction films as opposed to the ones which make up interminable double bills on wet Sunday afternoons in Wigan; but even here there are odd omissions, notably 'The Incredible Shrinking Man' which is surely worth any consideration in any survey of this genre.

Much more lovingly done is Carlos Clarens' *Horror Movies* now issued in a paperback. Although this too speeds us through the various films it does so in a much more sympathetic manner and with at least some pause for breath. The characters in the films are brought to life and so are the actors. There is a continuing thread throughout many of the chapters as well there might be, for so many of the actors, Karloff, Lugosi, Carradine and Atwill for example, played in many of the films. The framework of the book is limited to the so-called genuine horror film and omits criticism of the fringe movie such as Clouzot's 'The Fiends' and Hitchcock's 'Psycho' which the author places as films properly in the Films of Obsession, nor does he consider isolated incidents of horror in non-horror films. Finally, there is a Filmography with the cast list directors and most importantly special effects producers of the principal films considered.

Mr. Clarens considers in turn the classic horror pictures of James Whale and the much neglected Tod Browning; the sad decline when the monsters were 'brought back' as sequels often with two or three in a film to gratify the audience; and later when they were further humiliated by Abbot and Costello. Finally he turns to their phoenix-like rebirth with Hammer Films and the now large Mexican horror film industry. Of the books of this sort this is certainly a most readable one. Now with the constant transition of the films to television it is a valuable reference book as well.

JAMES MORTON

PUSHKIN'S LITERARY VIEWS

Pushkin on Literature. Selected, translated and edited by Tatiana Wolff. Methuen, £7.50.

'Pushkin is our everything' Dostoievsky said in his famous speech during the Pushkin celebrations in June 1880, when amid great jubilation the first monument to Russia's national poet was inaugurated in Moscow. Since the early nineteenth century to the present day all educated Russians have accepted this definition as axiomatic as far as Russian culture is concerned. But outside

Russia Pushkin is little known and is only appreciated by the relatively few who have a perfect command of the Russian language.

The universality and versatility of this unique genius are truly breathtaking. He was a poet of many moods—now romantic or lyrical, now melancholy or gay, now heroic or bitingly ironical, now boisterous or philosophic. He remains unsurpassed in Russian verse and he used ever-varying forms of versification. One of his best known works, *Eugeni Onegin*, is a novel in verse. But he was also a master storyteller in prose, usually choosing the form of 'novelette' or long short story. He was an outstanding playwright (*Boris Godunov*), and it is by no means surprising that the dramatic and musical quality of his work—in prose and in verse—inspired the greatest Russian composers (Tchaikovsky, Glinka, Mussorgski, Rimsky-Korsakov, etc.) to turn his texts, usually verbatim, into operas, like *The Queen of Spades, Eugeni Onegin, Ruslan and Ludmila, Boris Godunov* being the best known ones. The Russian composers also made beautiful *Lieder* out of his poems.

He had a deep and wide-ranging knowledge of history; he was a prolific epistolarian and literary critic. Moreover, he completely reformed and reshaped the Russian language which today is still largely what he made it to be over 150 years ago.

Pushkin was born in 1799 and killed in a duel in 1837. He began to write at twelve, while still at school, so he accomplished the whole of his prodigious output within a mere 25 years. It is intriguing to speculate on what else he could have created if he had reached the ripe old age of a Goethe or a Victor Hugo (contemporaries, both of them) or of a Leo Tolstoy.

Pushkin was an omnivorous reader of books on every subject—ranging from literature to science, from linguistics to economics, from art to geography, and, of course, history (both of Russia and of the rest of the world), politics, philosophy, religion as well as more general cultural problems. He had an insatiable curiosity not merely about the European countries but about the East as well, indeed about whole ancient civilisations. He was familiar with the world of Islam and Judaism and early Christianity. He knew his classics, both Greek and Latin. And he simply devoured contemporary books in several different languages including English, French, German and Italian. Had he lived all his life in St. Petersburg or Moscow, perhaps he would not have had the time for all this. But since during his most productive years he was confined by the authorities to his small country estate, these years of banishment at least gave him plenty of opportunity both to read and to create.

About two-thirds of his library of over 1,500 volumes consisted of books in languages other than Russian. In 1910 Boris Modzalevsky, a leading Pushkin researcher, compiled a list of the principal titles on Pushkin's shelves. Now Miss Tatiana Wolff, who is head of the English Department at Loughton High School (Essex) has translated this list and has added it as an appendix to her book *Pushkin on Literature*. This gives the reader an invaluable insight into the poet's literary workshop. French predominates, but there are also plenty of books in English, ranging from Byron, Thomas Moore, Walter Scott and Shakespeare (1824 edition) to such practical sources of information as *The Annual Register* for 1833, 1834 and 1835.

Pushkin was a careful reader, making notes on bits of paper or in his diary, and his unending flow of correspondence with a large circle of literary-minded friends carries the bulk of his literary comments and criticisms. There were few openings at the time for publishing his views. In 1830 Baron Delvig, a school-friend, managed to start a periodical called *Literary Journal* and

Pushkin immediately became a contributor. It was not until 1836, however, or one year before his death, that he succeeded in overcoming all obstacles of censorship, lack of money, distrust or indifference of the public and finally launched his own literary magazine called *The Contemporary*. In the briefest of time he filled it with critical essays which ranged over a typically wide field, both Russian and international.

Miss Tatiana Wolff has collected from all the available sources, translated into English and provided with copious notes the greater part of Pushkin's literary opinions. She has added a few comments of her own, but her main objective has been to let the material speak for itself. She provides a clear and comprehensive index which is vital in a book of this sort, and the publishers can be proud of an admirably produced volume with fascinating illustrations.

GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Saturday Book (Hutchinson, £3.50). In this thirty-first annual issue, John Hadfield agains edits a beautifully produced and lavishly illustrated 'raree show of art and entertainment'. There is certainly a very wide 'assortment of the unusual': many contributions out of nineteen relate to the customs and pleasures of the past. There is, for example, the fascinating lead feature by George Speaight on entertainment in the streets, both honest and fraudulent, 'before the internal combustion engine polluted the road'. Inevitably nostalgia plays a part in the choice of some contributions. There are, for example, Denis Gifford's piece on the old coloured comics and Olive Cook's account of the fairground when 'the traction engine was the work-horse' before the Second World War, delightfully illustrated by Edwin Smith's photographs. Further back, almost beyond contemporary memory, is Philip Kaplan's story of the American Pin-Ups 1870-1900, illustrated by his remarkable collection of early cabinet photographs. Jeremy Maas is concerned with nudes in Victorian art. Right up to date is Anna Motson's article on watches as jewels, with some remarkable photographs, some in colour, by Frank Grima. Pipe smokers will be delighted with J. B. Priestley's entirely independent article in defence of pipe smoking, based upon his sixty years' sophisticated enjoyment of the pipe. It is perhaps invidious to pick out particular features because there are so many to satisfy diverse tastes. As a warm hearted and relaxing bedtime book, however, this volume will hardly qualify, unless the reader is able to exclude from reading the final gruesome feature, by Charles Gibbs-Smith about Ladies on the Scaffold, and dramatically illustrated. However interesting, it remains hardly compatible with a quiet night. It should be read not later than early Saturday afternoon.

Michael Bond's Book of Bears (Purnell, London, £1.25). In Mr. Bond's own cuddly words this is a 'hodge-podge' of bears, a gift-book likely to be in immense demand at Christmas. The creator of Paddington Bear has selected all his favourite bears in fact and fiction and among their sponsors are Tolstoy, John Betjeman, A. A. Milne, Aesop and Hilaire Belloc. The present reviewer, who loves bears (at a distance), remembers seeing a huge brown perpendicular one being led on a chain through a village in Italy. Here are all kinds of bears, black ones and white ones, brown and yellow ones, all beautifully pictured in colour in the delightful attitudes the beasts can't help assuming. Pipaluk, of course, is here, with Sam and Sally, his parents.

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Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London NW10 0DD

Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 37 Union Street, London, S.E 1. Tel. 01-407 0497. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers.

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £3 90; U.S.A. and Canada $13.50
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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

December 1971 Vol. 219 No. 1271

THE BETHLEHEM STORY: WHAT POETS HAVE SAID ABOUT IT

by Neville Braybrooke

IN the early church, Christ's birthday was celebrated on January 6; but by the time the first carols came to be set down, the Nativity and the Epiphany were already regarded as separate feasts. This formal division was brought about in the year A.D. 354, when the birthday was put back twelve days to December 25 — the ancient festival which marked the return of Mithras, the Unconquered Sun.

Poets, though, have never liked being too strictly tethered by dates. Thus in many of their poems bearing Epiphany titles, their over-riding preoccupation has remained the mid-winter defeat of the old Sun-God by the new Sun. Another form of punning, inherent in nearly all Nativity-Epiphany poems, has been the rhetorical question: *Were not the shepherds also wise men?*

Poetry has always been a means of saying several things at one and the same time, and the twelve verses from Matthew and one from Luke, in which the complete Christmas story is rooted, have proved no exception.

Neither of the Evangelists mentions an ox, an ass, or a stable. Joseph is never said to be a man with a grey beard. There is no reference to camels and, although gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh are described, the actual number of wise men is not specified. The subsequent choice of three, like so much else, is an inspired piece of guesswork. A possible explanation might be that it stands for the three stages of life — youth, middle-age and old age. One thing alone remains certain about the additions to the story: they are all intended as further acts of adoration at the manger.

So, in the poet's eye, when the wise men rode away down the centuries, it was not long before their cloaks flew out in the wind and they became invested with the attributes of royalty. When they appear in the medieval

moralities, they are definitely kings and, in the Towneley cycle, for instance, they are greeted as such by Mary and the Angel. The manner in which Melchior salutes the Child remains touchingly English:

> Hail, overcomer of king and knight!
> That formed fish and fowl in flight!

A century later, the Cornishman and cleric, Charles Fitzgeffrey, is to be found singing of the kings as 'noble Persians', whilst Milton calls them 'star-led wisards' and by his spelling hints that they are both wise men as well as Magi. Gerard Manley Hopkins, in his notebooks, remarks that when they say, 'We have seen His star', they are speaking *magisterially* of their astrologer's art. But he does not agree that they are Persians: rather, he suspects that they come from the Sabean tribe, east of the Holy Land. Charles Causley, writing today, suggests that they are gypsies — and adds:

> One was rich and one was poor
> And one had the face of a blackamoor

These variations do not bring confusion, but add wonder to the scene, because all the time the cave at Bethlehem is growing larger. Whether the wise men are kings, Magi or gypsies, they remain first and foremost travellers who, with their animals, have followed a star. Moreover, once they are seen as such, they become pilgrims representing all mankind—past, present and to come. If the message of the angels to the shepherds means one thing in particular, it means that the Christmas cave will finally encompass the earth.

In one of his Nativity poems George Herbert brings his horse to the crib, and William Austin in a Christmas lullaby written in the same century multiplies the ox and ass to 'oxen' and 'asses'. Christina Rossetti, when her turn came, thought it unfair to leave out the camel and since then others have arrived with leopards, apes and peacocks. In *The Wind in the Willows* even the field-mice sing a carol specially composed for the occasion. A curious omission is the lion. As far as I know, nobody has yet brought him to lie down with the lambs.

Then there is folklore, taken by Shakespeare amongst others, direct from country people:

> Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singes all night long.

The tradition continues, caught here in our own century by Frances Cornford in these lines:

> There is a bird, they say,
> That only sings
> When snow is on the way,
> And the moon ice-cold.
> His name is so old
> That now his name is lost
> But I have heard
> His nest is made of frost.

Yet if poets have involved practically the whole of creation in the Bethelehem story, there remains one almost totally forgotten figure. Odder still, without him there could have been no Christmas story. He is Joseph.

In the *Oxford Book of Christian Verse* not a single poem is devoted to him, and the one carol about him that is reprinted — the sixteenth century 'Cherry-Tree Carol' — continues the myth of him as an old man. This becomes doubly curious when it is remembered that in the earliest preserved dramatic scene in English literature, Joseph is represented as a virile younger man, well up to a four days' journey on a donkey. The Anglo-Saxon poet states his dilemma simply — and without fuss:

> 'Much bane have I borne by this conception.
> How can I silence the hateful talk,
> Or find an answer against my foes?
> It is widely known that with happy heart
> I received from the shining Temple of God
> A spotless maiden unstained of sin.
> Now all is altered, I know not how
> Speech or silence avails me not:
> If I tell the truth David's daughter must die,
> Stoned with stones. Yet harder still
> If I shield the evil! A man forsworn,
> I shall live hereafter loathed in all lands,
> Despised among men.'

The fact that later in the dialogue God's plan is revealed to Joseph does not diminish the agony of conscience which he must have undergone at the time, because the problem that faced him was one that could be resolved only by having perfect faith in Mary and God.

In appreciating to the full his victory in such a situation, it may be helpful to quote a verse from Christopher Smart's 'A Song to David':

> For adoration, all the paths
> Of grace are open, all the baths
> Of purity refresh;
> And all the rays of glory beam
> To deck the man of God's esteem,
> Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

Ten centuries have divided these two poets but the truth their voices, thus linked, teach is that celibacy only becomes a means of spiritual enrichment when it is accepted voluntarily. Joseph's acceptance of it was not a passive gesture, but a young man's positive act of trust in his Maker. It is an aspect of the Nativity story that has been sadly neglected and certainly one that has a particular relevance to the arguments about a married clergy that are still raging in Rome and elsewhere.

THE NORTHERN IRELAND PROBLEM (2): BREAKING THE CONVENTION

by Paul Rose, M.P.

THE problem of the Convention is illustrated by a letter which I received from the Speaker of the House of Commons: 'He (the Speaker) is still firmly of the opinion that the administration of justice in Northern Ireland in a matter for the Government of that province and not of the United Kingdom.' The whole tragi-comedy of this absurd situation stems from the Government of Ireland Act abou which it has been said:

> The Government of Ireland Act became law on December 23rd. It was to brought into operation early in May. It was understood that for refusal to w it the penalty would be the Crown Colony Government of Ireland (*The I Republic*, by Dorothy Macardle).

Indeed the Government of Ireland Act 1920 partitioned Ireland mo effectively than any subsequent treaty and conferred on the Six Counti a new status which combined a high degree of internal self-governmen with ultimate authority vested in Westminster. The anomaly lasted half a century. During this time a convention operated which effectively debarred elected representatives at Westminster from probing into the way in which Ulster was being governed. In the fiftieth year of its operation, a funeral oration to that convention was already overdue, for it is now as dead as the Act of Union.

In 1964, with a majority of between three and five, Britain's Labour Members of Parliament were particularly resentful at the influence of the twleve Ulster Unionists, without whom the Opposition would have presented a far less serious challenge at Division time. The election of Mr. Gerry Fitt as Republican Labour Member for West Belfast (now leader of the Social Democratic and Labour Party, the main opposition at Stormont) and the overwhelming Labour majority in 1966, diverted attention away from the convention but simultaneously focused it more directly upon grievances within Northern Ireland itself.

Whereas Ulster Unionists had gone into the Division lobbies to vote against a Rent Act that did not apply to Northern Ireland, and even against the Manchester Corporation Act, it was impossible to raise discrimination on public bodies appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland or issues such as housing in Dungannon on the floor of the House of Commons. Also a new generation of M.P.s concerned about human rights — and not least in their own back yard — had arrived in the political arena.

The very first debate on Northern Ireland on February 22, 1965, foreshadowed what the Unionists could expect from them and was a turning point in Anglo-Northern Irish relations. Not a word came from the front benches about issues which within five years were to leave streets smouldering and leave the stench of death on the pavements of Belfast. The Speaker made the extraordinary ruling: 'What is quite clear is that we cannot in this House in this debate refer to matters which are not the responsibility of the Minister here. In effect we are debarred by statute from doing so and it is necessary to insist upon the rule'. No doubt he based his ruling on various precedents, the first of which was in 1922 when the Speaker ruled on a question by Mr. Joseph Devlin (a familiar name!) relating to attacks on people in Belfast: 'The reason why I did not accept the Question sent to me by the Honourable Member is this. By statute Parliament has transferred the responsibility for law nd order in a certain part of Ireland to the Northern Ireland Parliament: id it is therefore in that Parliament that questions relating to that ministration shall be raised.'

As long as Ireland and England were acquiescent it was possible for convention to retain its credibility, but a new generation and a new surge for elementary human rights was simmering like a pot on the oil. Irishmen in Derry and Belfast, Manchester and London were orking together with liberal-minded Englishmen in the face of blanket enials from Ulster Unionists who within a short space of time were to claim to be in the vanguard of righting the wrongs which they had told us were a figment of our imaginations or cunning concoctions by the I.R.A. Later they were even to express pleasure in participating in debates that were taboo a few years earlier.

Meanwhile, the International Commission of Jurists at Geneva in June 1969 underlined the U.K. government's responsibility in the following words:

> 'The United Kingdom is a party to the European Convention on the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms. It is also the signatory of the two United Nations Covenants on Human Rights. The provision of the Special Powers Act and the policies of discrimination are clearly incompatible with the U.K.'s international obligations. . . . It is unfortunate that the policies of the Northern Ireland government and the reactions to them should place the U.K. government in the invidious position of derogating from its international obligations. . . .'

It went on to refer to 'the interesting question of whether the nation in this case is the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland" which is the State that is a party to the Convention, or "Northern Ireland" which is only part of that State.'

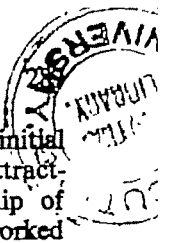
Clearly, however republican one's sentiments, the Unionists could not have it both ways: Northern Ireland was an integral part of the U.K. from a juridical point of view. Earlier, in a report made on April 29, 1967, which to a remarkable extent foreshadowed the official Cameron Report, Dr. Maurice Miller, M.P., Stan Orme, M.P. and I submitted

to the Home Secretary the findings of our visit to Northern Ireland earlier that month. We emphasized 'how near the surface violence lies in current political life,' outlined the various grievances, and ended with a plea for a Royal Commission. Had the Government acted firmly at that time, the I.R.A. and the Protestant extremists might have been forestalled and community tensions diminished.

Our visit evoked a warm response and intense interest in a large section of the people of Northern Ireland. Allegations of discrimination in housing allocations were examined and there can be little doubt that this existed on a wide scale, particularly where a dispersal of the population would result in a changed political balance, as, for example, in Derry. Discrimination on political and religious grounds was alleged and substantiated by figures previously provided by the Northern Ireland Labour Party and other sources, and confirmed by all those with whom this was discussed. This applied in relation to government appointments, for example, in the legal profession, in local government and in sections of industry. In the legal profession, for instance, there were only 11 Catholics holding judicial offices out of a total of 142. In many public bodies Catholic, Labour and trade union representatives were excluded. In Derry there was irrefutable evidence of gerrymandering in order to perpetuate minority control, and it is feared that proposed boundary changes may perpetuate this in another form. The Corporation had eight Nationalist members with a 63 per cent majority of the population, whereas the Unionists have twelve representatives with a 37 per cent minority, and thus control the city.

The electoral franchise excluded 250,000 voters from local government elections and allowed business and company votes (up to six) an anomaly in the U.K.! Unemployment varied between under 2 per cent and over 30 per cent in various districts. Catholic areas, and more particularly the areas west of the Bann, e.g. Derry and Strabane, are effected most. Urgent help was needed for areas like Strabane where 29½ per cent of the male population is unemployed. There are also pockets like Newry within the more prosperous areas. Since then the employment position has deteriorated, both nationally and because of communal violence in Northern Ireland.

On that visit, the need for a united opposition and action by the people of Northern Ireland themselves were continually stressed, and it was not until millions of television viewers saw Gerry Fitt with his head streaming with blood, following a Royal Ulster Constabulary of Northern Ireland baton charge, that the convention was shattered. A Nationalist M.P. from Stormont, now in Fitt's new Party, Austin Currie, was to blockade himself in a house. John Hume and Ivan Cooper, a Protestant and a former Unionist, were to join hands across the Boyne for the cause of civil rights. A steady stream of solid factual information was pouring into the mail bags of M.P.s from McCluskey's Dungannon-based Campaign for Social Justice in Northern Ireland.



Our own Campaign for Democracy in Ulster, born after the initial 1965 debate, was striking roots in various parts of England and attracting support on a non-sectarian basis under the able secretaryship of Paddy Byrne. Catholic, Protestant, Jew and Humanist—we worked together and poignantly illustrated our concern for the totality of human rights by inviting Dr. Pitt, a West Indian, to chair a crowded delegate conference of the Labour movement in London. *We shall Overcome* was now heard in Derry and Deptford with an Irish lilt that was never expected in Alabama.

And so on April 21, 1969, I flew down post haste from Manchester to initiate the debate in which Bernadette Devlin made her remarkable maiden speech after strenuous efforts had been made to persuade her to attend. She pronounced a funeral oration to the convention, killed before her arrival, and was to introduce a new note of militancy, refreshingly iconoclastic but depressingly unconstructive, imprisoned in the framework of an ideology irrelevant to Ireland, often appearing to thrive on discontent rather than to use her influence to provide solutions.

Nevertheless, she was to be a formidable ally and opponent when, following the Hunt Report, the House sat up all night on the Committee Stage of the Ulster Defence Regiment Bill during which the Northern Ireland 'lobby' divided the House four times and Miss Devlin brandished a nailed club from the battle of Burntollet. The House rose at 9.40 a.m. with speaker after speaker sounding like ghosts of their forbears who introduced such debates to the House a century earlier. Half an hour before the debate concluded, Mike McGuire (whom I shall always remember for his remark in the Division lobby 'If our Saviour himself were to walk through this lobby, those Bs in the tea room would still vote for the government') gave the House a quiet warning: 'I welcome the abolition of the convention and look forward to giving closer scrutiny in the future to what is going on in Northern Ireland.'

The tragedy is that violence, and not commonsense interpretation of the law, was to burst the dyke. If the Campaign for Democracy in Ulster had been successful in making a few holes, it was not until serious explosions forced the subject upon a hitherto unwilling government that Northern Ireland became a fit subject for debate on the same level as other parts of the U.K. No single person or group can claim the credit. The C.D.U. (Connolly Association or United Ireland Association in Britain); the small dedicated group of the Campaign for Social Justice in Dungannon which fed M.P.s with information; the students of Queen's or the workers of Derry, each fertilised the other; and the two preconditions which we emphasised during the 1967 tour had coincided. The first was the absolute necessity for united action by all who stood for civil rights, whatever their political, religious or constitutional viewpoint. The second was the need for the people of Northern Ireland to stand up for their rights themselves. When the first was acted upon, Mid-Ulster

was wrested from the Unionist group; when they marched in the streets of the Six Counties, the convention crumbled to fragments.

The entry of British troops has finally made the subject of Northern Ireland one of national concern. Now that violence has taken over from political action, no amount of convention bashing at Westminster will save Northern Ireland. Another half century of Unionist hegemony, civil war or direct rule removing it even further from rapprochement with the Republic may result. The ruthless extremists' attacks on British troops and civilians are counter-productive, as the B Specials appear under another name and the role of British troops and the Ulster Defence Regiment has changed beyond recognition. The unification of Ireland, however desirable, will be no unification if achieved by force. For unification must exist in men's minds and hearts; that battle is now being lost rapidly. Alliances forged between English radicals and Irish civil workers must not be sacrificed on the altar of sectarian political bigotry which can be as destructive and divisive as the religious dissensions it is attempting to overcome.

However, the current campaign of terror and violence has only succeeded in forcing liberal Unionists into more entrenched positions and, by forcing those who sought a constitutional answer, into the position of the White Liberals of Northern Ireland. But these voices must be heard.

[Paul Rose, Member of Parliament for Manchester Blackley, will contribute a third and final article on 'The Northern Ireland Problem' in the January issue.]

The January issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes: *Behind the Monetary Crisis* by Neil T. Houston; *From L. of N. to U.N.* by Vernon Bartlett; *The Unmarried Father* by Fred Smith and *A Mystery*, a short story by James Hanley.

MAKARIOS AWAITS THE U.N. DECISION

by Thomas Anthem

TEN years after the signing of the London and Zurich Agreements, the Cyprus Question—wrongly called the Cyprus 'problem', because no modern political issue has ever been so simple in its essential features, so amenable to a simple solution—remains without a firm international ruling or decision. It remains stagnating on the agenda of that world tribunal, the United Nations which, way back in 1964, called upon the Powers concerned—the country against which the resolution was particularly directed being Turkey which, in that year, had carried out a barbarous air raid with napalm bombs on Greek villages in North-West Cyprus, killing and maiming hundreds of men, women and children—while an international force continues to maintain peace on the island! The irony of the air-raid of August 9, 1964, was that the planes and napalm bombs were made in the United States, as were the tanks which the Colonels used to suppress Greek freedom in Athens in 1967. Both planes and tanks were supplied for N.A.T.O. purposes, America being the main prop of the Atlantic alliance.

Today an uneasy peace is preserved in Cyprus, and a strife-torn world outside does nothing to diminish the tension. Nine hundred and fifty Greek troops are stationed on the island, but the 600 Turkish soldiers provided by the Ankara government constitute a perpetual menace to orderly rule as they dominate the Nicosia-Kyrenia road, and are a constant threat to the Greeks. The *de facto* Greek Cypriot government administers the island with admirable efficiency, and the economy is thriving, with new hotels and tourist attractions springing up everywhere, including a new Hilton. Broad new highways link all the main towns.

The Government, inspired by President Makarios, contemplates a new highway from Nicosia to Kyrenia, by-passing the heights dominated by the Turks. The probability is that Turkish obstruction will die out with the passing of time, but the Archbishop would like to see the Greek position confirmed by the United Nations. Much will depend on the attitude of the Great Powers, particularly Britain and America, although Russia must necessarily be a closely interested party, being strongly averse to Cyprus being used as a N.A.T.O. base, for obvious reasons. When I interviewed Makarios at the Presidential Palace in the summer of 1969, he remarked to me that he wished the British Government would be 'more positive'. He had good reason for saying this, because when I approached the former British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Wilson, on my return to England, he surprised me by stating that his Government would seek a solution *'agreeable to all parties'*. Now, this could only mean that the Turks would have to be appeased, a policy which had confounded all attempts at a solution from the moment that strife erupted on the island in 1955. The Turks had, in fact, renounced all claims to Cyprus

under the Lausanne Treaty of 1923, and this policy was approved by Kemal Ataturk. Turkish ambitions in Cyprus were revived and encouraged by the successive British Colonial Governments of the Emergency, but it was astonishing to this writer to find Mr. Wilson practically reversing Labour's policy during the years of strife by sending his Foreign Secretary, Mr. Michael Stewart, to Turkey, with assurances for the Turks that Britain 'stood by the (discredited) London and Zurich Agreements'. Indeed, the Foreign Secretary not only elated the Turks by this cheering message, but he announced that Britain would be making an £8.5 million loan towards the Bosphorus Bridge, and would renounce all interest on the £40 million loan previously contracted.

Such generosity and magnanimity must surely have impressed even so hard-boiled and ungrateful a people as the Turks, but it was apparent that Mr. Stewart did not think the Turks rose sufficiently to the occasion. Nevertheless, the Ankara Government had good reason to feel grateful to Britain, for the Socialist Government had earlier received the Turkish President in London, and he had dined with the Queen. The Tory myth of 'Our loyal allies, the Turks', had thus received some unexpected backing.

In looking back over the past fifteen years, one wonders why the British did not do the obvious and honourable thing in the beginning and grant self-determination to the Greek four-fifths majority, thus avoiding all the bloodshed. Britain had offered to cede Cyprus to Greece in 1915 as an inducement for her to enter the Great War on the side of the Allies, but Greece did not do so and the offer lapsed. At that time the country was divided in its allegiance as between the great Greek patriot and leader, Venizelos, and King Constantine, whose wife was a sister of the Kaiser. The so-called 'strategic' considerations only arose during the Emergency of 1955-60, when Anthony Eden, as Prime Minister, made a cynical speech at Norwich, stressing Britain's need of Middle East oil. 'No Cyprus, no Middle East oil,' he commented. 'It is as simple as that.' The freedom of more than half-a-million Greek people apparently counted for nothing against the requirements of Britain's industries. The moral hollowness of power-politics was never more glaringly exposed, since Cyprus had been colonised by Greeks from the mainland as far back as 1400 B.C.

The Greek Cypriot dialect is as ancient as Homer himself. But, of course, the 'Greekness' of Cyprus had never been disputed by scholars, as testified by Sir Ronald Storrs, who was Governor of the island before all the strife began.

It is pathetic that after a decade-and-a-half Makarios's absolute authority on the island has not been confirmed by the Powers. On the contrary, his position as Ethnarch and spiritual father of all his people has lately been challenged inside and beyond the territory which Lennox-Boyd, as Colonial Secretary, so foolishly and mischievously referred to as 'Turkey's offshore island.' On March 8, 1970, a new chapter in the dangerous developments in Cyprus began with an attempt to kill

Makarios when he was on his way by helicopter to the Machairas Monastery to conduct a memorial service in honour of Grigoris Afxentiou, the E.O.K.A. hero shot by the British fourteen years previously. The Archbishop had a miraculous escape from the rain of bullets fired from a Bren gun mounted on the roof of the Pan-Cyprian Gymnasium. The underside of the helicopter was ripped, and the Greek pilot was seriously wounded in the stomach. The dastardly attempt on the life of the President was followed ten days later by the assassination of Polycarpos Georghadjis, one-time leader of E.O.K.A. and a former Minister under Makarios, whose plan to leave the island had been banned. The mystery of the bid to murder the Archbishop was heightened by this second dramatic event, as shortly before it had been firmly believed in Cyprus that Georghadjis, a strong man in the Cyprus Government and head of the police, had conspired to kill the Archbishop. All the facts surrounding these momentous events had not been fully cleared up at the time of writing, but some pertinent questions were being asked by all true well-wishers of Cyprus.

What, for instance, is the real aim of the so-called 'National Front'? So far as is known, Georghadjis had no connection with this group of extremists, who appeared to be anti-Makarios, anti-British, and anti-American, but *not* anti-Greek junta. Although claiming to be pro-Enosis, their plan, it was alleged, was for the division of the island into two parts, so that one part would be for Junta Greece and the other for those interested parties who would support the development. The principal target for aggression was Makarios and, if the attempt on his life had not failed, the resulting chaos in government and administration would have been the justification for a takeover by the National Guard, controlled by Junta officers. This story gains credence from information published in the British and American Press about a concrete Junta plan, the 'Hermes Plan,' according to which the National Front, financed by both the Greek and American Secret Services, would assume authority over Cyprus and offer the island to N.A.T.O. as a base, to offset increasing Russian influence in the Mediterranean. Architects of the scheme were three Greek officers prominent in the coup of 1967. On May 28, 1971, Makarios, in a lengthy statement, warned that the outcome of the continued activities of illegal organisations, including the National Front, would be division of the island. The Archbishop said: 'The recent attack on the police station at Limasol constitutes another criminal and treacherous attack, striking at our national cause. I feel and share the anxieties of the people at the continued illegality which is leading Cyprus to the edge of the abyss. 'Illegal demonstrations have reached the extent of extreme treachery at a very critical moment in our struggle.' Answering questions, the President commented: 'I cannot say with certainty whether the illegal organisations are connected with the attempt on my life, and whether there is a hidden foreign hand behind it all.' Two weeks later the Archbishop said he felt obliged to tell the people of Cyprus that he was under the threat of death, and '*behind the illegal*

activities there are foreign elements.'

Who or what were the 'foreign elements' hinted at by the Archbishop can only be a matter for conjecture, but it is significant that that valuable source of inside information on Greece since the Colonels seized power, *Greek Report,* had a cartoon in its May, 1970, issue showing Junta Premier Papadopoulos sawing off a large chunk of Cyprus to a tune conducted by an individual on whose coat were emblazoned the letters C.I.A. — Central Intelligence Agency, the American Security organisation. Needless to say, American official policies on Cyprus have never, like those on present-day Greece, been in accord with the desires of the Greek Cypriot majority. And, of course, other 'foreign elements' affecting the Cyprus scene could be Britain and Turkey. The persistent tendency to placate Turkey has been one of the evil accompaniments of all attempts to achieve a lasting settlement. On March 9, 1970, the *Guardian* had this comment to make on the futile bid to eliminate Makarios: 'Everyone who cares about peace must be thankful that the would-be assassins of President Makarios were poor shots. Makarios is a brave, subtle, and judicious operator. Cyprus without him would surely become the Cyprus of old—another point of chaos in the Eastern Mediterranean'. Makarios is strongly opposed to making Cyprus a N.A.T.O. base, thus alienating the Arab peoples, with whom he wishes to remain friendly and develop trade. He does not want to make the population a vulnerable target for a war, perhaps nuclear, by the Great Powers. He is sensibly committed to the non-aligned nations, pending a clearer picture of the overall international situation.

The Archbishop disclosed to me, during our conversation in June, 1969, that after the inter-communal crisis in Cyprus in 1963 his Government, now practically a *de jure* government, had been subjected to 'threats and ultimata' to agree to the stationing of a N.A.T.O. peace force on the island. The proposal was made by Mr. George Ball, U.S. Secretary of State, in February, 1964. Makarios said 'No' and his refusal, he contended, had averted thereby 'abolition of the State'. It also led to intervention of the United Nations and the dispatch of a peace force to the island. The President also described how he had resisted, during the crisis of November 1967, pressure by Mr. Cyrus Vance, President Johnson's special envoy, to endorse a Greek-Turkish agreement for the withdrawal of illegal Greek troops from the island, as well as the disbanding of the Cyprus National Guard. It was his firm stand, he said, in the face of Turkish threats of invasion, that had averted the dissolution of the National Guard.

Makarios has been extremely patient in his efforts to resolve the difference between the Greek majority and the Turkish minority at local level. Talks began in July, 1968, but on March 7, 1971, Mr. Glafkos Clerides, the Greek-Cypriot negotiator, stated that they had failed to produce positive results. The Greek Cypriots initiated the talks by accepting as an objective the principle of an independent unitary State, but the Turkish side had agreed to this 'only in form'. Mr. Clerides said

the idea of a divisive structure for the island was unacceptable, and last November he had submitted proposals for a package deal to Mr. Raouf Denktash, the Turkish-Cypriot negotiator, in the hope of bridging the gap. It was the package deal formula which prompted Mr. Denktash to go to Ankara before the New Year for consultations with the Turkish Government. It was understood afterwards that the Ankara Government had encouraged Denktash to respond to the latest offers. Their reply had not, perhaps, been as 'persuasive' as it might have been had the political situation in Turkey been less unsettled. The package deal went a long way towards meeting the Turkish demand that local administration should be structured on ethnic rather than an exclusively geographical basis, and made certain gestures in exchange for Turkish compliance on other points. Mr. Clerides stated that the hope of ever finding a solution would depend on whether there was a positive and constructive response by the Turks. Although deadlocked, the talks were continuing.

Here I may interpose that, when I interviewed Makarios in the summer of 1969, the Archbishop remarked to me that the Turks were proving 'very awkward' in the local dialogue. No sooner had the Greeks surmounted one difficulty than they ran into another, and so it went on. If the Greek side had yielded to half of the Turkish demands it would have meant something like partition. 'I must emphasise,' commented His Beatitude, 'that we have exhausted all our margins for concession, so that the progress of the discussions no longer depends on us.'

All things considered, it must be said that the Greeks could afford to wait, having the bulk of the population with them—about 580,000 compared with 120,000 Turks—and the reins of government firmly in their hands, together with the security forces, excepting the Turkish troops allowed to be stationed on the island. Makarios collects the taxes necessary for the smooth running of the municipal services, although the Turks have made this as difficult as possible, insisting on their own municipal oversight. The Turks, in short, have clung stubbornly to the idea of partition, in support of which they have tried to move large numbers of Turkish villagers from one area to another. One can blame only the various British Colonial governments who have ruled the island, and who have encouraged the Turks to think they have equal instead of very limited minority rights.

As the *Guardian* commented (July 31, 1964): 'The idea of two Turkish-Cypriot cantons, administered by Turkish Cypriots, is impractical, uneconomic, and against the eventual interests of the Turkish Cypriots. It would also involve uprooting many Turkish and Greek villagers, and would contain the seeds of future communal strife.' And with regard to Turkish insistence on their 'rights,' nearly all imagined, the Paris *La Monde* shattered many of their illusions in this trite observation on February 7, 1964: 'The Turkish minority of Cyprus has been given (under the London and Zurich Agreements) rights and privileges it never enjoyed before, not even under the Ottoman occupation.'

Makarios's efforts to reach a satisfactory settlement with the Turks have been bedevilled at practically every stage by the British attitude.

If we go back to the Greco-British talks in London in July, 1964, we learn from 'authoritative sources' that at a dinner in honour of the occasion 'strong pressure' was being exercised on the Greek Premier, Mr. George Papandreou, by Mr. R. A. Butler, the then British Foreign Secretary. It was stated that Mr. Duncan Sandys and other Ministers, in their conversations with Mr. Papandreou and Mr. Costopoulos, the Greek Foreign Minister, 'insisted on an immediate understanding between Greece and Turkey, otherwise war is unavoidable.' Just how naïve this sounded in the ears of so astute politicians as the Greeks may be judged from the dry retort of Mr. Papandreou. Said he: 'If war is unavoidable, it is not going to be a local affair, but a general war. The view, therefore, that this information should cause anxiety to Greece alone is mistaken.' The Greek Prime Minister also stressed that an invasion of Cyprus by the Turks would not be 'a mere promenade,' as was thought in the past. 'It will be a true war, because there is now organised defence.'

Mr. Sandys then asked Mr. Papandreou if he thought the London and Zurich Agreements were valid. The Greek Premier replied that Greece had never denounced the agreements. 'They are not invalid,' he said, 'but they are dead, and what is needed is their formal death certificate.' But the Turks, who had insisted on the validity of the agreements until the end, since they had obtained gains beyond their wildest dreams, were furious at the outcome. Yet not all Turks were deceived by the British presentation of their 'rights.' Thus Cetin Altan, in an article in *Milliyet* on August 30, 1964: 'We show great concern over Cyprus, but do we realise the profits the British are making from the oil of Kuwait and the other Arab countries as a result? Has it ever occurred to us that the British bases in Cyprus have only one reason—that is, to safeguard these profits?'

The precise aims of the usurping Greek Junta in Athens with regard to the future of Cyprus are far from clear. But a band of unscrupulous and self-seeking men can hardly be the best custodians of a proud country's national interests. They have already jeopardised the trade of Greece and the valuable stake it has in tourism. They have seriously interfered with the educational system, so carefully built up by many brilliant scholars, and they have made a travesty of religion, so dear to the heart and soul of all Greeks. It would not be surprising if, in order to keep themselves in power, they consented to a partial sell-out of Cyprus to America and the Turks.

When, with the approach of September, General Grivas, the former E.O.K.A. leader, arrived in Cyprus from Greece, where he had been resident since the uneasy peace settled on the island, wild speculation inevitably broke loose as to the purpose of his coming. Did it portend a challenge to the authority or the policy of Makarios? The Archbishop had recently been to Athens to consult with the Colonels, about whom there had been some misgivings with regard to their intentions apropos

Turkey. Did the junta contemplate a partial sell-out in the interests of peace in the Eastern Mediterranean, some territorial concession to the Ankara Government? There had been strong rumours to this effect, in spite of Makarios's repeated avowals that Cyprus would make no sacrifice of territory to the Turks. But with the breakdown of the local dialogue which had been going on without any definite result for two years, Grivas may have considered it prudent to reappear on the island as a precautionary measure, since the Turkish soldiers stationed there had become increasingly restive, and were menacing the Nicosia-Kyrenia road, which they dominated. The situation had become more tense with the impending session of the United Nations, at which the Cyprus situation was to be discussed.

On May 26, 1971, the Security Council of the United Nations renewed the mandate for the peace-keeping force in Cyprus (Unficyp) for a further period ending December 15 this year. In a letter to all governments concerned on July 19, U Thant stated that the force was in a 'serious financial plight', and the deficit had risen to about £8,700,000. U Thant emphasised that any sizeable reduction of the 3,177-man force would be inadvisable because of the continued tension between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots, and the persistent confrontation of 'two well-armed military forces' there. After the Council's vote in May to extend the peace-keeping operation, both the British and U.S.A. ambassadors said that the force, which first went to the island in 1964, could not be expected to stay in Cyprus for ever. The Council's resolution expressed the hope that by the end of this year sufficient progress would have been made towards a final solution to permit of 'withdrawal, or substantial reduction of the forces.' The obstructive tactics of the Turks in the local dialogue have not been conducive to this end, although the Ankara Government has given a hint that an early settlement is desired.

Much will depend on the attitude of the United States in the event of renewed threats from Ankara. The Turks have been the spoiled boys of the Mediterranean scene, but recently there has been a considerable cooling off in the love of Washington for the men of the fez and the scimitar. The Turks have never been 'loyal allies' of any Western nation, and of late there have been too frequent manifestations of hostility to the Americans, whose domination of Turkish life, as the Turks see it, has created much resentment.

But one thing is certain — whenever danger threatens, Makarios, we hope, will be there. The sagacious President waits on a U.N. settlement, but more for the seal it will place on his endeavours than for assent to the *de jure* situation which is now in operation in Aphrodite's isle. Cyprus is indeed, as he had dreamed, 'a little Greece in the Eastern Mediterranean.'

PERILOUS VOYAGE

by Francis Boyd

MR. Heath, with the support of the bulk of his Conservative party, most Liberals, and a sizeable number of Labour supporters, is about to set sail to discover a new place for Britain in a changing Europe and a changing world. He does not know, and neither do the British, just what will be found, but he is certain that, to quote his own words, 'if in this changed world we were going to be forced to stand alone, then the prospects for the jobs and the livelihood of our people would be bleak indeed.'

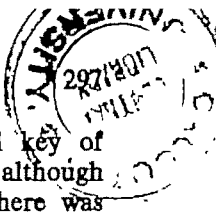
When he spoke to the Conservative party conference at Brighton on 16 October he described the prospect as 'daunting but not depressing'. He said that everyone concerned with trade and finance knew that 'rough winds are beginning to blow across the world' — particularly because the U.S.A., after generous post-war help to protect its allies, was acting drastically to protect its own balance of payments and trading position against the erosions they had suffered.

Mr. Heath, as all the world now knows, is a dedicated yachtsman. He has taken private risks at sea — and he has won prizes. In the voyage to which he is committing the nation he believes that the prize to be won is worth the risks: 'We stand now on the threshold of a period of growth and prosperity unparalleled since the war', he said at Brighton; and in the statement he issued from No. 10 Downing Street on 28 October, after both Houses of Parliament had approved the principle of Britain's entry into the EEC by large majorities, he said: 'Now we stand ready to take our first step into a new world full of new opportunities. . . . Let us show ourselves to that new world as we would wish it to see us—confident, proud and strong'.

The Conservative party conference endorsed the principle of Britain's entry in the ratio of eight to one. In the previous week, the Labour party conference, meeting in the same hall at Brighton, had rejected entry on the terms negotiated by Mr. Geoffrey Rippon, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in the ratio of five to one — in millions because of the effect of the trade unions' block votes.

In Parliament, on 28 October, the principle of entry was endorsed by 356 to 244 in the House of Commons. Sixty-nine Labour members defied their party's instruction to oppose entry and voted with the Government. Thirty-nine Conservatives exercised the freedom to vote one way or the other which the Government had conceded and opposed entry. Of the Liberals, with their own free vote, five were for entry, one against. In the House of Lords, entry was approved by 451 to 58.

How does Mr. Heath stand now with his Government, his party and the nation? The Conservative conference at Brighton was rather a muted



affair. Mr. Heath's speech was not at all in the emotional key of Churchill's famous 'fight them on the beaches' speech. In fact, although entry into the EEC won the day by a handsome majority, there was formidable opposition to entry from so potent a national figure as Mr. Enoch Powell, who is the last man to let the issue drop. He had told a Northern Irish audience, shortly before the Brighton conference, that a vote for entry into the ECC would be a vote for the unification of Ulster with the Irish Republic.

In any case, many Conservatives voted for the Heath policy only as an act of faith. It is not easy for the Conservatives to be the party that abates British sovereignty and places the Parliament at Westminster to an unknown extent below the EEC commission in Brussels. Certainly, large elements in the business world assume that Britain would be better placed inside the EEC than outside, but may not other national interests suffer — farming, fisheries, and so on? And may not the consumer suffer the disadvantages of entry before the country feels any benefits at all? And will not Westminster's present power to control regional policy be reduced after entry? How soon after entry would the enlarged EEC find itself moving towards common defence, political, and foreign policy institutions? May not the free movement of labour within the EEC worsen our unemployment?

These doubts dominate the Labour party in its present phase as has been shown in the decisions of the national executive of the Labour party, and by the Parliamentary Labour party, to reject the terms of entry which the Government has accepted. The growth of this hostile opinion in the Labour movement has led to some curious changes of attitude on the part of individual Labour members, but no one should doubt that very many Conservatives asked themselves these awkward questions before putting their trust in Ted.

Critics of entry have made much, and will make more, of the fact that the Government never put the question of entry to a referendum of the public. Mr. Heath has insisted throughout that Parliament should make the decision, and in his statement after the Parliamentary votes he said: 'To-day's decision has been reached by a clear majority of the elected representatives of the people'. The introduction of the referendum as a regular political device in Britain would mark a great change in old practice: some of the recent social changes would never have been made if the politicians had not decided to act in advance of the bulk of public opinion.

Mr. Heath's position now is stronger than it was before the two Houses had voted, but he may have troubles ahead — and certainly much smaller majorities in the House of Commons than he got on 28 October — when the legislation adapting British practices to those of the EEC comes before Parliament early next year. Few of the Labour members who voted for the principle of entry may support the Government during that legislation; and some Conservative opponents of entry may continue their opposition at all stages.

But Mr. Heath now knows at least that there is not only a huge pro-Market majority in the House of Lords which could be relied upon to put back into any EEC Bill anything the Commons had knocked out, but that there are the makings in the Labour ranks of an enduring quarrel between the 'loyalist' anti-Marketeers and the 'treacherous' pro-Marketeers. If the quarrel should follow the lines of the old Bevanite v. Gaitskellite war, Labour will be useless as an effective opposition for years; anxious efforts are now being made by moderates in the Parliamentary Labour Party to avoid this danger.

The public may follow Mr. Heath's lead but has been slow to show much enthusiasm for entry into the EEC. The fact is that it is difficult to surround the European adventure in the golden light in which the voyages of Jason and Columbus were set. While the Liberals have been consistent since 1945 in seeking a place for Britain in a united Western Europe, the two larger parties have first hoped that Britain could go it alone, and then reluctantly wondered whether the country's best bet, in her reduced international status, might not be to seek partnership with the EEC.

And in this secondary role, little has been made of the virtue of strengthening the stability and the democratic elements of Western Europe and thus reducing tensions in an area which, over centuries, has bred national and international strife. Instead, Labour critics of entry fear partnership with 'capitalists', while Tory finance experts seek the discipline of more competition — or so they say!

[Francis Boyd is Political Correspondent of the *Guardian*.]

HOMAGE TO HERSCHEL

by David S. Evans

AS a young research student in Oxford just before Warld War II, I found in my office a portrait of an old man, dressed in the clothes of a long-gone time, his collar stiff and high, his neck wound with a cloth. His hair in disarray surrounded his head with wispy white curls, his face wore the slightly ingratiating look that often comes with great age. The face was sunken in, the eyes heavily pouched. He sat at a round table on which were what seemed to be large coins or medals, one of which he held uncertainly in his hand.

The portrait bore no name, I had no idea of his identity, and with youthful irreverence I mentally dubbed in a caption, 'Doctor, your pills are no good for night starvation or falling hair'. It would have astonished me then to know that, many years later, I should come to know and admire this man, to see most of the places which he knew, and to be inspired by his scientific example.

The object of my admiration was not the failing geriatric of the portrait whose end came in 1871 with a tomb in the Abbey next to Isaac Newton, but the same man in his maturity and youth, handsome, infinitely versatile, adventurous, a master of many sciences. This was John Frederick William Herschel, bearer of a distinguished name and for some a trifle difficult to distinguish from his relatives. Surely the best known of the family was John's father, Frederick William Herschel, a refugee from Hanover who, coming to England, gained at first some public notice as organist and composer, and then turned to astronomy with such success that he is sometimes called the 'father of stellar astronomy'. It is for his work on the dynamics of double stars and on the distribution and movement of stars in space, as well as his catalogues of galaxies and clusters, that professional astronomers remember William Herschel. The event, entirely accidental, whose significance might have been missed by an unprepared mind, which made him celebrated among the population at large was the discovery of Uranus in 1781, the first beyond the classical list of naked eye planets. It brought him favour at the court and appointment as 'Royal Astronomer' (not Astronomer Royal), and a special kind of immortality in Keats' lines in *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.*

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

The discovery so excited the man in the street that, many years later, when John Herschel was travelling on the continent, the French douânier, seeing his passport, exclaimed 'Herschel, that is not a man, that is a star!'

William, as John's father is usually called, was assisted in his work by his sister Caroline, who lived to a great age, dying in her ninety-eighth year in 1848. Utterly devoted to her brother, a skilled assistant in his work, as well as an observer in her own right, she was even in great age one of the sweetest and liveliest persons it is possible to imagine. At the age of eighty-three her nephew wrote of her: 'She runs about the town with me, and skips up her two flights of stairs. In the morning until eleven or twelve she is dull and weary, but as the day advances she gains life, and is quite "fresh and funny" at ten o'clock P.M., and sings old rhymes, nay even dances! to the great delight of all who see her'.

At the age of fifty, William married a widow, Mary Pitt, who gave him their son, and only offspring, in 1792. This was the year of the French Revolution, and though Europe was wracked by war for the next quarter century its influence on John Herschel seems to have been quite as peripheral as it was on the work of Jane Austen. All the astronomers of the family conducted their investigations as if the whole world consisted of nothing but leisured and cultivated aristocrats.

There are many memoirs of William, and several accounts of Caroline, but until the publication of Günther Buttmann's, *John Herschel, Lebensbild eines Naturforschers*, published in English in New York as *The Shadow of the Telescope*, there has been no full-length biography of John Herschel. He appears, along with his father William and Francis Baily, on the sesquicentennial British postage stamp commemorating the foundation of the Royal Astronomical Society, but all are anonymous. There are considerable collections of Herscheliana, with the emphasis on William and Caroline in the collections of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society, but John has been almost totally neglected by historians of science in Britain.

John Herschel was born in Slough, chosen for its proximity to Windsor where William as the greatest of his telescope-making enterprises had constructed his 'Forty foot' telescope, with a speculum mirror 48 inches in aperture. Crudely mounted though it was, this was used with great effect by William, and its light-gathering power exceeded anything erected in Britain until the Isaac Newton telescope at Hertsmonceux.

This is the telescope which forms the badge of the Royal Astronomical Society. It was eventually scrapped, partly because of its poor mechanical condition, partly because, like all speculum metal mirrors, its objective needed repolishing and this was too formidable a task for the old man, and partly because the climate of Britain simply does not afford sufficient and long enough intervals of clear weather to make use of a large telescope very effective.

It was in the shadow of this instrument that young John grew up, and he would climb around its complex scaffolding woodwork to amuse himself. An only child of elderly parents, he seems to have escaped the psychological imbalance in which such a situation often results. His education was for much of the time in the hands of private tutors, and

his brief attendances at school brought him into contact with brutality which distressed his mother and prompted his withdrawal. Surprisingly enough, a close relationship developed between the boy and his aunt Caroline, his senior by forty-two years, which persisted throughout her long life. When she withdrew to Hanover after the death of her brother in 1822, quixotically refusing to keep any financial resources for herself, it was to her that John wrote, both from England and from South Africa, with a sensitive consideration that bridged the generation gap. And it was to her that he hastened to send a copy when his great book, *Results of Astronomical Observations . . . at the Cape of Good Hope,* was published just before her death.

Overshadowed by his father John may have been, but he had his own native abilities and these were strongly encouraged by his daily association with the scientists in his own family and the many who visited the house. At seventeen he followed a normal course for the son of a well-to-do family and went up to St. John's College, Cambridge. There he made friends with a galaxy of mathematical talent; Babbage, frustrated pioneer of machine computation; Whewell, mathematician, geophysicist and Christian apologist; Peacock, the mathematical divine who was to be John's obituarist.

These constituted, in a decorous mathematical way, a lively and unconventional crew, for they formed a society, the Analytical Society, to adopt in England the new mathematical techniques and notation then current on the continent of Europe. John, who, a trifle oddly, was fond of referring to himself in his correspondence throughout his life in such phrases as 'a true-born Englishman,' was always internationally minded. This he must have got, not only from his Hanoverian relatives, but also from his predilection for travel. As a boy he had been taken by his father to France, where he had not only had audience with Napoleon but had met all the astronomers and celestial mechanicians of France.

All the young men of his circle achieved distinction, John himself being Senior Wrangler in 1813 and Smith's Prizeman. He had already begun to write original mathematical papers and in 1813 was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. William then expressed a wish that John should enter the Church, possibly with the idea that a comfortable benefice and not too many duties would give plenty of leisure for other activities including astronomy.

John, however, decided to go into the Law and spent a couple of years desultorily reading at Lincoln's Inn before returning to Cambridge as a sub-tutor. Neither the law nor his teaching duties filled his entire time, and he was able to continue with research not only in mathematics but in chemistry as well. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the chemical Chair at Cambridge in 1815, although he had been a Fellow of John's since his election while still a B.A. in 1813.

By this time his father was nearing eighty and, feeling his powers waning, appealed to John to collaborate and to perpetuate his work.

This John consented to do, possibly, as Peacock was to say in his obituary, out of a sense of duty and filial affection. At all events, he did become his father's assistant, and quite obviously for many years needed no stimulus of mere duty to maintain his interest and productivity. What is more interesting is the fact that, between 1816 when he left Cambridge at the age of twenty-four until 1850 when he became Master of the Mint at the age of fifty-eight, John Herschel seems to have held no paid appointment. What he lived on is something of a mystery. Father William, the youthful military bandsman washed up on the shores of England by the campaigns of Frederick the Great in 1757, had one French crown piece. His musical posts, even the fashionable one in Bath, cannot have brought in much money. His salary as Royal Astronomer, with a few pounds a year from sister Caroline, cannot have made him rich. He sold the telescopes he made, receiving a total, according to one jotted memorandum, of some £16,000 not counting a royal grant-in-aid for the 'forty-foot'. This was an immense sum, certainly for a one man business, but as a life-time gross income it can hardly have left more than a fraction as profit.

Mary Pitt is said to have brought a jointure on their marriage. Even so, there is a marked contrast between the life of the refugee oboeist, and the comfortable bourgeois style of his son. It cost money to go to Cambridge. Even in those days it cost something to maintain an independent career in research, no matter that one built one's own instruments. And then, in 1834, when married and with three of the eventual twelve children, John was to go to Cape Town, for which he would lay out some £500 in fares, more than a thousand a year for living, and even purchase a property for £3,000. How it all worked out has never been explained, but the fact remains that John was never deprived of the liberty to indulge in research as the inclination took him, until he became Master of the Mint, a post he may have accepted because of financial stringency.

From 1816 onwards, John occupied himself in a variety of astronomical and photochemical researches in which the guiding theme was always the properties of light. In what we should now class as laboratory physics, he interested himself in the identification of elements by their spectral lines, in the interference of light which results from its wave nature, and in the birefringence and polarisation produced by certain crystals. All these were in the forefront of optics and eventually developed into major areas of importance; and he corresponded or collaborated with the greatest of the contemporary physicists, such as Fresnel, Young and Arago, all engaged in developing the wave theory of light, with whom he must rank as a peer. At the same time he was engaged in geometrical optics in the computation of achromatic lenses for telescope objectives.

Besides all this he undertook major works, partly in collaboration with Sir James South, in the observation of double stars. This is an

astronomical topic which retains its importance since it is only by the study of double stars that any idea of stellar masses can be obtained, and these data are of high importance in the development of the theory of stellar evolution.

Before they fell out, Herschel and South produced extensive catalogues of northern double stars, just as the former was to do in the southern sky a few years later. This formed only part of a larger enterprise for in the period before he went to Africa in 1833 Herschel, using the 18-inch diameter, 20-foot reflector systematically investigated the whole northern sky and catalogued not only double stars, but clusters and galaxies as well, thus supplementing and perfecting the work begun by his father.

John indulged his penchant for travel and his pleasure in international contacts during several European journeys undertaken with congenial friends from college days. He also participated with his father and others in the foundation of the Astronomical Society, later to be granted a Royal Charter, and served as secretary of the Royal Society for a period. He received a variety of medals, the highest honours which the two societies could bestow on him, and wrote several encyclopaedic treatises, some of which, such as the *Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy*, were parts of encyclopaedia publishing ventures. Other ventures which for another man might have been major undertakings were completed almost as asides, including, for example, in 1825, a precise determination of the longitude and latitude difference between the observatories at Paris and at Greenwich, which involved the marshalling of large bodies of troops and other assistants and intricate calculations.

Herschel remained a bachelor until 1829 though there are hints that he may have previously contemplated marriage on more than one occasion. His marriage was, almost literally, arranged by a friend, James Grahame, who, one presumes, saw his friend sliding into crusty middle age, and picked out a suitable young lady, taking care to throw the two into each other's company. The chosen girl was Margaret Brodie Stewart, daughter of a widow with a large family, whose husband had been an eminent Scottish divine. The plan worked to perfection. The lass, though only half his age, had marvellous good looks, an intense devotion to her husband, remarkable managerial capacity, and immense physical endurance. They were duly married in St. Marylebone's Church, and John Herschel acquired not only a wife but, something he had lacked in youth, a large family whom he treated with the affection and generosity normally reserved for blood kindred.

William had died in 1822 and Caroline had retired to Hanover. John's mother Mary died in 1832, so that without his new family he might have been lonely. His position was one of immense eminence both from the renown of his family, his own achievements and, something which counted for a good deal in those days, the King had dubbed him a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, so that he was 'Sir

John' and his Maggie became 'Lady Herschel' at the age of twenty-one. Two daughters and a son were born in rapid succession so that, when the Herschels set out on their expedition to South Africa in November 1833, they already had three of the twelve children who were to be born to them.

The project of going to the southern hemisphere to make systematic observations of objects invisible from the north must have been germinating in Herschel's mind for a long time and, in all probability, he put it off until after his mother's death; but we know almost nothing of the origins of this project or the preparations for it. The scientific basis for the expedition was clear enough. The southern sky, then almost completely unexplored, and to this day much less well investigated than the northern, happens to contain a much higher proportion of objects of scientific significance. Herschel longed to become the first man thoroughly to investigate the whole of both the northern and southern skies and very possibly remains the only man to have done this. His choice of situation from which to observe was limited, then as now, by the fact that the southern hemisphere of the earth is mostly sea. South Africa seemed the best choice, for the Cape had recently become a British possession; the British had founded an established observatory there in 1820 and it had been the scene of several astronomical expeditions, notably that of Lacaille in the middle seventeen hundreds. Two other points told in its favour. Thomas Maclear, formerly a physician and surgeon turned astronomer and already known to the Herschels, was to take up the post of H.M. Astronomer at the Cape, and in addition the longitude of the Cape was the same as that of central Europe, a consideration which had much influenced Lacaille in his determination of the distance from the earth to the sun, using co-operative observations at the Cape and Berlin. The African visit from 1834 to 1838 is much the most vividly documented period of Herschel's life, or at least, this is the opinion of those who produced his edited correspondence and diaries, *Herschel at the Cape*. Merely to list all that he did is difficult. His primary task was to survey all the southern sky and to catalogue all the star clusters, double stars and nebulae that he could find. Some areas such as the Large Magellanic Cloud and the great nebula Eta Carinae were studied in greater detail. Most catalogues of these types of object today still rest on a basis of Herschel's work. In carrying it out he had the close collaboration of Thomas Maclear and the families struck up a lifelong friendship. This was by no means all. The Herschels lived in a large estate just south of Cape Town, known as Feldhausen, which Herschel eventually purchased. There he carried out innumerable experiments on the chemistry of flower pigments, on botanical classification and depiction. He used an interesting optical device, the camera lucida, to make accurate drawings of scenes and plants, and where appropriate Maggie coloured them in. She, for her part, ran a household where there were seldom less than a dozen persons in residence, what with all the servants, the steadily increasing brood of children, and the

innumerable visitors (including the young Darwin) who came to call. When not installed at their mansion, they travelled around by waggon or on horseback, and Maggie followed him devotedly wherever he went however imminent was the next addition to the family. They seem to have been supremely happy and all the while both he and she wrote endless letters not only to aunt Caroline and all the in-laws (who were scattered from Scotland to China) but to all manner of scientists and dignitaries. One important result of all this was the foundation of the Cape system of education in which Sir John did the spade-work with the Colonial Office, putting forward his own ideas and those of several progressively minded residents of the Colony.

After four years the Herschel family, now much increased, and John's assistant, committed themselves once more to the cockleshell sailing ships which made the two month voyage between England and the Cape and headed for home. On the outward voyage all had suffered from seasickness, but not the head of the family, who while everyone was prostrate, dredged for sea creatures, studied the details of navigation, designed a roll-free sleeping cot and picked up all the information he could. His welcome at Southampton was rapturous, and the new Queen made him a baronet in her coronation honours' list.

His principal task was to compile his catalogue and to present his results to the world. But he found time for pushing a scheme for the reform of the constellations and for studying terrestrial magnetism. More important still, he reverted to an earlier love and interested himself in photochemistry, being stimulated as much by his drawing device as by the recently published work of Fox Talbot and Daguerre. In 1819 he had made the more marked discovery of the fixing properties of sodium thiosulphate ('hypo'). Now within a matter of days he had produced a perfectly practical system of photography, some examples of which, notably a photograph of the old forty-foot telescope, soon to be dismantled, still exist. He extended this work greatly in efforts to increase the colour range of sensitivity of his materials and to attempt to reproduce colours in his photographs.

In 1840 the family left Slough and went to live in a large house known as Collingwood in the village of Hawkhurst in Kent. Sir John Herschel was now nearly fifty years old and his most important book was not yet complete. Much of his time was taken up with the affairs of various scientific bodies and in service on a variety of scientific commissions. Whenever anyone was wanted for this kind of thing, the name of Herschel seems to have been among the first thought of. During this period he also wrote a number of books and encyclopaedia articles on all kinds of topics ranging from optics to meteorology. The last child was born in 1855 when Sir John was sixty-three. All seem to have been intelligent, gay and handsome and to have found suitable niches in society, the arts and science. The sons proved less fertile than the daughters and the baronetcy has been extinct for some years. A number

of descendants in the female line are still very much alive, but only one of them, another Caroline, still bears the Herschel name.

In his last years when Sir John became, as Newton had done before him, Master of the Mint, he was so swamped by the minutiae of the job that it affected both his health and his ebullience of spirit. The last years were indeed sad; though after his resignation in 1856 Herschel led a quieter life. In these later years he found time for translations of a number of works by Dante, Schiller and Homer, for he had always been an excellent linguist, and even at times dabbled in linguistic research. Finally the end came on May 11, 1871, just over one hundred years ago.

What happened to account for the final descent into relative obscurity? Add together the list of significant contributions to systematic observation, much of it still valid, the first quantitative stellar photometry, detailed pioneer investigations of objects still in the forefront of interest, the contributions to optics and photography, the classical treatises, superseded now but in their day of outstanding value, the catholicity of interests: all this comes to as much or more than has been achieved by many with assured places in scientific history. Perhaps the breadth of interest was too great and verged on dilettantism? Possibly the reputation of William permanently and ultimately overshadowed his own? He had no great stroke of luck like the discovery of Uranus which brought William public acclaim, even though this is not what secures his reputation among astronomers. Perhaps three or four Herschels (for John had a son who also achieved some scientific reputation) is too many for public esteem to distinguish? Perhaps most of all, the thing which makes a reputation in astronomy is not observing, however widely, however long esteemed professionally, by comparison with the striking theoretical deduction, even if that be short-lived? But the future of astronomy lies in the southern hemisphere; as witness the American, European and Anglo-Australian southern observatories which are in development and, in all probability because of superior climatic conditions, in South America and South Africa. Those who participate in this development will not fail in due time to acknowledge their overwhelming debt to John Herschel.

[David S. Evans is Professor of Astronomy at the University of Texas, Austin. He was formerly Chief Assistant at The Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope and is editor of the English version of Buttmann's biography and chief editor of *Herschel at the Cape*.]

POEMS

THE BILLABONG

Red earth, red plain, the Australian
terra cotta landscape
lies idle in the sun,
ancient crust of earth's old age
crackles, moves and stirs
with heat
pounding the dry earth, absorbing the still plain,
draining the soil to open sores,
remote and beautiful.

I am absorbed.

Underfoot the pellet ground turns her face
to Spring's miracle,
an array of pink, star-spangled flowers
riot, like the Milky Way,
against thorn, scrub and bottle brush.
Above, the sky arches
in a semi-circle.

We came to the billabong unexpectedly.
A clump of trees broke the flatness.
I stood
and soaked its beauty
through the pores of my skin.

Absorbed, I saw the stagnant water,
blood-red and old it lay
suckling smooth-barked red river gums
whose shade
gave sanctuary
to warblers, water fowl and a cloud
of screeching cockatoos
that danced and flapped
cavorting
in the slender topmost boughs.

The air
was filled with the raucous music
of croaking frogs and grasshoppers
as they lifted their voices
in the dry as bone undergrowth.

The past, the present, all time was there.
When may I return?

JUDITH M. BROOKE

THE NEW MEN

Flowers of the earth
Were sweet and manifest.
Corncockle and red poppy,
Flax and the scarlet pimpernel
Carpeted the fields of grain.
Time was when the meadowpippits sang.

That time is gone.
Machines which work the earth
Are hard and disciplined,
A scourge of steel whips for the earth.

As hard as the new men of the land,
Beautiful in body and mastery of technique,
Unhumble before grass,
Who break through the hedgerows
With songs of engines in their minds,
And in their eyes the mirages of diesel fumes,
Grinding their wheels into the oats,
Their sunburnt backs stiff above barley.
They, the new men, proud over tall crops,
Brazen above the wheat they never touch.

JAMES TURNER

A MAN OF THE NEW WORLD

Not from a body stretched beautifully upon a body
Enclosed by passionate arms enclosed by arms in turn
Did my unquick substance soon to be live flesh leap
Nor in rich heats of love did my true self burn.

I came silent, numbered, numbed in a cold wilderness
In a phial labelled with my father's name;
And without violence or ecstasy, is it small wonder
That I see in a glass darkly an image of two men's shame?

From such engendering I shied away
A deprived person stumbling in a depraved world.
Nevertheless at moments in that groping
I found a small part of my whole self in my part self curled.

I fell into distress, into the munching jaws
Of a steel trap that wrenched my bones apart;
It was the first of my deaths. A generous science
With steel and plastic offered a new start.

My eyes, alas, rusted in disrepair;
Perhaps my benefactor was less blind than me.
But when I open his pupils wide in the sun
I worry sometimes whose is the world I see.

Now my own heart is eating out its grief
In a place removed while I suffer another's ache.
In the appalling dark of man's worst dilemma,
Dear God, when at last I die, whose heart will break?

JOHN SMITH

WEDDING

The mist is alive
Small hands which seek and link
Around you where you stand
A column, marble-white,
Stitching a dress, a veil.

Dressed,
You move out, out of the scene,
A picture torn from a frame,
Jagged bits of the background,
Its collection of heads,
Swirling around you like lace.

Now you are drawn back in
Through the space you have left
Away from the glasses that clink
And into the dark.
Beyond, the ceremony goes on,
A scene under glass.

Tiny hands
Keep touching your cheek,
An intelligent fog,
And a voice that says,

'I have come, bringing the dark
In a tiny white pot.
See where I am holding it in my hands
It will shadow your eyes,
Your mysterious eyes.

All the secret pools and places
Time's veil hides,
Now the years will pass by,
A flow over stones,
Will close over your hair,
Will leave you alone.

Floating you back,
Here to this place,
To the ladies who wait,
Still reading out loud
The service of days.
You have borrowed our names.
You are made of our bones,'

Then the veil caught in the wind
Like a kite. You sailed
Out of the dark, and into the light.
Then the sun burned off your veil
Like a mist at the dawn
While the little white pot
Grew more of a weight
Filled as it was
By the anchoring sun.

SUSAN FROMBERG SHAEFFER

POEMS FROM THE PERSIAN OF SA'DI (A.D. 1184-1292)

THE TEMPERING

The fire of youth is like a torch
That hope and zeal must fan,
Until, in green maturity,
The boy becomes a man.
The years of arduous travelling
Have left him undismayed:
In him is seen an artefact—
A finely tempered blade.

SNOW IN SUMMER

When winds blow chill and snowflakes start to fall,
As sometimes happens on a summer day,
Although my eyes are dazzled, I recall
How swiftly the bright snow must melt away.

DAILY BREAD

The clouds, and winds, and mist, and sun
The will of God obey,
And toil to put within the grasp
Of man a loaf each day,

To us the fresh sustaining bread
This precept should impart,
That Faith is still the greenest leaf
That grows in any heart.

J. C. E. BOWEN

SEPTEMBER, LEEDS

Four men on stooks, their clothes a faded blue
Sat talking and laughing. Nothing new.
Breughel liked the scene so casually grouped
In the soft autumn sky. But twine is looped
By binders now, not human hands. The beat
Of combines drifts from nearby fields
And tractors drone on in September's heat,
And still this good earth smiles and yields
The winter's food, though now we seem freed
From season's bounty or the winter's need
By marketing, packaging, chemical tricks
Which make us forget the need for ricks
Or stooks or men in faded blue
Cracking their jokes from one to two
In a small corner of reality.

DERRY JEFFARES

THE PRINCE OF DENMARK

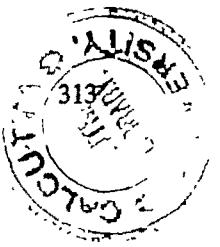
His father courted the cockcrow that night,
And the realm had rotted with his death in sin.
No silver belfry clapped the boy's coming out,
No silver spoon stuck prophetically between
His graveyard gums. Only the new child,
Disappointing, housed and unwilled,
He kept his state.

Nor did gold come his way in any sound
Of bell or any shape of girl
Save the mad one. As man, he did not find
The sovereign remedy for so much ill
About his heart, that throne-haunted boyhood
And ghostly youth, days when the curfew played
Time out of mind.

There were no silver bells, then, no golden bells
For welcome or zest, no peals to improve
Either arrival or journey, to make calls
Acceptable or help his unbelief.
But he had been summoned by the brazen clash
Of mighty opposites, and he knew the rush
Back to the high walls.

And then it was the darkness and the farewell
And the avenging, and he saw his father's face
In daydream, the regret and the scowl;
And he heard her, the mother with the voice
Of no change. And he did not ask for whom
Poisoned cups or dumbstruck mourners came
To toll the iron bell.

JULIAN ENNIS



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, 1771-1855

by Mary Moorman

DOROTHY Wordsworth was born on Christmas Day 1771, at Cockermouth, Cumberland, the only daughter and third child of John Wordsworth, agent to Sir James Lowther and Ann Cookson, his wife, who came from Penrith. She and her elder brother William were baptised on the same day, early in 1772. In 1778 Mrs. Wordsworth died, and Dorothy was brought up by her mother's cousin Miss Threlkeld in Halifax. From 1787-8 she lived at Penrith with her grandparents, then from 1788-1795 with her mother's brother, the Rev. Dr. William Cookson and his family, at Forncett Rectory, Norfolk. From 1795 onwards she lived with her brother William, in Dorset, Somerset and finally (in 1799) at Grasmere. She continued to live with him after his marriage to Mary Hutchinson in 1802, knowing and desiring no other home. She died at Rydal Mount on 25 January, 1855.

Dorothy Wordsworth was 29 years old when her brother William, in a little poem called *The Sparrow's Nest*, told us what she was like in those very early days before their mother's death. That poem, and *To a Butterfly*, written at Grasmere in 1801 and 1802, bring before us the child Dorothy's quivering delight in all the wonders of the natural world. First, the hedge-sparrow's nest in the rose-hedge at the bottom of their father's garden: —

> She looked at it as she did fear it,
> Trembling, though wishing, to be near it —
> Such heart was in her, being then
> A little Prattler among men.[1]

Then, the chase after a butterfly: —

> Oh pleasant, pleasant were the days,
> The time, when in our childish plays
> My sister Emmeline[2] and I
> Together chased the butterfly!
> A very hunter did I rush
> Upon the prey: with leaps and springs
> I followed on from brake to brush;
> But she, God love her! feared to brush
> The dust from off its wings.

At Halifax, whither she went to live after her mother's death, she grew up happily among cousins and friends; she went to school, and though she seems never to have learnt music or drawing, developed a neat and flowing hand-writing, in which in later years she copied her brother's poems; in her letters and journals however it became swifter and at times almost tumultuous, not easy to read. She also possessed, or acquired, a faultless eye for spelling. For a time when Dorothy was about 14 there was a circulating library in Miss Threlkeld's house and there can be little doubt that Dorothy made use of it.[3] Reading was always her favourite

indoor recreation, for though an industrious worker with her needle when it was a question of making shirts for her brothers, curtains for beds, or, later, clothes for the children, she was no lover of embroidery or 'fancy work'.

Fortunately for posterity, her friend Jane Pollard kept all Dorothy's letters, and from them we learn to know Dorothy in her girlhood, at a time when events of a decisive kind were taking place, both for her and for her brother William. For, after nine years at Halifax, Dorothy went at the age of 15, to Penrith to live with her Cookson grandparents, under her grandmother's strict and ungracious supervision—very different from the kindly rule of 'Aunt Threlkeld'.[4]

The children's father was now dead also; Penrith was their official home, and much as they all disliked their grandparents and their Uncle Christopher, who, as yet unmarried, lived at home, the opportunity of being at last together in the summer holidays was really worth all the other disagreeable aspects of her Penrith life. William, John and Christopher came home from Hawkshead in late June, 1787. William at 17 was about to enter St. John's College, Cambridge; John was preparing to start his career on board an East Indiaman; Christopher had yet several years of school before him. Thus Dorothy described to Jane how together the four lamented their orphaned condition: 'Many a time have Wm, J., C., and myself shed tears together, tears of the bitterest sorrow; we all of us, each day, feel more sensibly the loss we sustained when we were deprived of our parents, and each day do we receive fresh insults, you will wonder of what sort; believe me of the most mortifying kind, the insults of servants; the servants are everyone of them so insolent to us as makes the kitchen as well as the parlour quite insupportable.' The reason for this cruel attitude was the poverty of the children—for their father had died with several thousand pounds owing to him by his employer Sir James Lowther—and their future prosperity was very uncertain. The debt was ultimately paid in 1803 by Lord Lonsdale's successor, William Viscount Lowther (later Earl of Lonsdale by a second creation) after a long law suit with Sir James Lowther in which the trustees of the family won their action, but the defendant never paid.

She first introduces her brother William as an excuse for not having written earlier to Jane. On Sunday she 'went out into the country at seven o'clock in the morning and did not return till it was too late to attempt beginning.' One need not enquire who was her companion. 'On Thursday night I began of writing but my Br William was sitting by me and I could not help talking with him till it was too late to finish.' (D.W. to Jane Pollard, summer 1787).

During the years that followed the companionship thus renewed at Penrith became a permanent and indispensable part of their lives. As Dorothy grows up into womanhood she continues to tell Jane of her unwavering love for her brothers. They had, she said, been 'endeared to each other by early misfortune'. 'Neither absence, nor distance nor

time can ever break the chain that links me to my brothers', she wrote when she was 20, and of these brothers one held her heart's loyalty and devotion with a completeness and an intimacy that was never broken or replaced. 'Fraternal affection', she wrote in 1805, when William had been three years married to Mary Hutchinson, 'has been the building up of my being, the light of my path'. (D.W. to Lady Beaumont, 19 March, 1805). His kindness and affection were a revelation to the lonely girl in those early years. The high lights in her life were William's visits, and the sustaining joy of it his affection. 'He was never tired of comforting his sister,' she wrote, 'he never left her in anger, he always met her with joy, he preferred her society to every other pleasure.' (D.W. to Jane Pollard, 10 July, 1793). She spoke also of 'a sort of violence of Affection if I may so term it which demonstrates itself every moment of the Day when the Objects of his affection are present with him in a thousand almost imperceptible attentions to their wishes, in a sort of restless watchfulness which I know not how to describe.' (D.W. to Jane Pollard 16 February, 1793).

William and Dorothy lived in an age when family affection was stronger and warmer, less introspective and therefore freer and more demonstrative that it often is in our own. Jane Austen thoroughly understood this in her description of William and Fanny Price in *Mansfield Park*. Children of the same family, she wisely observes, 'have some means of enjoyment in their power which no subsequent connexions can supply.'[5] When Dorothy wrote these words William had returned from his eventful year in France, where he had left his unmarried mistress Annette Vallon, and their daughter Caroline. Nothing is more moving and admirable in Dorothy's character than her behaviour to Annette. When William, distraught and sorrowful, told her about his involvement with the French Catholic and royalist girl, Dorothy immediately wrote to her, welcoming her and her child into the family without reproach or even regret. Her letters have not survived but, by extraordinary chance, two from Annette, to her lover and to Dorothy, have done so, in which her enthusiastic delight in Dorothy's kindness is touchingly shown. Dorothy never repudiated her interest in Annette. It was she who went with William to Calais in 1802, just before his marriage to Mary Hutchinson, to bid a friendly farewell to her; and later when Caroline was grown up, only the outbreak of the Waterloo campaign prevented her setting out for Paris to attend Caroline's wedding. (D.W. to Mrs. Clarkson, 9 October, 1814 and subsequently.)

The necessities of war and history parted the lovers, but when after four years, her friend of early Penrith days, who was also William's earliest love, Mary Hutchinson, again came into their lives, spending a long spring holiday with them at Racedown in 1797, Dorothy could welcome her as one who truly shared all her and William's loves and interests. The notion, put about by several writers in recent years, that Wordsworth only married Mary to save himself from a tormenting incestuous love for Dorothy is grossly untrue.[7] Neither Wordsworth nor

Dorothy nor Mary could have found anything but misery in such a perversion of all that they felt and understood about love.[8] Yet the marriage was a peculiarly happy one, and Dorothy remained a beloved and indispensable member of the household.

Dorothy had in fact done everything she could to promote the marriage. In the spring and early summer months of 1802 we know from her journal that she wrote every week or even oftener to Mary, and as often Mary wrote to her. Most of these letters have unfortunately disappeared, but in one of them she wrote, hearing that Mary was grown thin: 'My dearest Mary, seek quiet of rather amusing thoughts—study the flowers, the birds and all common things that are about you.[9] O Mary, my dear Sister! be quiet and happy . . . and do not make loving us your business, but let love of us make up the spirit of all the business you have.' (D.W. to M.H. 16 April, 1802).

Far too much has been made of Dorothy' emotions on the wedding-day.[10] She had certainly anticipated with some dread 'that concentration of all tender feelings, past, present and future, which will come upon me on the wedding morning' and only wished the wedding over, and that 'we had reached our home once again.' (D.W. to Jane Marshall, 29 September, 1802.) It was in fact the wedding, not the marriage, that she dreaded. As we look into her life, there is no trace of the 'heart-rending renunciation' which is supposed to have resulted for her and William, from the marriage. On the contrary she is still with us, a vivid, active, out-going person sharing in all the joys and sorrows, labours and activities of a poet's household—her beloved brother's family. Children came; she welcomed and loved them as her own. 'They', she wrote, 'now seem to complete our being and make us so happy that I wonder how we could do without them.' (D.W. to Mrs. Clarkson 10 February, 1805). And on Christmas Day 1805—her thirty-fourth birthday—she said of the last five years: 'I think these years have been the very happiest of my life'. (D.W. to Mrs. Clarkson.) We must pay her the compliment of believing what she says.

She might well think so, for those years had seen the crown of her ministry to William. For seven years, from 1795 to 1802, she had been his sole companion, encouraging and sustaining him until the depression into which the war with France had plunged him had been conquered, and he became both a happy man and a great poet.

William's tribute of gratitude to her begin very early, in *The Vale of Esthwaite*, written in his last year at school and after the first meeting with her at Penrith, and in his first published poem, *An Evening Walk*, which he called 'An Epistle in Verse, addressed to a Young Lady from the Lakes of the North of England', and which begins

> Far from my dearest friend, 'tis mine to rove
> Thro' bare grey dell, high wood and pastoral cove.

Ten years later comes the fine, gay lyric, *To my Sister*, written at Alfoxden in the spring of 1798, summoning Dorothy to a walk:

> Make haste, your morning task resign,
> Come forth and feel the sun.

Deeper and more solemn is the verse of *The Sparrow's Nest*:

> The Blessing of my later years
> Was with me when a boy:
> She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares and delicate fears;
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
> And love, and thought, and joy.

Soon after *To a Butterfly* comes the 'Glow-worm' poem, 'Among all lovely things my Love had been'—written at a poignant moment in their lives, when he was returning home to her after going to Yorkshire to tell Mary about the necessity of visiting Annette before the marriage could take place.[11] His longer poems—*Tintern Abbey*, and *The Prelude* and *Home at Grasmere*—all have passages about her, glowing out unexpectedly, bringing her before us in all the brilliance and spontaneity of a nature 'the very wildest' (to use De Quincey's words about her) 'in the sense of the most natural I have ever known; and also the truest, most inevitable, and at the same time the quickest and readiest in her sympathy . . . with the realities of life or the larger realities of the poets.'[12]

In appearance, Dorothy was small, with light brown hair and a face 'of Egyptian brown', from exposure to wind and weather. De Quincey speaks of 'the glancing quickness of her motions', and she herself once said 'It is natural to me to do everything as quickly as I can and at the same time.' Her eyes, says De Quincey again, were not 'fierce or bold, but they were wild and startling', and in *Tintern Abbey* her brother wrote of 'the shooting lights/Of thy wild eyes'. So also Coleridge, after that first meeting at Racedown in 1797, conveys the impression of movement: 'Her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. . . . Her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature and her taste a perfect electrometer'. (S.T.C. to Joseph Cottle, July 1797.) De Quincey corroborates this when he says: 'The pulses of light are not more quick or more inevitable in their flow and undulation, than were the answering and echoing movements of her sympathizing attention'.[13]

Such a person cannot be thought of as in any way doting or sentimental or morbid in her affections. Rather, the character of her ministry to her brother was stimulating and even sharp at times, as his own lines about her in *The Prelude* bear witness:

> Then it was
> That the beloved Woman in whose sight
> Those days[14] were passed, now speaking in a voice
> Of sudden admonition — like a brook
> That did but cross a lonely road, and now
> Seen, heard and felt, and caught at every turn,
> Companion never lost through many a league,
> Maintained for me a saving intercourse
> With my true self. (*Prelude*, 1805 text, x, 910-916).

She was often anxious about him because of his sleeplessness and frequent prostrating headaches—the result of working at high pressure. The Grasmere Journal records much suffering, both his and her own, particularly in the early months of 1802. 'William worked at the Leech Gatherer almost incessantly from morning till tea-time', she wrote, 'I was oppressed and sick at heart for he wearied himself to death'. (9 May, 1802.) And the next day—'he will be tired out I am sure. My heart fails in me'.

But her brother caused her on the whole scarcely more anxiety in these years than did Coleridge. His ill-health, and still more his domestic misery in a loveless marriage, were a constant source of pity and concern. 'We broke the seal of Coleridge's letter', she wrote once, 'and I had light enough just to see that he was not ill—I put it in my pocket, but at the top of White Moss Common I took it to my bosom, a safer place for it'. (*Journals*, 8 February, 1802.) On the day he left Keswick to go to London, and she was walking home with William and Mary, 'Every sight and every sound reminded me of him dear, dear fellow . . . at last I eased my heart by weeping—nervous blubbering says William. It is not so. O how many, many reasons have I to be anxious for him'. When he returned, 'I was much affected with the sight of him—he seemed half stupefied'. Perhaps with opium, which he was already taking. . . . 'Wm and I sat up till four o'clock' — no doubt talking about their friend. (*Journals*, 10 October, 1801, 19 March, 1802.)

A heart like Dorothy's was bound to suffer. The death by shipwreck of their beloved younger brother John in 1805 and of William's six year old son Tommy in 1812 were blows which took all her courage, faith and unselfishness to recover from, for John was the hope of their hearts while he was away at sea, and Tommy was, 'of all the children that one . . . who gave us the purest of delights'. (D.W. to E. Threlkeld, 19 January, 1813.)

Dorothy's gift to the world in her writings was most unconsciously given. Her Alfoxden Journal—of which the manuscript appears to be hopelessly lost[15]—of the spring of 1798, and the Grasmere Journal of the years 1800-1803[16], were written for her own and her brother's eye alone —though Coleridge certainly saw the Alfoxden Journal and made use of it in *The Ancient Mariner* and in *Christabel*.[17] In them her powers of describing the moods and 'feeling' of the weather or of a landscape are only matched by the astonishing life and character she gives—without any pretentiousness or conscious style—to her descriptions of a mountain or a tree or a flower or a person. Thus 'the moonlight lay upon the hills like snow'. And on a snowy day they went to look at the 'Stone seat at the top of the hill' upon which lay 'a white cushion round at the edge like a cushion', with 'a young Foxglove like a star in the Centre'. (22 December, 1801.) And there was the June night when William arrived home after three weeks' absence and they sat up together till the dawn. 'The birds were singing, and all looked fresh, though not gay. There was a greyness

on earth and sky'. (7 June, 1800.) There was the little 'road lass', travelling with some potters. 'Her business seemed to be all pleasure—pleasure in her own motions. . . . There was a wildness in her whole figure, not the wildness of a Mountain lass, but of a Road lass, a traveller from her birth'. (14 February, 1802.) And there were the beggar boys—'They were wild figures, not very ragged, but without shoes and stockings; the hat of the elder wreathed round with yellow flowers, the younger whose hat was only a rimless crown, had stuck it round with laurel leaves.' (27 May, 1800.) More than a year later Wordsworth wrote the poem *Beggars*, based closely on Dorothy's description.

In estimating the importance of Dorothy's Journal as a 'source' for William's poems, it has to be remembered that many of the incidents she records, and which he later translated into poems, were witnessed by William and Dorothy together. Such were the daffodils by Ullswater, in April 1802, and the meeting with the old leech-gatherer in September 1800, from which sprang, after the lapse of about two years in each case, and with much imaginative transformation, 'I wandered lonely as a cloud' and *Resolution and Independence*. Sometimes, as in 'The Cock is Crowing', the poem preceded her journal description, being written while he was actually watching the scene. (*Journal*, 16 April, 1802). But every poem he wrote was immediately shown or read to Dorothy, discussed and critically examined with her. This is as true of the long blank verse poem, *The Pedlar*, which he was at work on in the early months of 1802, as of the short lyrics. She copied *The Pedlar* indefatigably, as his endless corrections and alterations required, and sometimes she seems to have done more than copy, for one day she noted: 'William left me at work altering some passages of the Pedlar and went into the Orchard'. (14 February, 1802.) On 18 April we read: 'He met me with the conclusion of the poem of the Robin. I read it to him in bed. We left out some lines'. And once at least she was able to check the wearisome and exhausting business of his constant alterations. 'When I came home', she says, 'I found William at work, attempting to alter a stanza in the poem on our going for Mary[18] which I convinced him did not need altering'. (*Journal*, 17 June, 1802).

Dorothy Wordsworth must be among the few writers of genius whose works remained unpublished for many years after her death. Except for the three little poems which William insisted, against her will, on including in his *Poems* in 1815,[19] she would never consent to the publication of anything, even her *Recollections* of the tour in Scotland with William and Coleridge in 1803, which was circulated in manuscript among her friends and which Samuel Rogers nearly persuaded her to publish in 1822. It was eventually published by Principal Shairp in 1874. Her other descriptive writings, the most important of which is the *Journal of a Tour on the Continent*, 1820, were not printed until 1941 when they formed the second volume of Ernest de Selincourt's edition of her Journals. One other work, *A Narrative concerning George and Sarah Green*, written in 1808 to commemorate a mountain tragedy and its happy

sequel, was separately published by de Selincourt in 1936. She was incurably modest and humble about her powers as a writer. 'My only merits', she once said, 'are my devotedness to those I love, and I hope a charity to all mankind'. Those words were given a deeper significance by her brother, when he wrote to Charles Lamb in 1833 of 'this excellent person, who in tenderness of heart I do not honestly believe was ever exceeded by any of God's creatures. Her loving-kindness has no bounds. God bless her for ever and ever'. (W.W. to Lamb, 17 May, 1933.)

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[1] This poem was written at breakfast time on 14 March, 1802, in the way described in detail by Dorothy Wordsworth in her Journal. 'The thought came to him' etc. *Journals*, p. 101.

[2] 'Emmeline' or 'Emma', sometimes 'Lucy', were the names often used by Wordsworth in his poems for 'Dorothy'.

[3] In 1786 a novel in the library called 'The Trial of Lady Ann Foley' was ordered by the subscribers to be burnt as 'a very improper book'. The people with whom Dorothy lived at Halifax were Dissenters, and attended the Unitarian Chapel. Maclean: *Dorothy Wordsworth* (1932).

[4] She had 'a very pretty little collection of books' given her by her brothers, but her time for reading had to be carefully chosen. 'My grandmother sits in the shop in the afternoons', she told Jane, 'and by working [i.e. sewing] particularly hard for one hour, I think I may read the next without being discovered.' (D.W. to Jane Pollard, 7 August, 1787). Her grandmother forbade her likewise to pay visits to her other relations at Whitehaven or York or Newcastle.

[5] *Mansfield Park*, ch. 24. A generation later John Keats wrote:— 'My love for my Brothers from the early loss of our parents and even from earlier misfortunes has grown into an affection "passing the love of women"'.

[6] See E. Legouis, *William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon* (1922) Appendix II.

[7] The promoters of this theory include F. W. Bateson in his *Wordsworth, A Reinterpretation*, and more recently Lord Clark in his television lectures on *Civilisation*. Lord Clark even says that Dorothy 'became simple-minded' as a result of her brother's marriage, making no reference whatsoever to the real cause of her breakdown—the severe attack of gall-stones which she suffered in 1829, at the age of fifty-eight, with the resulting onslaught of arterio-sclerosis which ultimately affected her brain.

[8] See a most interesting meditation by Coleridge, *Notebooks* ed. Kathleen Coburn, I, 1637, on 'Brotherly and Sisterly Love'.

[9] Here is surely an echo from Wordsworth's *A Poet's Epitaph*:

> In common things that round us lie
> Some random truths he can impart,
> The harvest of a quiet eye
> That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

[10] *Journals*, p. 154. The only witness at the marriage service, which was at Brompton parish church, near Scarborough, on 4 October, 1802, were Mary's two brothers, Tom and John Hutchinson. Sara Hutchinson was cooking the breakfast while Dorothy kept herself as quiet as she could, until the little party returned and she ran out 'faster than my strength could carry me' to meet William and 'fell upon his bosom'.

[11] See *Journals*, 20 April, 1802.

[12] *Literary Reminiscences* III, Masson II, p. 297. Other poems about Dorothy are 'Tis said that some have died for love'; 'It was an April morning: fresh and

clear', recalling a ramble up the Easedale beck, and 'There is an Eminence', in which he speaks of her as

> 'She who dwells with me, whom I have loved
> With such communion that no place on earth
> Can ever be a solitude to me.'

See also 'This is the spot', *Journals* Appendix I, p. 214.

13 Masson. II, p. 239.

14 i.e. the Racedown days.

15 It was incompletely published by William Knight in 1897, and after that disappeared. It seems almost certain that Knight was responsible for its loss.

16 The Grasmere Journal begins in May 1800 when Dorothy was alone at the cottage. She says in the first entry that she resolves 'to write a journal of the time till William and John return, because I shall give Wm pleasure by it when he comes home again.' He probably persuaded her to continue it.

17 Compare *Christabel* 49-52, 'The one red leaf' etc. with the entry for 17 March, 1798 in the Alfoxden Journal. There are several other phrases in *Christabel* which clearly derive from the Journal, as does also the description in *The Excursion* I, 742-5, of the sheep's wool rubbed off onto the fence. Wordsworth was writing *The Ruined Cottage*, afterwards incorporated in *The Excursion*, at this very time.

18 *A Farewell*—the last poem written before leaving the cottage on the journey which ended in his marriage. In it William and Dorothy together look forward to welcoming Mary to the cottage.

19 He described them in the Preface as 'the work of a Female Friend', and said that they had been '*extorted* from the Authoress'. They are *Address to a Child, The Mother's Return*, and *The Cottager to her Infant*. They have always been included in editions of Wordsworth's poems.

Quotations from letters are made from *The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, The Early Years*, 1787-1805, second edition, revised by C. L. Shaver, Oxford 1967, and *The Middle Years*, part i, 1806-1812 and part ii 1812-1820, revised by Mary Moorman and Alan G. Hill, Oxford 1969 and 1970, and *The Later Years*, 3 vols., edited by E. de Selincourt, Oxford 1939. Quotations from Dorothy's journals are made from *Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, A New Edition*, edited by Mary Moorman, Oxford 1971 (paper-back).

ITALY: THE CENTRE-LEFT IN CRISIS

by Thomas R. Sykes

AFTER a decade of centre-left governments, a widespread disillusionment with this formula has developed in Italy. Some significant groups in the opposition parties and in the centre-left coalition are convinced that the unstable alliance, which unites Christian Democrats, Socialists, Social Democrats and Republicans, is no longer viable.

Both the right and left are disputing the succession. The right has taken advantage of discontent in the middle classes to call for a law and order regime to crack down on leftist dissent and labour unrest. In present conditions, this type of government means a coalition dominated by moderate-conservative Christian Democrats with their Social Democratic and Republican allies. To achieve their objectives, the three parties would have to reduce the Socialists to impotence within the cabinet or replace them with the Liberals, a party linked to northern business interests. Some Christian Democrats, however, might be tempted to reach an agreement with the Italian Social Movement (MSI), a neo-Fascist party which won some impressive victories in local elections throughout the south last June.

The left is concerned about the rising conservative sentiment in the country. In recent months, various left-wing currents have been moving towards the idea of a popular front, composed of progressive Christian Democrats, Socialists, and Communists, to defeat the rightist offensive. They also argue that the Communists' assistance is indispensable to pass the radical reforms that the centre-left cabinets have failed to enact during ten years in office.

The centre-left has responded weakly to these challenges. But it may be more resilient than the pessimists imagine. If the coalition discovers fresh energies, enacts a comprehensive programme of reforms, and formulates new policies to renovate the country, all the attempts to supersede it may collapse.

Once the Parliament elects a new President of the Republic in December, the parties seem prepared for a decisive confrontation to decide the fate of the centre-left. In the spring, a referendum to abrogate the recent divorce law threatens to split the nation and destroy the religious peace of the past 25 years. Italy may be at a crossroads. If the centre-left lacks the stamina to maintain its supremacy in these difficult months, the way will be open for a new balance of power in Italian politics.

For ten years the centre-left has ignored the right. It judged with reason that the Liberals, the Monarchists, the Italian Social Movement, and the conservative current within the Christian Democratic Party represented no threat to its hegemony. In recent months, however, this complacent attitude has been replaced by dismay and alarm as a result

of the electoral victories of the MSI in June. The party increased its percentage of the vote from 7 per cent in 1966 to 13.9 per cent this year.

In reality, most of the neo-Fascists' successes were made at the expense of other parties on the right. Although the Christian Democratic votes dropped from 35.2 per cent in 1966 to 31 per cent in 1971, the other centre-left parties managed to make gains. The Liberals, on the contrary, fell from 7.2 per cent in 1966 to 5.5 per cent this year,. During the same period, the Monarchist Party, an anachronism 25 years after the establishment of the Republic, faded into insignificance. Its middle class constituency has turned towards the MSI, the Liberals, or the Christian Democrats; while the southern sub-proletariat, where the party had a considerable following, has begun to support the Socialists or the Communists.

There are ample reasons to be concerned about the rightist trend. But the portent of the neo-Fascist victory should not be over estimated. It represents a shift from the right to the extreme right within a conservative electorate. It is the protest of the southern middle classes against unsettled political and economic conditions. A wave of leftist violence in the streets, in the factories and in the universities has alarmed many citizens. They are sick of the permissive society. Furthermore, the menace of a recession hangs over the nation. Most people are not aware that a slump in business investment has caused a decline in industrial production. They cannot comprehend that the American surcharge on imports has damaged many small industries in Italy. Instead, they attribute the economic crisis to labour turbulence and irresponsible strikes. In these circumstances, the reaction of the southern voters is comprehensible. Despite the election results, all the citizens who cast their ballots for the MSI are not prepared to support a repetition of the Fascist adventure.

Moreover, the conditions that aided the Fascists to come to power in 1922 are not present today. The vast majority of the middle classes still have confidence in the democratic system; the armed forces are dissatisfied but hesitate to meddle in politics; the landowners and industrialists have little reason to subsidise a subversive movement; the government is weak but no power vacuum exists; and the loss of the war, along with the experience of the Resistance, has created a strong anti-Fascist sentiment in Italy.

The extreme right, therefore, represents no serious menace to the centre-left. The moderate right, on the other hand, is a more insidious enemy. The moderate-conservative current within the Christian Democratic Party, supported by some Social Democrats and Republicans, is convinced that the sole means to block the neo-Fascists is to push the government coalition towards the right—with the Socialist Party or without it. The advocates of this course do not exclude a return to the programme of the centre-left in more favourable circumstances, but they maintain that measures to combat the recession must take precedence

over reforms which might damage important economic interests and provoke a flight of capital from the country. There is also a widespread desire to limit the ambitions of the labour movement. On some occasions this year, the labour confederations have bypassed Parliament to negotiate directly with the government on various issues. It seems a dangerous trend to many observers.

With the paralysis of the centre-left's innovative tendencies, the progressive forces in Italian society might drift once more into the orbit of the Communist Party. A polarisation of this kind is a high price to pay for law and order.

On the left, the 1,500,000-member Communist Party and the tiny Proletarian Socialist Party remain in opposition. The Socialist Party participates in the government. In addition, a left-wing current, representing less than one-third of the Christian Democratic Party, is usually considered to sympathise with the three Marxist parties.

Some months ago, the dominent current in the Socialist Party, backed by other leftist forces, proposed 'a more advanced equilibrium' in Italian politics. It implies the exclusion of the Republicans and Social Democrats from the coalition and the formation of a new majority of Christian Democrats and Socialists with the support of the Communist Party. After this preparatory stage, the Communists and the Proletarian Socialists would join the government. A popular front would then rule Italy.

The proponents of this design point out that the government coalition had intended to encourage the economic development of the south. But massive transfusions of public funds have not compensated for the reluctance of private industry to make investments in a depressed area. Most businessmen prefer to construct factories in the north, where a supply of skilled manpower and an efficient communications network already exist. So the south fails to progress. The consequences are chronic unemployment, an absence of future prospects for most workers, and a massive immigration to the northern cities. Thus the problems of one region have become the concern of the whole nation.

Critics note that the immigrants have produced a veritable urban crisis throughout the north. To take advantage of the opportunities of making easy profits, construction firms have built large blocks of sterile apartments on the periphery of many large cities. As acres of concrete cover fields and parks the quality of life declines. Meanwhile the crime rate among the immigrants is soaring. The inability of the centre-left to curb building speculation has been one of the most telling points against it. In recent months, however, the Parliament has worked out a decent compromise on a low cost housing bill which may alleviate the situation.

Other draft laws remain bogged down in the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. Although a tax reform was approved in October, after nine years of debates, the passage of acceptable versions of the national

health service and university reform bills is less likely. Conservative opponents of these measures are determined to cripple them with amendments.

The centre-left has also failed to reorganise the state bureaucracy. Its inflated ranks and complex, time-consuming procedures continue to be major obstacles to effective government. Nor has the coalition purged the nation's legal codes of undemocratic laws and harsh public security acts dating from the Fascist era. Left-wing observers charge that conservatives in the civil service and the judiciary have thus been able to sabotage the implementation of many reform laws. This interpretation probably exaggerates the influence these two bodies possess. Nevertheless, the failure of the centre-left to give priority to administrative and legal reforms has been a serious error.

Finally, the partisans of a new majority observe that the centre-left has not isolated the Communist Party or made inroads into its working class constituency, although these were among the prime objectives of the opening to the left in 1962-1963. On the contrary, the Communists have increased their percentage of the vote in the parliamentary elections from 24 per cent in 1960 to 26.9 per cent in 1968. There are few signs that the strength of the party has receded in the meantime. Indeed, its reformist stance has attracted new adherents in diverse social classes. For the revolutionary left, this pragmatic line is bourgeois opportunism. But it may yet win the Communists a place in the government.

The four coalition partners agree that the centre-left is in crisis. But the Socialist plan for a popular front government has not won much support. The Republicans and Social Democrats, the prospective victims, oppose it vehemently.

The Christian Democratic left-wing has been attracted by this idea. But it must convince the centrist currents in the party, and its middle class constituency, that an opening to the Communists would not threaten the basic institutions of Italian democracy. So far it has not succeeded. The moderate leadership of the party, aided by the conservatives, has thwarted all challenges to its authority. In fact, recent moves by the secretariat to reduce the proliferation of currents indicate that the left is becoming more isolated in the party. What appears to be an admirable effort to give the party greater cohesion may also serve to stifle debate on new policies.

Although the Central Committee of the Socialist Party has endorsed a new majority with the Communists, it does not seem to have prepared a plan to bring about a parliamentary revolution. To be sure, the Socialists and the Communists have formed coalitions in some communes, provinces and regions, but this type of agreement is not necessarily applicable on the national level. In some respects, the Socialist proposal reflects rather a dissatisfaction with the slow pace of the reforms and an uncertainty about how to exercise sufficient influence within the centre-left government than a commitment to destroy it in the immediate future.

The Communist Party, which would benefit more than the other parties from a new majority, is divided on how to respond to this overture. One faction believes that the rising conservative wave and the signs of a recession have made a popular front necessary as soon as possible. For these reasons, it has urged the Socialists to cause a government crisis by abandoning the coalition. The consequences, in its interpretation, would be a schism in the Christian Democratic Party, with the left-wing joining the Socialists, Proletarian Socialists, and Communists in a popular front. By presenting a precise alternative to the system, it predicts that the left would win enough seats in the ensuing election to transform the popular front alliance into a government.

The dominant opinion in the Communist Party considers this strategy to be unrealistic and dangerous. It warns that a premature attempt to break up the centre-left would probably unite moderates and conservatives into a rigid bloc reminiscent of the cold war era. The immediate task, in this view, is to convince the Communist electorate and vast sectors of the Christian Democratic middle class to accept a popular front in Italy. Despite the propaganda of the last quarter century, the Communist voters would support a decision by the party to participate in a government. On the other hand, many citizens are asking whether the Communist Party is prepared to use democratic reforms to change the capitalistic system or whether it still aspires to lead a revolution. In the second place, they would like the party to re-examine its rapport with the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The ties have weakened in recent years. Now the Italian Communists advocate 'national roads to socialism' in place of complete subservience to the Soviet model. They have criticised the invasion of Czechoslovakia, they defend Soviet intellectuals from government persecution and condemn anti-Semitic trials. Are these actions sufficient to prove their independence? Many observers remain sceptical.

The attitudes the parties assume in the forthcoming presidential election may provide some indications about the fate of the centre-left. The contest now seems to be between two Christian Democratic notables: Foreign Minister Aldo Moro, who has a reputation as a left-leaning progressive, and President of the Senate Amintore Fanfani, who has emerged as the spokesman for the moderate-conservative wing of the party. At the present time both the party base and the Vatican seem to favour the latter. Although the Church does not interfere in politics very much these days, the expression of a preference at the appropriate moment might be decisive. On the other hand, if Signor Moro decides to make a serious fight for the presidency, the votes of the entire left might converge on him. A third possibility is the re-election of President Giuseppe Saragat for a second seven-year term. As the 73 year old Social Democrat has won the respect of all the parties during his mandate, this solution might be the best way to break a deadlock.

In this election, the Communist Party must choose between intransigence or co-operation with the centre-left. It seems, in fact, that the

party has decided to cooperate to elect a moderate. In this case, other agreements with the centre-left may follow.

The revision of the new divorce law will be a good opportunity to test the Communist policy of conciliation. The Christian Democratic leadership is determined to prevent the abrogation referendum; for the battle might split the party and drive the Catholic right into the arms of the neo-Fascists. The Socialists, Social Democrats and Republicans, however, oppose all attempts to amend the law. As a result, the Communists' votes may be indispensable, and recent statements by spokesmen of the party indicate that they are inclined to support some revisions. This strategy of compromises on specific issues aims at preparing public opinion to accept Communist participation in the government. Finally, if the left makes sufficient gains in the forthcoming parliamentary elections, which must be held by June, 1973, the Communists believe that a popular front may become feasible in Italy. It is a pragmatic plan which may produce results in the future.

For the present, however, the haste to bury the centre-left and form a new majority with the Communists is premature. The proponents of this design tend to ignore more immediate problems. The re-alignment they desire presupposes a Communist Party that has abandoned the prejudices, ambitions and illusions of the past 50 years. It also depends on the success of the current reform programme and the defeat of the conservative forces that oppose it. If this battle is lost, the right, not the left, will form the next government of Italy.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SUCCESS AND HUMILITY

Not the Whole Truth. Cardinal Heenan. Hodder & Stoughton, £2.75.
Autobiography of an Economist. Lord Robbins. Macmillan — St. Martin's Press, £4.50.

Here we have two of our leading citizens by any reckoning—vividly portrayed by themselves. Cardinal Heenan's name probably means something to every ten persons for every one who is actively aware of Lord Robbins. This is partly but not wholly because Cardinals have an unfair advantage over Professors even if they happen to be Life Peers and Chairman of The Financial Times. From an early point the Cardinal was a popular communicator as he would now be called. Born in 1905, he was little more than 30 when he became 'an ecclesiastical P.R.O.' to Cardinal Hinsley whom he continues to revere beyond other men. Early in the war he became 'involved in broadcasting and journalism', the B.B.C. frequently inviting him to speak on the radio. His public speaking has long been a model of positive statement, pithiness of phrase and superlative elocution. This volume leaves off when he was consecrated Bishop of Leeds in 1951. The common touch has never left him as he has soared upwards and outwards since those days. His tenderness and toleration have become still more notable.

In the secular sphere Lord Robbins, in front of the scenes or behind them, has exercised more influence than 99 of us out of 100. In his case, as in that of the Cardinal, one happily assumes that the story is far from finished. But Lord Robbins begins his book seven years earlier (in 1898) and comes roughly up to the present day, 70 years against 46.

The present reviewer venturing to claim the friendship of both these eminent men has met with few major surprises in the life so far as it is revealed of Cardinal Heenan, but had no idea of the tremendous religious background behind Lord Robbins or what it clearly cost him to shake it off. 'He looks back with love and admiration to the wholesome society' in which he was brought up, 'its plain seriousness of purpose, its unostentatious manner, the orderly rhythm of its life, its decent civilised standards'. But he mentions with a horror from which he does not seem to have totally escaped 'that there was one shadow in the background; the shadow of a bleak and unrelenting religious creed'. In his somewhat rhetorical, though to me agreeable, style he summarises the doctrine of the Strict Baptist community in which both sides of his family had been brought up and which he came to repudiate totally. It is fascinating to try to work out exactly how much of his strength and how much of his limitations can be attributed to the remarkable atmosphere of his youth. No dispassionate reader would deny his claim to one particular virtue—a habit of remorseless scrutiny of his own performances.

A passage near the end, in which he utterly vindicates himself against a mischievous and ludicrous charge of neglecting his students, reveals a humility which any Christian might be proud of . . . 'I am sure that in all sorts of ways I have been open to criticism. . . . I have written at least one bad book. On occasion I have given bad advice. I may have given misleading lectures. I know of one very poor appointment due to a grotesque mistake on my part. I can think of instances where, in the light of subsequent events, I might have given more time or a different scheme of study to particular persons.' The spirit is that of Cardinal Heenan writing of Dr. Doubleday who was Bishop of

Brentwood from 1920 until 1951. 'He was a man of absolute integrity who thought it his duty to keep me down. I describe his treatment of me not in order to create an anti-hero but as an essential part of the account of the most formative influences in my life. The influence of Dr. Doubleday was wholly beneficial'. A real Christian upbringing, even one as weird by present-day standards as that of Lord Robbins, seems to be ineffaceable.

Humility and public spirit have been palpably evident in both cases. But with them has gone a self-confidence that makes it natural for men like these to assume the heaviest responsibilities as though to the manner born. One readily accepts Cardinal Heenan's retrospective gratitude to Bishop Doubleday for holding him back. But in neither his case nor that of Lord Robbins can the instinct have been altogether lacking that makes a man convinced sub-consciously that he can do a particular job at least as well, and probably better, than anyone else available. A dedicated priest, however, is unlikely to be guilty of conscious careerism. Nor can Lord Robbins be accused of it in any sense of calculation. It seems to have been almost accidental that he became a professional economist at all and there is no sign that he ever sought the big positions and high opportunities of service that came his way thereafter.

His love of the Arts, frustrated in his early youth, has been the consuming passion of his manhood so that he can write without self-consciousness when he was asked if he would join the Board of Covent Garden: 'I need hardly say that I have no hesitations, ballet had long been one of my delights and with perhaps less knowledge of the lore and technicalities, opera had also meant much to me since a memorable stay at Salzburg'. He seems rather naïvely surprised that anyone could possibly object to his continuing as Professor of Economics, part time, when he became Chairman of the Financial Times. His generous tributes to brother economists, including Keynes, who had inflicted on him at one point not a little suffering, suggests an almost over modest appreciation of his ultimate attainments in economic theory.

In the end he will, I suppose, be remembered most widely and permanently by the Robbins Report on Higher Education. Among such documents, it stands alone with the Beveridge Report on social insurance in its effects on the life of Britain in the twentieth century. Some of Lord Robbins's portraits are excellent. That of Sir William, later Lord, Beveridge, contains much of interest and indeed novelty to most of us, but in my, maybe, biased opinion the nature of the greatness that went along with his frailty is hardly touched on.

The book ends abruptly and painfully as we leave the author amid the student troubles at the L.S.E. of which he was Chairman of the Governors. After all his years of devoted service this makes a sad anti-climax. But the life-story is a noble tale nonetheless.

The last few years of hectic developments and controversies in the Church must be thought to have brought their quota of suffering to Cardinal Heenan along with new joys and adventures. Of all this there is naturally little indication in the book that concludes 20 years ago. There are some wistful references to the good old days when priests were affected by less complicated loyalties. No priest experienced in those days 'what is now called the crisis of identity. Neither priest nor layman doubted that to offer the sacrifice of the Mass is the most sublime privilege on earth'.

But on the whole the narrative goes buoyantly forward; immensely readable, inspiring to anyone of ethical standards bearing at all points the imprint of a remarkable analytical mind. We are not at all surprised to read that in spite of declining to defend an indefensible thesis in his oral examination he

received his Ph.D. *cum laude*. He leaves us speculating wildly about the facts known 'only to God and himself' which caused him to hesitate when offered a Bishopric. Perhaps we shall be told more in the next volume to which we much look forward, or perhaps like St. Paul's thorn in the flesh the supposed defect will remain for ever mysterious. Whatever it was or is, we can be sure that it has never detracted from his life-long aspiration to serve God and his fellow-men in a high or low position. LONGFORD

DECISION-MAKING

Reform of British Central Government. James Robertson. Chatto & Windus, £3.25.

The Politics of Education: Edward Boyce and Anthony Crosland in Conversation with Maurice Kogan. Penguin Education Specials, 35p.

I can recommend Mr. Robertson's book because he attempts to bridge the gap between our defunct political theory and what happens in political practice. It is lucidly planned and buttressed by considerable research. He acknowledges in his Chapter Notes an interesting and up-to-date bibliography, including P.E.P.s important broadsheet, entitled 'Renewal of British Government', to which M.P.s, administrators, academics and publicists contributed. As an old friend and fondateur of P.E.P., I consider this broadsheet one of its best modern productions, partly because it lives up to the original functions of P.E.P., namely to supply men of action with a 'think tank'.

I can recommend 'The Politics of Education', not only because it throws some light on Minister—Civil Service relations, but also because it attempts to define that over-worked American phrase 'decision-making'. This is not easy, because governmental decisions have such curious and almost indefinable origins. The technique of this second book demand some explanation. Whereas Mr. James Robertson, double first academically and distinguished Civil Servant, proceeded into business research before writing his book, Professor Kogan was Private Secretary to Edward Boyle and is now at Brunel University; and in his book he interviews two Ministers of Education, both of whom left a mark on their Department and both of whom made a serious effort to get their priorities right and make constructive decisions. As an ex-Minister in the same Department, I am naturally interested in their experiences. Let me add that Boyle, Crosland and myself were all in the early forties when we assumed office; perhaps I was slightly younger.

We are now discussing Minister-Civil Service relationships; the role of a Departmental Minister in relation to the Cabinet; the role of government in decision-making and why power is a secondary consideration; and finally the importance of participation, both through parliament and through new methods of collective action.

Mr. Robertson is obviously impressed by the White Paper of October 1970 'The Re-Organisation of Central Government' and its predecessor 'The Organisation of British Central Government' 1914-1964 by F. M. G. Willson, which he constantly quotes as source material. After analysing with great skill the various Ministries—Defence, Industry and Commerce, Local and Regional Affairs, the Law and Methodology—he seems to agree with Edward Heath that we are in the middle of a historic process, whereby we (i.e. the people) are the makers of our own revolution, dependent on our capacity to rise to new levels of purpose and action. He mentions more than once Samuel Britton's 'Left or Right, the Bogus Dilemma' (Secker and Warburg). To quote his own words: 'We recognise that we have come to the end of an era in the history of British Government. . . . In the Age of Reform on which we are

now embarking, we have to re-shape Parliament, the Civil Service, local government, industry, the trade unions, the universities, the professions and the structure of political debate, to meet the changed needs of our society.' Rhetoric if you like, but how far removed from the important but parochial problems of Boyle and Crosland. It is high time we moved on to the wider perspectives.

KENNETH LINDSAY

RACE AND SOCIETY

The Social Psychology of Race Relations. Leonard Bloom. Allen & Unwin, £2.75, paperback £1.75.

Leonard Bloom, now a Fellow at Sussex University, and formerly of University College, Cardiff, took a degree in sociology before proceeding to postgraduate studies in social psychology. He has clearly sustained his wide interest in the sociological and psychoanalytical literatures on race relations and this is reflected in his latest book which could be more aptly entitled 'The Sociology of Race Relations'. There is constant reference to the historical and socio-economic contexts of race attitudes and this is especially valuable in his chapters on Britain and South Africa.

One result of Mr. Bloom's bravely comprehensive approach is that it enables him to place the more deliberately scientistic approaches, for example the Jensen investigation of possible intelligence differences between races which Eysenck has leapt to defend, in broader perspective. Crudely stated the Jensen hypothesis, recently restated in Eysenck's *Race, Intelligence and Education*, is that: (i) genetic factors are far more important than the environmental in determining intelligence (ii) that, as the Negroes in the U.S.A. *on the average* score lower than the white majority, therefore Negroes must have innately inferior intelligence to that of the whites, and (iii) that this difference can be accounted for largely because of differences in the racial gene pools. Mr. Bloom deploys some powerful arguments against accepting this inevitably provocative hypothesis. Following many other scholars, he points to the difficulties involved in attempting to define 'pure racial groups' and 'intelligence'. He proceeds to show how difference in average *performance* in intelligence test experiments can be convincingly explained by reference to a complex set of socio-cultural/environmental factors. The testers have been unable to produce 'culture-free' or 'fair' tests. What of the possibly crucial influence of early environmental inadequacy upon later school and test performance? Moreover the ethnic minority group membership may have been largely assimilated into a disadvantaged socio-economic class situation. There are the cumulative effects of inferior schooling and poor vocational opportunities and linguistic handicaps. The author has some shrewd comments on the effects of low motivation, anxiety and suspicion among ethnic minority group test subjects. It is hard to see what rewards the psychometricists could invoke that would overcome this problem. Short-term inducements such as a trip to a football match, or extra sweets, may be ineffective. But on the other hand the testers are in no position to offer more tangible prospects such as higher-educational and career opportunities.

On British race relations Mr. Bloom is surely correct to warn against not only the shrill-extremism of racialist groups but also against such fatuous illusions as the assertion that the Notting Hill riots are on all fours with the Sharpeville Massacre. Yet the author himself is inclined, in your reviewer's opinion, to occasionally oversimplify and overdramatise the situation confronting the non-white immigrant. Leonard Bloom's own careful analyses of Sparkbrook, Slough, and Tiger Bay community studies surely do not support

the claim (p. 105) that 'they (the first and second generation immigrants) have two equally distressing alternatives. One can Uncle Tom or one can reject the host society'. There is a whole range of intermediate strategies and choices to be taken into account, and it is a serious omission from Mr. Bloom's account of British race relations that he does not identify the very wide range of tactics of collective action resorted to by immigrants: nor does he take adequate account of increased channels of access and the governmental agencies concerned with race relations problems which, despite their many defects, are at least partially effective.

If we take all the potential strategies into account it is not true to say that there exists among young non-white immigrants '. . . a generation of disappointed, disillusioned, estranged and alienated people. . . . .' Indeed Mr. Bloom argues in his final chapter that researches in the fields of law and politics suggest that the law can play an influential part in improving race relations by stimulating or moulding changes in citizens' perceptions and mores. He cites, for example, the work of Kushnik which gives evidence of the effectiveness of anti-discrimination laws in cases where they affect major areas of social life and when the enforcement agencies are made sufficiently powerful. He also deals more fully with some psychoanalytical techniques and educational programmes by means of which prejudice can be reduced. In sum, this book is based on an extremely comprehensive survey of up-to-date research findings, and it contains much sane, sometimes brave, comment which deserves wide readership.

PAUL WILKINSON

A COMMITTED LOOK AT THE LIBERAL PARTY

History of the Liberal Party 1895-1970. Roy Douglas. Sidgwick & Jackson, £5.00.

The Liberal party has suffered the fate of so many things British: it has now become an institution. Like the State Opening of Parliament the Liberal party and especially its annual conference are regarded as anomalies, hangovers from a past era, yet things which are still important and which still contribute to political life today.

Like other institutions which have survived the party has become the concern of historians who continually ask how has it been done, standing as it does like a Victorian church (or better, chapel) dwarfed by modern blocks of high-rise flats. Within the past ten months four major works have been written which help historians to understand the Liberal party, namely *The Impact of Labour, 1920-1924* by Maurice Cowling, *Lancashire and the New Liberalism* by P. F. Clarke, Martin Gilbert's *Winston Churchill,* Volume III and the memoirs of Countess Lloyd-George, along with the new study of Lloyd George by Cameron Hazlehurst. Thus Dr. Douglas' book comes at an opportune time and unlike some historians of the party, he carefully avoids the abyss into which many have fallen, i.e. that of confusing the Liberal party with Liberalism. Dr. Douglas is concerned mainly with the former.

As a rule, the author is safe and informed when talking about the actual history of the party, both during elections and more specially at the national executive level. When speaking on broader issues he sometimes seems to produce generalisations which are alarmingly superficial. For example he says in the final chapter:—

> It is almost a commonplace to point out that public money is being squandered on a scale which would have been impossible a few years ago, and with a frivolous irresponsibility which would have made an eighteenth-

century Bourbon or a nineteenth-century Romanov blush for shame. (pp. 300-301.)

While the chapters on the party's history after the First World War are reasonably solid, the survey of the period 1895 to 1914 is sketchy, and mistakes are not uncommon. For example, elementary education in England and Wales was first made compulsory in 1876, not in 1880; the latter year saw an act which made is obligatory, not optional on local atuhorities to enforce attendance. And again, the author fails to mention, in discussing Gladstone's last ministry, the Local Government Act of 1894 which caused considerable debate both inside and outside the house, especially amongst the non-conformists.

Turning from criticisms of facts to criticism of theory, one finds oneself in more commodious surroundings. Theories about the decline of the Liberal party are almost as common today as are Liberals. Douglas' theory is an attractive one, advocating, as it does, more attention to political events and persons and less to abstract formulae. The decline of the party was due to 'a series of largely accidental factors' during and after the first war. The chief villains are the party whips who, before the war, refused 'to strangle the Labour Party in its cradle' and Lloyd George who put individual goals before party interest. He correctly asserts the foolishness of reading history like a Greek tragedy in which an omnipotent Fate decrees events; the Liberal party, like all others, had dissentions and feuds and even splits and, until 1916, survived them all. To assert that the party *had* to collapse is ridiculous in the extreme.

But having said this, one is still left with the intriguing question as to how far can any political party which is the product of a particular era in history exist when that era is past. One needs, of course, to define what exactly the party was in its hey-day before the first war and the answer may well be that it was not so much a party as a conglomeration of interests and pressure groups seeking victory through cooperation and all loosely based on commonplace Victorian beliefs, e.g. free-trade and as little government as possible. The one attempt of party leaders to create a peculiarly party philosophy, namely Liberal Imperialism, failed and the party's defence of free trade against Chamberlain was more a defence of Victorian values than a party creed or philosophy. Free trade became identified with the Liberal party only when a section of the Unionist party rejected it. Thus, the Liberal party was for better or worse the child of the nineteenth century and the party's beliefs today are surely but an attempt to interpret and apply Victorian dogma to contemporary needs. Likewise the Labour party is the child of the British working-classes and, given the rapidly changing social patterns of mid-twentieth century Britain, one may well find historians 50 years hence asking the same questions about the socialist rump which sits in the House of Commons and attempts to apply socialist dogma to contemporary needs.

In conclusion, one finds that the author's strength lies in two areas: his study of the party after the 1918 election is both thorough and well-researched and secondly, his study of the central machinery of the party up to and including the election is well written and based on a solid foundation of letters and memoranda. His weaknesses are likewise obvious: the tendency to generalisations put aside, his sketch of the pre-war period is shallow. He almost completely omits considering the importance of local leaders, especially nonconformist ministers which gives a most unbalanced view. Surely the fate of the Liberal party and of nonconformity are so closely intertwined as to

make any study of the former without reference to the latter unbalanced. The author's known commitment to the party make him overstate, perhaps, his views but it cannot be said to distort unduly the work. Although a worthwhile book, it attempts too much; as a study of the central organisation its success would have been greater. J. E. B. MUNSON

THE VICTORIAN COMPOSER

Sir Arthur Sullivan. Percy M. Young. Dent, £4.00.

Sullivan can fairly be described as the musical embodiment of Victorian England. Despite that, he was not English at all, but the son of an Irish military bandmaster and his mother was of Italian Jewish extraction. Born into relative penury, he won a Chorister's Scholarship to the Chapel Royal, which gave him his first contacts with, and taste for, the Royal Family, and then became the first holder of the newly established Mendelssohn Scholarship at Leipzig, and for the next 40 years, until his death in 1900, simply never looked back.

Dr. Young's fascinating book draws a superb picture of late Victorian England and its response to the Arts, and shows how hard it was for anybody once thrown into that milieu, fully to realise his artistic promise if absorbed by the Establishment. Tracing Sullivan's life one sees how the Leipzig influence of Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms could have enabled him to turn his extreme talent to genuine musical creativity. But once Victorian England had decreed his success one sees how inevitable was the slide into a composer of the *pièce d'occasion*: his *Te Deum Laudamus* for the Recovery of the Prince of Wales, dedicated to Queen Victoria and first performed before a huge audience, and most of the Royal Family, at Crystal Palace on May 1, 1872, required 2,000 musicians and was rapturously received.

Yet the composer of *The Lost Chord, The Absent-Minded Beggar,* and *Onward Christian Soldiers* was also the man whose *Di Ballo* overture is still a pleasure to hear, whose scores for Gilbert's libretti rely on much more than nostalgia for their continuing success, and who wrote *Ivanhoe* in a sincere attempt to found an English School of Grand Opera. That he failed here, as in other musical departments, to perpetuate his fame, lies as much in the society that nurtured him as in his own creative deficiencies. As Dr. Young remarks "his innate musicality was, no doubt, mistaken too soon for genius with the result that he was not often enough compelled to extend himself."

Indeed, with his unending round of social engagements, race meetings, visits to European Spas, and supervision of his Stock Exchange investments, it is surprising that Sullivan found the time to write music at all. In some ways he resembles Sir Malcolm Sargent and Leonard Bernstein: the darling of the public who became the *bête noire* of the music critics; popularity is of itself invariably suspect. But Sullivan's tragedy was that, although, as the author points out, 'no Brahms', he had a creative potential which Victorian England and the pursuit of mammon all too effectively thwarted. For financially it was unquestionably more attractive to write operettas for D'Oyly Carte, oratorios for grand occasions, and simple songs to be played at home, than to chance one's arm at the writing of symphonies and chamber music.

Although Sullivan tried 'to please all the people all the time', much of his music had genuine quality, and it is thanks to Dr. Young's readable, balanced, but essentially sympathetic biography that one is able to see his work in perspective, to realise how much more there was to him than merely the composer of *The Mikado,* and to regret that the circumstances of his time ensured that a meteoric rise to fame destroyed the fuller flowering of his genius thereafter.

DAVID FINGLETON

SHORTER REVIEWS

Theatre '71 (Hutchinson, £3.80). Sheridan Morley has edited the first of a new annual on plays, opera and ballet. It is a most ambitious project: not only does it provide a record of productions in the past year, but 'the intention is to provide a sort of international balance sheet, a picture of the theatre past, present and future as it appears to a widely-assorted group of contributors in the passing year'. Ronald Bryden, for example, writes on the National Theatre. There is an article on the New Young Vic by its director, Frank Dunlop. In his contribution on the Royal Shakespeare Company's first ten years, Peter Roberts concludes that 'in my experience, the players are having to play over the heads of the customers who finance them, both literally and metaphorically'. The theatre being built for them in the Barbican in the City of London is the subject of a short descriptive piece by Patrick Donnell and John Bury. The provincial theatre is not forgotten. Eric Shorter writes an repertory productions, and J. C. Trewin looks on half a century of the Birmingham Rep. and Barry Jackson's work there. Of the year on Broadway, Clive Barnes declares that it was among the worst, while John Lahr concludes that Off-Broadway the 'stage continues to renew the language and offer a prophetic mirror of the American Moment'. Patrick Garland has a delightful piece on the problems of producing *Hair* in Tel-Aviv. Alexander Bland writes on 'Ballet: a Vintage Year' and Tom Sutcliffe discusses opera. The Paris theatre is not forgotten in Thomas Quinn Curtiss's 'Paris: Revivals, Imports and Anouilh'. The volume is well illustrated, and will be widely welcomed.

The Conspiracy Trial (Jonathan Cape, £5.50). Judy Clavir and John Spitza have produced in about 600 large closely printed pages an edited transcript of the notorious Chicago conspiracy trial which extended over five months from September 1968. It arose, of course, out of the riots following an anti-Vietnam war demonstration near the Democratic Convention in 1968. Eight leaders were indicted for conspiring to incite a riot. There can be little doubt that the accused themselves used the trial itself for the propagation of their anti-war and civil rights campaigns and attacks upon the American establishment. This transcript has been edited by their supporters: indeed Judy Clavir worked for the defendants during their trial. Even so, as the dramatic record shows, Judge Julius J. Hoffman, who presided, displayed an aggressive intolerance with the defence which would be unthinkable in a British trial. The two principal defence lawyers, Leonard I. Weinglass and William M. Kunstler, were in the tradition of both the American and British Bars entirely fearless and independent in conducting the defence, although quite clearly they became involved too emotionally with their clients' case. For their pains they were each sentenced to long periods of imprisonment for contempt of court. In his Introduction, Mr. Kunstler is obviously prejudiced; but the transcript supports his criticism of Judge Hoffman's bias. In retrospect, he says of the judge and the defendants, 'Had he only been able to surmount his own predetermination of their life styles, their characters and their goals, he might have been able to sit fairly in judgment upon them. As it was, he used the judicial process against them exactly as Don Quixote had flailed his spear against a windmill's rotating arms, destroying, along the way, his own credibility and undermining the very system he thought he was saving.'

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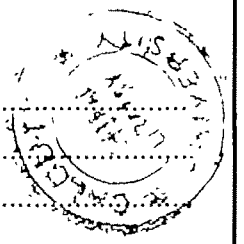

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Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London NW10 0DD

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